

MISCELLANT POEMS
In Two Parts.

Containing New
TRANSLATIONS
OUT OF
VIRGIL, } OVID,
LUCRETIVS, } THEOCRITUS,
HORACE, } And other Authours.

With Several
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Published by Mr. DRYDEN.

*Et Vos, O Lauri, carpam, & Te, proxima Myrte:
Sic posite quoniam suaveis miscetis-odores. Virg. Ecl. 2.*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, and are to be Sold by Joseph
Hindmarsh, at the Golden-Ball in Cornhill, 1693.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

PHYSICS

BY
J. J. THOMSON

CHICAGO

1904

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO

1904

13 May 51 Univ. Place

A TABLE OF THE POEMS

In the Following *Miscellanea*.

M	Ac Flecnoe.	{	By Mr. Dryden.	}	Page 1
	Abfolom and Achi-				p. 25
	tophel.				p. 73
<i>The Medal.</i>					

Several of *Ovid's* Elegies, Book the First.

<i>Elegy the first, By Mr. Cooper.</i>	103
<i>The second Elegy, By Mr. Creech.</i>	105
<i>The fourth Elegy, By Sir Car. Scrope.</i>	108
<i>The fifth, By Mr. Duke.</i>	112
<i>The eighth Elegy, By Sir Ch. Sidley.</i>	114

Out

A TABLE.

Out of the Second Book.

<i>Elegy the first, By Mr. Adams.</i>	163
<i>Elegy the fifth, By Sir Ch. Sidley.</i>	120
<i>Elegy the sixth, By Mr. Creech.</i>	123
<i>Elegy the seventh, By Mr. Creech.</i>	127
<i>Elegy the eighth, By Mr. Creech.</i>	130
<i>The same by another Hand.</i>	132
<i>Elegy the ninth by the late Earl of Rochester.</i>	133
<i>Elegy the twelfth, By Mr. Creech.</i>	136
<i>Elegy the fifteenth, By Mr. Adams.</i>	165
<i>Elegy the nineteenth, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	138

Out of the Third Book.

<i>Elegy the fourth, By Sir Ch. Sidley.</i>	142
<i>Elegy the fifth.</i>	145
<i>Elegy the sixth, By Mr. Rimer.</i>	148
<i>Elegy the ninth, By Mr. Stepny.</i>	152
<i>Elegy the thirteenth, By Mr. Tate.</i>	157
<i>The same Elegy by another Hand.</i>	160
<i>Part of Virgil's fourth Georgic, English'd by the</i>	
<i>E. of M.</i>	167
<i>The parting of Sireno and Diana, By Sir Car.</i>	
<i>Scrope.</i>	171
<i>Lucretia out of Ovid de Fastis.</i>	178

A TABLE.

<i>On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici, By the Earl of Roscomon.</i>	188
<i>Upon Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici.</i>	191

Odes of Horace.

<i>The twenty second Ode of the first Book, By the Earl of Roscomon.</i>	194
<i>The sixth Ode of the third Book, By the Earl of Roscomon.</i>	196
<i>The fourth Ode of the first Book.</i>	200
<i>The fourth Ode of the second Book, By Mr. Duke.</i>	204
<i>The eighth Ode of the second Book, By Mr. Duke.</i>	206
<i>The ninth Ode of the third Book, By Mr. Duke.</i>	208
<i>The same by another Hand.</i>	210
<i>The ninth Ode of the fourth Book, By Mr. Stepny.</i>	306
<i>The fifteenth Ode of the second Book.</i>	310
<i>The sixteenth Ode of the second Book, By Mr. Otway.</i>	313
<i>The first Epode of Horace.</i>	316
<i>The third Elegy of the first Book of Propertius, By Mr. Adams.</i>	212
<i>Fæda est in Coitu, &c. out of Petronius.</i>	214
<i>Epistle</i>	

A TABLE

<i>Epistle from R. D. to T. O.</i>	215
<i>A Letter to a friend.</i>	222
<i>An Elegy; out of the Latin of Francis Remond.</i>	225
<i>Amarillis, or the third Idyllium of Theocritus, Paraphras'd, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	232
<i>Pharmaceutra, out of Theocritus, By Mr. Bowles.</i>	239
<i>The Cyclop, the eleventh Idyllium of Theocritus, English'd by Mr. Duke: To Dr. Short.</i>	250
<i>To absent Cælia.</i>	257
<i>Prologue to the University of Oxford, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	260
<i>Epilogue to the same, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	262
<i>Prologue at Oxford in 1674. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	264
<i>The Epilogue.</i>	266
<i>Prologue at Oxford.</i>	268
<i>Prologue at Oxford, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	270
<i>Prologue at Oxford, 1680. By Mr. Dryden.</i>	272
<i>Prologue to Albumazar Reviv'd, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	273
<i>Prologue to Arviragus, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	276
<i>Prologue spoken the first day of the King's House acting after the Fire, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	277
<i>Prologue for the Women at the Old Theatre.</i>	279
<i>Prologue at the opening the New House, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	281
<i>Epilogue by the same Author.</i>	284
	AN

A TABLE

<i>An Epilogue, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	286
<i>An Epilogue spoken at the King's House.</i>	288
<i>Prologue to the Princess of Cleves.</i>	290
<i>Epilogue to the same. Written by Mr. Dryden.</i>	291
<i>Epilogue for Calisto, when acted at Court.</i>	319
<i>A Poem spoken to the Queen at Trinity Colledge in Cambridge.</i>	293
<i>Floriana, a Pastoral, upon the Death of the Dutchess of Southampton, By Mr. Duke.</i>	295
<i>The Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	301
<i>The praises of Italy, out of Virgil's Second Georgic, By Mr. Chetwood.</i>	303

Virgil's Eclogues, Translated by several Hands.

T HE first Eclogue, By John Caril, Esq;	Page 323
The second, By Mr. Tate.	331
The same by Mr. Creech.	336
The third Eclogue, By Mr. Creech.	341
The fourth, By Mr. Dryden.	350
	The

TABLE

<i>The fifth, By Mr. Duke.</i>	355
<i>The sixth, By the Earl of Roscomon.</i>	363
<i>The seventh, By Mr. Adams.</i>	373
<i>The eighth, By Mr. Stafford.</i>	386
<i>The same by Mr. Chetwood.</i>	384
<i>The ninth Eclogue, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	390
<i>The tenth Eclogue, By Mr. Stafford.</i>	396
<i>The last Eclogue, Translated, or rather imitated, in the Year, 1666.</i>	402

C A M

Several Hands.

<i>The first Eclogue, By John Gual. 1664.</i>	355
<i>The second, By Mr. Chetwood.</i>	384
<i>The same by Mr. Creech.</i>	390
<i>The third Eclogue, By Mr. Creech.</i>	396
<i>The fourth, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	402

Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are subject to decay, Every
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey.
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Augustus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse, was own'd, without dispute
Through all the Realms of *Nonsense*, absolute:
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State;
And pondering which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:
Cry'd, 'tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should only rule, who most resembles me:

MAC FLECKNOE.

Sh—alone my perfect Image bears,
Nature is dulcels from his tender years.
Sh—alone of all my Sons, is he
Whose Senses confirm'd in full Rapidity.
The rest to some false measuring make pretence,
But *Sh*—never comes into sense.
Some Beams of Light as other Souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*—'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:
Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and *Sherley* were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
And couzly clad in *Norwich* Druggert came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom strung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I sung,

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
 When thou on silver *Thames* didst cut thy way,
 With well trim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
 Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celestial charge,
 And big with Hymn, Commander of an Host,
 The like was ne'er in *Epsom* Blankets lost.
 Methinks I see the new *Arion* Sail,
 The Lute still trembling underneath thy sail.
 At thy well sharpen'd thumb from Shore to Shore,
 The Treble squeaks for fear, the Bases roar:
 Echoes from *Pissing-Ally*, *Sh---* call,
 And *Sh---* they rebound from *A--- Hall*.
 About thy boat the little Fishes throng,
 As at the Morning Toast, that Floats along.
 Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
 Thou wield'st thy Papers in thy threshing hand.
 St. *Andre*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
 Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche*'s rhyme:
 Though they in number as in sense excell,
 So just, so like tautology they fell.

That, pale with envy, *Singleria* forswore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Pillarius* more.
Here slipt the good old *Syre* ; and wept for joy
In silent raptures of the hopefull boy.
All Arguments, but most his Plays, perswade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the Walls which fair *Augusta* bind,
(The fair *Augusta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd to inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once ; but now, to Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undisturbed by Watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a Nursery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred ;
Where unsledd'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
 Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear.
 But gentle *Smolkin* just reception finds
 Amidst this Monument of vanish'd minds:
 Pure Clinches, the suburban Muse affords;
 And *Panton* waging harmless War with words.
 Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
 Ambitiously design'd his *Sh—*'s Throne.
 For ancient *Decker* prophes'd long since,
 That in this Pile should Reign a mighty Prince,
 Born for a scourge of Wit, and flayle of Sense:
 To whom true dulness should some *Psyches* owe,
 But Worlds of *Misers* from his pen should flow;
Humorists and *Hypocrites* it should produce,
 Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.
 Now Empress *Fame* had publish'd the renown,
 Of *Sh—*'s Coronation through the Town.
 Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
 From near *Bun-Hill*, and distant *Watling-street*.
 No *Persian* Carpets spread th' Imperial way,
 But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:

From dully shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Burn.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh—* almost choakt the way.
Bilk's Stationers for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H—* was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary *Francis* in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State.
His Brews thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness plaid around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh—* swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true dulness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred *Unction* made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey;
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway : [Young,
Whose righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd
And from whose Loyns recorded *Psyche* sprung
His Temples last with Poppies were overspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head :
Just at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis sung, by *Tyber's* brook,
Prefage of Sway from twice six Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness : long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the raging God ;
At length burst out in this prophetick mood :
Heavens bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Western main ;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond loves Kingdom, let him stretch his Pen,
 Heavens! and all the people cry'd Amen,
 That some, some good, he may Son advance
 Still in new Impudence, new ignorance.
 Spurns let others reach, keep thou from me
 Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
 Let *Turned* his new words be writ;
 Yet not one should accuse thy royl of Wit.
 Let gentle *George* in *Antony* tread the Stage,
 Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loucit* rage;
 Let *Cally*, *Cockard*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
 And in their folly shew the Writers wit.
 Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
 And justify their Author's want of sense.
 Let 'em be all by thy own model made
 Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid:
 That they to future ages may be known,
 Not Copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
 Nay let thy men of wit too be the same,
 All full of thee, and differing but in name;
 But let no alien *Sally* interpose
 To land with wit thy hungry *Epsom* prose.

I say'd

And

And when false flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'st
 Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull
 But write thy best, and top; and in each line,
 Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
 Sir *Formal*, though ~~unthought~~, attends thy quill,
 And does thy *Northern Dedication* fill.
 Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
 By arrogating *Jehnsen's* Hostile name.
 Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praise,
 And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raise.
 Thou art my blood, where *Jehnsen* has no part;
 What share have we in Nature or in Art?
 Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
 And rail at Arts he did not understand?
 Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
 Or swept the dust in *Psyche's* humble strain?
 Where sold he Bargains, Whip-stich, kiss my Arse,
 Promis'd a Play and dwindle to a Farce?
 When did his Muse from *Fletcher's* scenes purloin,
 As thou whole *Eth'ridg* dost transfuse to thine?
 But so transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
 His always floats above, thine sinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boasted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulness, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muse gives smiles, thy Comick sleep.
With what'er gall thou sett'st thy self to write,
Thy inoffensive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellomious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Irish* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peacefull Province in Acrostick Land.
There thou may'st wings display and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word Ten thousand ways.

Or

Or if thou would'st thy different talants suit,
Set thy own Songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said, but his last words were scarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they sent thee yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

ABSA-

11

BOOK NO. 1

My dear friends

I am glad to hear of your success

and hope you will continue to

improve and prosper

Yours truly

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

Wm. L. G. 1840

AB2A

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

*— Si Proprius flet
Te Capiet Magis —*

The Seventh Edition ; Augmented and Revised.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's-Head, in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1692.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON
PRINTED BY THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
ZOOLOGY
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

TO THE
 READER.

TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: Some will think it needs no Excuse; and others will receive none. The design, I am sure, is honest: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, must expect to make Enemies of the other. For, Wit and Fool, are Consequents of Whig and Tory: And every man is a Knave or an Ass to the contrary side. There's a Treasury of Merits in the Phanatick Church, as well as in the Papist; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintship, Honesty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longest Chapter in Deuteronomy, has not Curses enough for an Anti-Bromingham. My Comfort is, their manifest Prejudice to my Cause, will render their Judgement of less Authority against me. Yet if a Poem have a Genius, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a sweetness in good Verse, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleases him against his will. The Commendation of Adversaries, is the greatest Triumph of a Writer; because it never comes unless Extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easie terms: If I happen to please the more Moderate sort I shall be sure of an honest Party; and, in all proba-

probability, of the best Judges; for, the least Concern'd, are commonly the least Corrupt. And, I confess, I have laid in for these, by reharing the Satyr (where Justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize so wearily, as to imagine I have done my Worst, may be convinc'd, at their own Cost, that I can write Severely, with more ease, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at some mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd against their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commend-ed, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious Reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Professions, God forgive you Common-wealths men, for Professing so plausible for the Government. You cannot be so Unconscionable, as to charge me for not Subscribing of my Name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Fury to secure them. If you like not my Poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge against himself;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both sides, will condemn the Character of Absalom, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extemuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confess freely, I have

have endeavour'd to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David himself, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, since the most excellent natures are almost the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam, not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew Absalom Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconciliation of Absalom to David. And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with Origen, that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this Poem, he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit. God is

infinitely merciful : and his Vicegerent is onely not so, because he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease : for those, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Ense rescindendum, which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all ; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of Oblivion were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an Opiate would be in a Raging Fever.

T O

TO THE UNKNOWN
 AUTHOR
 OF THIS
 EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as earnest of a Faith renew'd, [good;
 Your Theme is vast, your Verse divinely
 Where, tho' the nine their beauteous stroaks repeat,
 And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
 It looks as if they strook 'em at a beat.
 So all Serenely Great, so just refin'd,
 Like Angels love to Humane Seed encim'd,
 It starts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
 'Tis Spirit seen, whose fiery Atoms roul,
 So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
 'Tis miniture of Man, but he's all heart,
 'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art:
 To whom ev'n the Phianaticks Altars raise,
 Bow in their own despite, and grin your praise.

As if a *Milton* from the Dead arose,
 Fil'd off the Rust, and the right Party chose.
 Nor, Sir, be shock'd at what the Gloomy say,
 Turn not your feet too inward, nor too splay.
 'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Push on your Theme,
 Lean your griev'd head on *David's* Diadem.
David that rebel *Israel's* Envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The Beauties of your *Absalom* excell:
 But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
 Of *Annabel*, than *May's* first Morn more bright,
 Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaste as Winter's
 Of *Annabel* the Muses dearest Theme, [Night.
 Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
 Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
 And to your Master-piece these Shadows send.

T O

TO THE UNKNOWN
 AUTHOR
 OF THIS
 ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
 Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
 Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
 The wretch that thought himself possess'd with Muse;
 Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
 With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
 But sure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
 Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
 Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
 From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
 Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
 Through each of which th' informing Genius shines.
 Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
 Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.

Not *David's* self could in a nobler Verse
 His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
 Tho' in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met,
 The Father's Fondness, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
 And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
 Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
 As when *Aeneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
 Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
 Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
 Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
 Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
 What Father else would have refus'd to own
 So great a Son as God-like *Abfalon*?

R. D.

T O

TO THE CONCEAL'D
 A U T H O U R
 OF THIS
 INCOMPARABLE POEM.

Hail Heav'n-born Muse! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
 The Glory of our Isle and of our Age.

Th' inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
 The North at length teems with a work to vie
 With *Homer's* Flame and *Virgil's* Majesty.

While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet sought,
 (His ravisht Mind with vast *Idea's* fraught)
 Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought;

This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro's* Mines,
 He dreins of all their Gold t adorn his Lines:
 Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* shines.

The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
 Her flinty Breast dissolv'd into a Tide:

Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,
 And makes the *Helicon* in which he fails.

The Dialect, as well as sense, invents,
 And, with his Poem, a new speech presents.

Hail then thou matchless Bard, thou great unknown,
 That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own!
 In vain---for ev'ry where your Praise you find,
 And not to meet it, you must shun Mankind.

Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
 And ev'n the Faction give your Verse applause,
 Whose lightning strikes to ground their Idol cause.

The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood
 Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal-bloud :

The Cause whose growth to crush, our Prelates wrote
 In vain, almost in vain our *Hero's* fought.

Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies :

Before your sacred Lines their shatter'd *Dagon* lies.

Oh! If unworthy we appear to know

The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe :

(Deny'd our ready Homage to express,

And can at best but thankfull be by guess :)

This hope remains,--May *David's* God-like Mind,

(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Authour find :

And, having found, show'r equal Favours down

On Wit so vast as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N.T.

ABSA-

To Wives and Slaves: and wide as his Command



ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL
A POEM.

By many Beauty to nobility

IN pious Times, e'er Priest-craft did begin,
Before Polygamy was made a Sin;
When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, cursedly, confin'd;
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiscuous use of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Israel's* Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously, impart.

To

To Wives and Slaves : and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.

Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear ;
A Soul ungratefull to the Tiller's care :

Not so the rest ; for several Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, several Sons before.

But, since like Slaves his Bed they did ascend,
No true Succession cou'd their Seed attend.

Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, so Brave as *Absalom* :

Whether, inspir'd by some diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust ;
Or that his conscious Destiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.

Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Israel's* Crown :
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And seem'd as he were onely born for Love.

What he'er he did, was done with so much ease, 'W
In him alone, 'twas Natural to please :
His motions all accompany'd with grace ;
And *Paradise* was open'd in his face.

With

With secret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
 His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
 To all his wishes nothing he deny'd;
 And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
 His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not see.
 Some warm excesses, which the Law forbore,
 Were constru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
 And *Amnon's* Mother by a specious Name,
 Was call'd a just Revenge for injur'd Fame.
 Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
 While *David*, undisturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
 But Life can never be sincerely blest:
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The *Jews*, a Head-strong, Moody Murm'ring race,
 As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd please;
 (Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That God-smiths cou'd produce, or Priests devise.)
 These *Adam-wits*, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

And when no rule, no president was found,
 Of men, by Laws less circumscrib'd and bound;
 They led their wild desires to Woods and Caves;
 And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
 They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish *Ishboseth* the Crown forego;
 Who banisht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
 And, with a General shout, proclaim'd him King:
 Those very *Jews*, who, at their very best,
 Their Humour more than Loyalty exprest,
 Now, wondred why, so long, they had obey'd
 An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
 Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
 Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State,
 But these were random bolts: No form'd Design,
 Nor Interest made the Factionous Croud to joyn:
 The sober part of *Israel*, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;
 And, looking backward with a wise afright,
 Saw scars of wounds, dishonest to the sight:
 In contemplation of whose ugly Scars,
 They curst the memory of Civil Wars.

The

The moderate sort of Men, thus qualify'd,
 Inclin'd the Ballance to the better side:
 And, *David's* mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to Rebell.
 But, when to Sin our byast Nature leans,
 The carefull Devil is still at hand with means;
 And providently Pimps for ill desires;
 The Good Old Cause reviv'd, a Plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jerusalem*
 Were *Jebusites*: the Town so call'd from them;
 And their's the Native right---
 But when the chosen People grew more strong,
 The rightfull Cause at length became the wrong:
 And every loss the men of *Jebus* bore,
 They still were thought God's Enemies the more.
 Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to *David's* Government:
 Impoverisht and depriv'd of all Command,
 Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;

And

And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, & burnt like common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest Men and wise:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd,
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise. [Lies,
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd ;
 Where Gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such say'ry Deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
 By force they could not introduce these Gods ;
 For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
 So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
 Fools are more hard to conquer than perswade.
 Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews* ;
 And rak'd for Converts, even the Court & Stews ;
 Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
 Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
 Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
 by Guns, invented since full many a day :
 Our Authour swears it not ; but who can know
 How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go ?
 This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence :
 For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lakes soon floats into a Flood ;
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channels, bubbles o'er :

So,

So, several factions from this first Ferment,
 Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
 Some by their Friends, more by themselves thought
 Oppos'd the Pow'r, to wch they could not rise. [wise,
 Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from
 Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence. [thence,
 Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
 From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne;
 Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
 Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
 Of these the false *Achitophel* was first:
 A Name to all succeeding Ages curst.
 For close Designs, and crooked Counsels fit;
 Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
 Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place;
 In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Disgrace.
 A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
 And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
 A daring Pilot in extremity; [high
 Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went

He fought the Storms : but for a Calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the Sands, to boast his Wit.
 Great Wits are sure to Madness near ally'd;
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
 Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
 Refuse his Age the needfull hours of Rest?
 Punish a Body which he cou'd not please;
 Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of ease?
 And all to leave, what with his Toil he won;
 To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
 Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
 And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
 In Friendship false, implacable in Hate:
 Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
 To Compass this, the Triple Bond he broke;
 The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook:
 And fitted *Israel* for a Foreign Yoke.
 Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
 Usurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
 So easie still it proves in Faction's Times,
 With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How safe is Treason, and how sacred Ill,
Where none can sin against the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deserv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statesman we abhor, but praise the Judge.
In *Israel's* Courts ne'er sat an *Abbethdin*
With more discerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unsought, the Wretched to redress;
Swift of Dispatch, and easie of Access.
Oh, had he been content to serve the Crown,
With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankness of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppress the Noble Seed:
David, For him his tunefull Harp had strung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happiness;
Disdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arme to shake the Tree.

Now,

Now, manifest of Crimes, contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold Defiance with his Prince :
 Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cause,
 Against the Crown; and sculk'd behind the Laws.
 The wish'd occasion of the Plot he takes;
 Some Circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing Emissaries, fills the ears
 Of listning Crouds, with Jealousies and Fears
 Of Arbitrary Counsels brought to light,
 And proves the King himself a *Jehusite*.
 Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with People easie to Rebel.
 For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
 Tread the same Track when she the Prime renews:
 And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
 By natural Instinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel still wants a Chief, and none
 Was found so fit as War-like *Absalom*:
 Not, that he wish'd his Greatness to create,
 (For Politicians neither love nor hate:)
 But, for he knew, his Title nor allow'd,
 Would keep him still depending on the Croud:

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.

Him he attempts, with studied Arts to please,
And sheds his Venome, in such words as these.

Auspicious Prince, at whose Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Desire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land:
Whose dawning Day, in every distant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Vision, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confess;
And, never satisfi'd with seeing, bless:
Swift, unbespoken Poms, thy steps proclaim,
And stammering Babes are taught to lisp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content ingloriously to pass thy days
Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praise;

Till thy fresh Glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow Stale and Tarnish with our daily sight.
 Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit must be,
 Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
 Heav'n, has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
 Whose Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 And, from the first Impression, takes the Bent:
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind;
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her Locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus Old *David*, from whose Loins you Spring
 Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
 At *Gath* an Exile he might still remain;
 And Heav'n's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
 Let his successfull Youth your hopes engage;
 But shun th' example of Declining Age:
 Behold him setting in his Western Skies,
 The shadows lengthning as the Vapours rise,

He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
 The joyfull People throng'd to see him Land,
 Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand* :
 But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd light :
 Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn :
 (Our onely blessing since his curst Return :)
 Those heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
 Blown off, and scatter'd by a puff of Wind.
 What strength can he to your Designs oppose,
 Naked of Friends, and round beset with Foes ?
 If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he should use,
 A Foreign Aid wou'd more incense the *Jews* :
 Proud *Egypt* wou'd dissembled Friendship bring ;
 Foment the War, but not support the King :
 Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
 With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite* ;
 Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
 And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.
 All sorts of men, by my successfull Arts,
 Abherring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts

From *David's* Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.

If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
Might such a General gain by such a Cause?

Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair onely to the sight, but solid Pow'r:

And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah's* Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!

Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vicious Weed,
Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:

In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.

Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;

Unwarily was led from Virtues ways; [Praise
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with

Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
 (For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
 He thus reply'd.—And what Pretence have I
 To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
 My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:
 The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
 Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;
 And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign?
 Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?
 What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
 Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
 Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
 Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
 If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
 His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
 What could he gain, his People to Betray,
 Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
 Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
 His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
 If *David's* Rule *Jerusalem* Displease,
 The *Dog-star* heats their Brains to this Disease.

Why

Why then should I, encouraging the Bad,
 Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
 Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawless Might,
 Opprest the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebusite*,
 Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
 Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and restrain my Hands:
 The People might assert their Liberty;
 But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
 His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
 Prevents my Wishes, and out-runs Desire;
 What more can I expect while *David* lives?
 All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
 And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, said,
 Is Justly destin'd for a Worthier Head.
 For when my Father from his Toyls shall Rest,
 And late Augment the Number of the Blest:
 His Lawfull Issue shall the Throne ascend;
 Or the *Collar'ral* Line where that shall end.
 His Brother, though Opprest with Vulgar Spight,
 Yet Dauntless and Secure of Native Right,
 Of every Royal Virtue stands possesst;
 Still dear to all the Bravest, and the Best.

His

His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim ;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find ;
For sure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why should I then Repine at Heavens Decree ;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty ?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiously Inclind,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul, not all her Treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Descent.
I find, I find my my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part disdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I scanted by a Niggard Birth ?
My Soul disclaims the Kindred of her Earth ;
And, made for Empire, Whispers me within ;
Desire of Greatness is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering so when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue scarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours fresh Forces in, and thus Replies :

Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wise,
Imparts not these Prodigious Gifts in vain ;
What Wonders are Reserv'd to bless your Reign ?
Against

Against your will your Arguments have shown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildness I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Lavish Grants suppose a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodness than his Wit proclaim.
But when should People strive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin shall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall cost a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, shall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in some Expensive War;
Which when his Treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the Remains of Kingship, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealousies and Fears,
Call *Jebusites*; and *Pharaoh's* Pensioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to publick Scorn.

The next Successor; whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of necessary Gold,
Shall first be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time shall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To pass your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Trust:
Which when resum'd, can be no longer Just.
Succession, for the general Good design'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one suffer than a Nation grieve. [chose,
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they
God was their King, and God they durst Depose.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Universal Call,
To which even Heav'n submitted, answers all.

Nor

Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind ;
 'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
 Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
 Love but themselves in their Posterity.
 Or let his Kindness by th' Effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain Pretence aside.
 God said he lov'd your Father ; could he bring
 A better Proof, than to Anoint him King ?
 It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
 Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son ?
 What means he then, to Alienate the Crown ?
 The name of Godly he may blush to bear :
 'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
 He to his Brother gives Supreme Command ;
 To you a Legacy of Barren Land :
 Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays ;
 Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
 Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
 Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes ;
 Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
 And marks the Progress in the Peoples Hearts.

Though

Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who least complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
Constrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the last, his time for Fury sound,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground
The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldest Law:
Leave the warm People no Considering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whose Sacred Life each minute would Expose,
To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.

And who can sound the depth of *David's* Soul?
 Perhaps his fear, his kindness may Controul.
 He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
 For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
 If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:
 Like Womens Leachery, to seem Constrain'd:
 Doubt not: but, when he most affects the Frown,
 Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown.
 Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
 They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said, And this Advice above the rest,
 With *Absalom's* Mild Nature suited best;
 Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition set aside,)
 Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffed with Pride.
 How happy had he been, if Destiny
 Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
 His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
 And blest all other Countries but his own.
 But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
 'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
 Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
 With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;

To

To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
 And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
 To further this *Achitophel* Unites
 The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:
 Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
 For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
 The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
 Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
 Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
 Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
 By these the Springs of Property were bent,
 And wound so high, they Crack't the Governme
 The next for Int'rest fought t' embroil the State,
 To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;
 And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
 Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
 Others thought Kings an useles heavy Load,
 Who Cost too much, and did too little Good.
 These were for laying Honest *David* by,
 On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
 With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throne
 That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.

Who follow next, a double danger bring;
 Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
 The *Solymean* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
 In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
 Cowering and Quaking at a Conqueror's Sword;
 But Lofly to a Lawfull Prince Restor'd;
 Saw with Dildain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
 And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
 Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
 From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
 Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
 Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
 And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration:
 For who so fit for Reign as *Aaron's* Race,
 If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
 These led the Pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the Government.
 A numerous Host of dreaming Saints succeed;
 Of the true old Enthusiastick Breed:
 Gainst Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
 Nothing to Build, and all things to Destroy.

E

But

But far more numerous was the Herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
 And, by the same blind Benefit of Fate,
 The Devil and the *Jehasite* did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite;
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
 Remains, of sprawling heads too long to scure.
 Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
 In the first Rank of these old *Ziur* stand:
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
 Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was every thing by starts, and Nothing long:
 But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
 Was Chymist, Fidler, Starer-man and Bulloon:
 Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking:
 Besides ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Bless Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
 With something New to wish, or to enjoy!

Railing and praising were his usual Themes;
 And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extremes:
 So over Violent, or over Civil;
 That every Man, with him, was God or Devil:
 In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
 Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert
 Beggar'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
 He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
 He laugh'd himself from Court; then sought Relief
 By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell
 On *Absalom*, and wife *Achitophel*:

Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
 He lost not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearse
 Of Lords, below the dignity of Verse. [best
 Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the
 Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of Dulness, be
 The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
 And Canning *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
 Who made new Porridge for the Patchal-Lamb.

Let Friendships holy Band some Names assure :
Some their own Worth, and some let Scorn secure,
Nor shall the Rasal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Furies gave, and God no Grace :
Not Bull-fac'd *Jews*, who cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The Wretch, whose Heav'n's Anointed dar'd to Curse :
Shimei, whose Youth did early Promise bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King ;
Did wisely from Expensive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain :
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curse, unless against the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the most ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray ;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Against his Master, chose him Magistrate :
His Hand a Vane of Justice did uphold ;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treason was no Crime,
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time :

For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himself:
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Against the Monarch of *Jerusalem*,
Shimei was always in the midst of them.
And, if they Curst the King when he was by,
Would rather Curse, than break good Company.
If any durst his Factious Friends accuse,
He pact a Jury of dissenting *Jews*:
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly Cause,
Wou'd free the suffering Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are onely made to punish those
Who serve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leisure time he had from Pow'r,
(Because 'tis Sin to mis-employ an hour:)
His Business was, by Writing to perswade,
That Kings were Useless, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Reckabite* more shunn'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaff were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Grossness of a City Feast abhor'd:

His Cooks, with long dispute, their Trade forgot;
 Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
 Such frigid Virtue Malice may accuse;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For Towns once burnt, such Magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
 With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
 But free from Flesh, that made the Jews rebel:
 And *Moses's* Laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the Mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well-breath'd Witness of the Plot:
 Yet, *Corah*, thou shalt from Oblivion pass;
 Erect thy self thou Monumental Brais:
 High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
 While Nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet Comets rise
 From Earthly Vapours e'er they shine in Skies.
 Prodigious Actions may as well be done
 By Weaver's Iline, as by Prince's Son.
 This Arch-Attester for the Publick Good,
 By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.

Who

Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
 Whole Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephens* grace;
 Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
 His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
 Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
 His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
 A Church Vermillion, and a *Moses's* Face.
 His Memory miraculously great,
 Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat;
 Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
 For human Wit cou'd never such devise.
 Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
 But where the Witness fail'd, the Prophet spoke;
 Some things like Visionary flights appear;
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
 And gave him his *Rabbinical* Degree,
 Unknown to Foreign University.
 His Judgment yet his Memory did excell;
 Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence so well;
 And suited to the temper of the Times;
 Then groaning under *Jehus's* Crimes.

Let *Israel's* Foes suspect his Heav'nly call,
And rashly Judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for such affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my self in Witness *Corah's* place,
The Wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot,
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince despise,
And load his Person with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging Latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag's* Murder call:
In terms as coarse as *Saul* us'd to *Saul*.
What others in his Evidence did join,
(The bell that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah's* own predicament will fall:
For *Witness* is a Common Name to all.
Surrounded thus with Friends of every sort,
Deluded *Absalom*, forsakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near possession of a Crown;

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with surprize,
 And on his Goodly Person feed their Eyes:
 His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
 On each side bowing popularly low:
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their Names.
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
 He glides unsoft into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs, bespeaking pity e'er he spoke,
 Few words he said; but easie those and fit,
 More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your lost Estate;
 Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
 Behold a banisht Man, for your dear Cause
 Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
 Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
 Egypt and Tyris intercept your Trade,
 And Jebusites your Sacred Rites invade.

My

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his Fame:
 And brib'd with petty sums of Foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old:
 Exalts his Enemies, his Friends destroys:
 And all his pow'r against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give my Right away:
 But why should he his own, and yours betray?
 He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
 'Tis all the Aid my present pow'r supplies:
 No Court-Informer can these Arms accuse;
 These Arms may Sons against their Fathers use;
 And 'tis my wish the next Successor's Reign
 May make no other *Israelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, seldom fail:
 But Common Interest always will prevail:
 And Pity never ceases to be shown,
 To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
 The Crowd, (that still believe their Kings oppress,)
 With lifted hands their young *Messiah* bleis:

Who

Who now begins his progress to ordain;
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train;
 From East to West his Glories he displays:
 And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land surveys.
 Fame runs before him, as the Morning Star;
 And shouts of Joy salute him from afar:
 Each house receives him as a Guardian God;
 And Consecrates the Place of his abode:
 But hospitable Treats did most commend
 Wife *Iffachar*, his wealthy Western Friend.
 This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
 And seem'd but Pomp, did other Ends disguise:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
 To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
 The Peoples hearts; distinguish Friends from Foes;
 And try their strength, before they came to Blows,
 Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
 Of specious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
 Religion, and Redress of Grievances,
 Two names, that always cheer and always please,
 Are often urg'd; and good King *David's* life
 Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.

Thus

Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And Peace it self is War in Masquerade.
Oh foolish *Israel*! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease,
In midst of Health Imagine a Disease;
Take pains Contingent mischiefs to foresee,
Make helms for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themselves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unquestion'd can those Laws destroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Just,
And Kings are onely Officers in Trust,
Then this resuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If those who gave the Sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own Posterity,
How then could *Adam* bind his future Race?
How could his forfeit on Mankind take place?

Or how cou'd Heavenly Justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our Father's Fall? [mand,
 Then Kings are slaves to those whom they com-
 And Tenants to their Peoples pleasure stand.
 Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
 Is mischievously seated in the Croud:
 For who can be secure of private Right,
 If Sovereign Sway may be dissolv'd by Might?
 Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
 The Most may err, as grossly as the Few.
 And faultless Kings run down, by Common Cry,
 For Vice, Oppression, and for Tyranny.
 What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
 Which flowing to the Mark, runs faster out?
 Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
 Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
 And Share the madness of Rebellious Times,
 To Murder Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,
 But Government it self at length must fall
 To Natures State, where all have Right to all.

Yet,

Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a seel'd Throne wou'd shake?
For whatsoever their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them suffer more
All others Errours but disturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threaten to fall.
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttress of the Wall,
Thus far is Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, cast the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who base Ends pursue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The ramp'ring world is subject to this Curse,
To Physick their Disease into a Worse.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.

In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
 Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
 In regions VVaste beyond the *Jordan's* Flood:
 Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
 But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
 In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
 For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
 The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
 Large was his VVealth, but larger was his Heart:
 VVhich, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
 The Fighting VVarriour, and Recording Muse.
 His Bed cou'd once a fruitfull Issue boast;
 Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
 His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
 By me (to Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
 By unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:
 Yet not before the Goal of Honour won
 All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
 Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.

64 *ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.*

Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchless VVorth was known
Arms thy Delight, and VVar was all thy Own.
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrans* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
VVhom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!
But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had design'd,
And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now free from Earth, thy disencumbred Soul [Pole
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Stars
From thence thy kindred Legions maist thou bring
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painfull flight,
No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy Soul he should have fled before,
Or fled she with his life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?

DAVID AND ACHITOPHEL. 65

Now, e'er thy keepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 thou shalt find on Earth another He:
 Whether He would be too hard to find,
 Or whom thou canst see not far behind,
 'Tis He the Priest, whom, thumping Pow'r and Place,
 The stoupy mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace,
 With him the *Sages of Jerusalem*,
 Of hospitable Soul, and noble Seem,
 Men of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence:
 The Prophets Sons by their Example led,
 In Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
 The *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
 And never Rebel was to *Assa's* Friend.
 For these succeed the Pillars of the Law,
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a Cause.
 Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
 Sharp judging *Ahriel*, the Mules Friend,
 Himself a Mule:—In Sashedkins debate
 True to his Prince?—but not a Slave of State.
 Whom *David's* Love with Honours did adorn,
 But from his disobedient Son were torn.

ASHMOL and MATHIAS

Talk of passing Wisdom down,
Edu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught,
To move the World, who but only try'd
The world's reward, that chose the better side,
And thus alone, yet sure of the Balance too,
That all the World, all and brave man can see,
To/ld the World, and all the World's Affairs,
In public Term of man's wickedness;
By Foreign Travels, learn'd his Youth;
And join'd his own to his Native Truth.
His frugal self support'd the waiting Throne;
Ereign he sat, but hearken'd of his own;
His calm Conduct, when Excesses flow;
But hat'd the fact that made well the low;
For Sovereign Power is not deprest or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell or Crouds to buy.
Indulge me about sacred my weary Muse,
For *Mathias*, who can *Mathias*'s praise recuse?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own words, and without Title Great;
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he call'd,
Their Reason guided, and their Passion cool'd,

So dauntless was he in the Crown's defence,
 So bound to speak a Loyal Nations Sense,
 That to their Band, was *Israel's* Tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all,
 That rather Charioteer the Seat ascend,
 Than in loose Carcass his steady Skill command;
 Like th' unequal Rider of the Day,
 Who slide the Season, and mistake the Way;
 While he withdrawn of their mad Labour smiles,
 And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful Band
 Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to stand
 And tempt the united Fury of the Land;
 With grief they view'd such powerfull Engines bent,
 To batter down the Lawfull Government.
 A numerous Faction with pretended rights,
 In Sanhedrons to plume the Regal Rights.
 The true Successor from the Court remov'd:
 The Plot, by hiring Witnesse, improvd.
 These Ills they saw, and as their Duty Bound,
 They shew'd the King the danger of the Wound;

That no Concession were to Thee;
 But Penitents to mend the Breach;
 That *Absalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
 Was made the Cause to drive the People down;
 That false *Achitophel's* pernicious Hate
 Had turn'd the Protestant Church and State
 To Church and State, the Church's worst;
 That *Shimei* might *Ternaphim* curse.

With all these loads on his Oppressant,
 And long revolving in his cautious Breast
 The Event of all his late Experience, and
 Thus from his Royal Throne, by way unforc'd,
 The God-like *David* broke, with awful fear
 His Train their Maker and their Mother hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd
 My wrongs unfehl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
 So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
 So much the Father did the King Allwage.
 But now so far my Clemency they flight,
 Th' Offenders question my Forgiving Right.
 That one was made for many, they contend;
 But 'tis to rule, for that's a Monarch's End.

They

The weak, my weakness of Blood, my Fear:
 Though manly Tempers can the Longest bear,
 Yet, *fiat* they will diversify Native colour,
 (No time to shew) I am not good by Force:
 A heap of Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
 No reason for a Camel, not a King:
 These are the publick Pillars of the State,
 Born to sustain and prop the Nations weight:
 My young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
 To shake the Column, let him drive the Fall:
 But, oh, that yet he would repeat the Verse!
 How safe 'tis for Parents to forgive!
 With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
 From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
 Poor, pried Youth, by my Paternal care,
 Had I'd up to all the height his Frame could bear,
 Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
 He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
 Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
 Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:
 The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
 Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.

Whence comes it, that the *Princes* of the State
Should more be *Princes* than *Dryden's* *Chatter*?
His old *Imagines* fill his *Princes* Place,
Was never enough *Princes* to so much *Grace*.
Good *Barons*, *New* *Factious* and a *Patrician* *Pair*,
Wrote *Princes* every *Prince* a *Prince's* *Saint*.
Would *Antony* *Prince* on *Antony* the *Throne*?
Let *Sanhedrims* be *Princes* to give their *Crown*.
A *King's* at *Princes* a part of *Princes* *Princes*;
And *Princes* *Princes* their *Princes* *Princes*.
Without *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*,
Princes a *Prince* the *Princes* *Princes*.
True, they *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.
But *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.
My *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*,
Which to *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*,
From *Princes* and *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.
But *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.
Unfatiat as the *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*;
God cannot *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.
What then is left, but with a *Princes* *Princes*,
To guard the *Princes* *Princes* *Princes* *Princes*.

the Law shall still be my peacefull Sway,
 And she that Law teach Rebels to obey:
 There shall no more Effablif'd Pow's control,
 Whose Vices as make a Part of the Whole:
 No groundless Clamour shall my Friends remove,
 Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punifh or they prove:
 No Gods, and God-like Kings their Care exprefs,
 To defend their Servants in diftreis.

That my Pow'r in Saving were confin'd I
 Am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againft my mind,
 To make Examples of another Kind,
 Till I at length the Sword of Juftice draw;
 To curb'd Effects of neceffary Law!
 Now if my Fear they by my Mercy fear,
 I fware the Fury of a Patient Man.

If they require, let Law then fhew her Face;
 They could not be content to look on Grace
 Her kinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
 To tempt the Terror of her Front, and Dy,
 By their own Arts, 'tis Righteoufly decreed,
 Thofe dire Artificers of Death fhall bleed.

THE BATTLE OF BUNOCHTHERN

Against themselves their Enemies will swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Party tear:
And for the Nations sake, that bloody Gore
Which was their Prize, will thus before
Their *Bells* with that *Bell* shall fight;
None of my Force my Law shall do me right:
Not do it! Even so, the *Crows* engage
In their wild Order, all the *Wild* Rage:
Then let 'em take an *Order* of their own:
Surre and *Threats*, and *Clash* their Force:
But when the *Clash* of *Battle* was the Fight,
And *Clash* was *Clash* and *Clash* was *Clash*:
For lawful Power is still Superior found,
When long dry is the *Clash* it stands the

He said, "Th' Almighty *Clash* gave *Clash*,
And *Clash* of *Thunder* shook the *Clash*.
Henceforth a *Clash* of new *Clash* began,
The mighty *Clash* in long *Clash* ran:
Once more the God-like *Clash* was *Clash*,
And willing Nations knew their lawful *Clash*."

F I N I S

The Medal.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

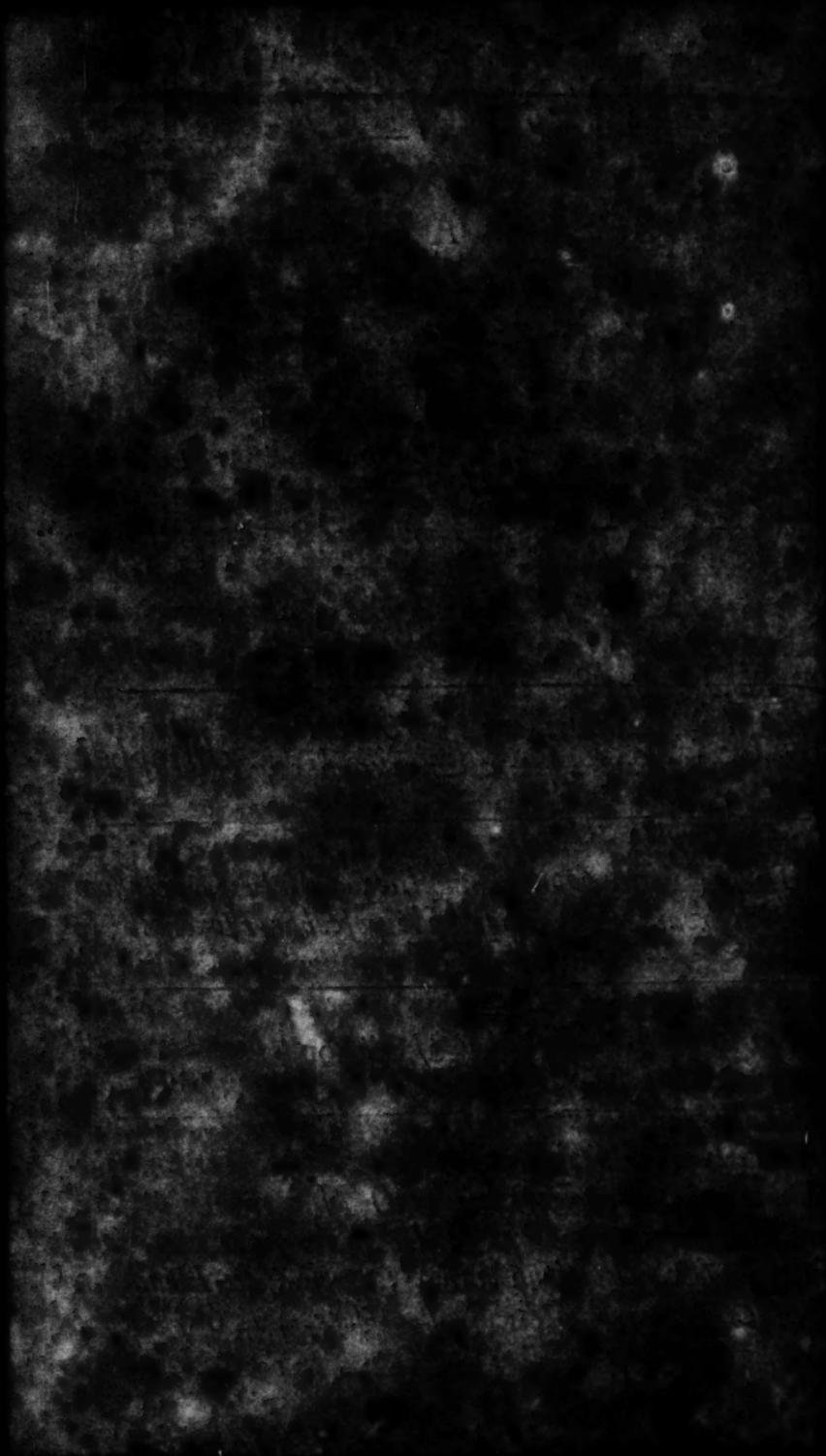
By the Author of *Absalom* and *Achirophel*.

*Per Gratiam popular, medicæque per Elidis Urbem
Hæc ovans; Divitiisque sibi poscebat Honores.*

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's-Head, in
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-street. 1692.



EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS.

O R to whom can I dedicate this Poem, with
so much justice, as to your 'Tis the representa-
tion of your own Heroes' try the Picture drawn
length, which you admire and prize so much in
little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither
the Landscap of the Tower, nor the Rising Sun; nor
the Anno Domini of your New Sovereign's Coronation.
This must needs be a gratefull undertaking to your
whole Party: especially to those who have not been so
happy as to purchase the Original. I hear the Graver
has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are
bought up already; or the value of the remainder so
enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be
glad to worship the Image, is not able to go to the
sell of him: But must be content to see him here. I
must confess I am no great Artist; but Sign-post pain-
ting will serve the turn to remember a Friend by;
especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your
comfort the Lineaments are true: and though he sate
not free times to me, as he did to B. yet I have con-
sulted History; as the Italian Painters do, when they
would.

would draw a sword or a staff, and then they
will see the King, they will see their
own Statute of him, and find out the Calumnies
Suction, and Tackles. That is, you may
spit'd out of your side all the things you
speak of in discourse, if it were plac'd as a
Spot of the Tackles, or something so shallow. What
would you have done for the purpose of
in your Preface to the *History of the*
shall be forc'd to suffer to be so much
suppose you mean that little which is left, that
was worn to rag, when you say this. *Never*
Never was their practice such a piece of *calumnious*
pudence in the former of *the* *Government*
I believe, when he is dead, you will wear *the* *Throne*
Rings, as the *Turks* did *Schanderbeg*, as if they
were virtuous in his House to preserve you from
anarchy. But all this while you pretend to act
for the Publick good, and to do *benefaction* for the
people of the *King*. But all men, who see what
before them, may easily detect your gross *fraud*.
That it is necessary for men in your circumstances
pretend both, is granted you, yet without them they
could be no ground to raise a *Parliament*. But I must
ask you one more question, what right has any man
among you, or any Association of men, (I mean none
to you,) who are of *Parliament*, cannot be consider'd
in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in
Factional Clubs, to vilify the *Government*, in your
Discourses, and to libel it in all your *Writings* and

Justice Judges in Words, as how inconsistent with
 the Soul of the publick it affords a private Sedition;
 and your definition of Loyal, which is to serve the
 King according to the Laws, allow you the blame of
 inducing the Executive Power, with which you are
 so much involved? You complain that his Majesty has lost
 the love and confidence of his People; and by your
 conduct, you endeavour what in you lies, to make
 them lose them. All good Subjects abhor the thought
 of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many;
 you were the Patriots you would fear, you would
 not at this rate incense the Multitude to assume it;
 no sober man can fear it, either from the King's
 disposition, or his Practice; or even, where you would
 lawfully lay it, from his Ministers. Give us leave
 to enjoy the Government and the benefits of Laws
 under which we were born, and which we desire to
 transmit to our Posterity. You are not the Trustees
 of the publick Liberty; and if you have not right to
 interpose in a Crowd, much less have you to intermed-
 dle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what
 we do not like, which in effect is every thing that is
 done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that
 any reasonable man will believe you respect the person
 of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious
 pamphlets are stuff'd with particular Reflexions on
 him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easie
 to be convinc'd from a thousand Passages, which I need
 not bear to quote, because I desire they should dy and
 be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers;
 and

[illegible]

The late Copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn: But, as the Papists, when they are oppos'd, fly out into all the Pagantries of *Worship*; but in times of War, when they are hard press'd by Arguments, they retire and behind the Council of Trent: So now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a *Secret Combination*; but whenever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and assist'd to *composure*. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the *Smell*: 'tis the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would seem to nibble at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and sanction, as head of it; the other without either the consent, or knowledge of the King, against whose Authority it is manifestly design'd. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last Evasion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and shuffl'd into the Papers that were seiz'd: which yet you see the Nation is not so easily to believe as your own Jury: But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in New-gate, who would acquit a Malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this Poem, you would employ the same Pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Ach-

Achitopher: for then you may assure your selves of a clear Victory, without the least reply. Rail as we abundantly: and, not to break a Custom, do it without wit: By this method you will gain a considerable point, which is usually to waive the answer of my Arguments. Never run the bottom of your Principles, for fear they should be Treason. Rail severely on the mismanagements of Government: for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born Subject. If God has not bless'd you with the Talent of Rhyme, make use of my poor Stock and welcome: let your Persees run upon my feet: and for the utmost refuge of notorious Black-heads, reduc'd to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrise my self. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; but above all the rest commend me to the Non-conformist Parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the Piece deserves, because the Bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be publish'd as well as printed: and that so much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waste-paper in the Shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his Learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitopher signifie the Brother of a Fool, the Author of that Poem will pass with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps to the Relation that makes the kindness.

What

Whatever the Verses are; buy 'em up I beseech you
out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is shut up, and
the Brother of Achintophiel out of service.

Now Footmen, you know, have the generosity to
make a Purse, for a Member of their Society, who
has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even
Protestant Socks are bought up among you, out of vene-
ration to the name. A Dissenter in Poetry from Sense
and English, will make as good a Protestant Rhimer, as
a Dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant
Parson. Besides, if you encourage a young Beginner,
who knows but he may elevate his style a little, above
the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and sawcy Jack, and
Atheistick Scribler, with which he treats me, when
the fit of Enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-
manner'd and charitable Expressions, I was certain of
his Sect, before I knew his Name. What would you
have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cause
from Genesis to the Revelations: And has half the
Texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will
be so civil to your selves as to take him for your In-
terpreter; and not to take them for Irish Witnesses.
After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd
him onely for the opening of your Cause; and that your
main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet
with no more reply than his Predecessours, you may ex-
ther conclude, that I trust to the goodness of my Cause,
or fear my Adversary, or disdain him, or what you
please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble
servant, whatever your Party says or thinks of him.

UPON THE
AUTHOUR
Of the Following
POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t'engage
The threatening Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muse attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,
Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verse to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his Avenging Genius to its Aid. [Crown'd,
Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was
And blest the Cause that such a Champion found.

With

With chosen Verle upon the Foe he falls,
 And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
 Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc'd t' engage,
 Secure of Conquest he rebates his Rage;
 His Fury not without Distinction sheds,
 Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
 To less infected Members gentle sound,
 Or spares, or else pours Balm into the Wound.
 Such gen'rous Grace th' ingratefull Tribe abuse,
 And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse;
 Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
 To snarl and bark against the Poets King;
 A Crew, that scandalize the Nation more
 Than all their Treason-canting Priests before!
 On these he scarce vouchsafes a scornfull Smile,
 But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
 A Style so keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
 The vital Poyson, stabs to th' Heart their Cause.
 Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raise;
 Accept our Thanks, for you transcend our Praise.

TO THE UNKNOWN
 AUTHOR
 Of the Following
 POEM,
 And that of
ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praise,
 Altars of old to Gods unknown did raise;
 They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
 Divine effects a cause Divine did shew;
 Nor can we doubt, when such these Numbers are,
 Such is their cause, tho' the worst Muse shall dare
 Their sacred worth in humble Verse declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tuneful
 Glides in a peacefull Majesty along; [Song
 No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
 The easie passage of his silent wave;

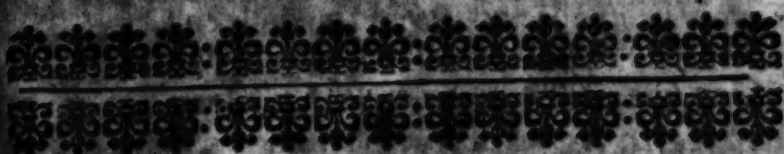
So, sacred Poet, so thy Numbers flow;
 Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
 Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
 Yet soft as Down upon the Wings of Love:
 How sweet does Vertue in your dress appear?
 How much more charming, when much less severe?
 Whilst you our senses harmlessly beguile,
 With all th' allurements of your happy Syle;
 Y' insinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
 And into sense th' unthinking Many cheat:
 So the sweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
 Into rude Nature virtue did inspire;
 So he the savage herd to reason drew,
 Yet scarce so sweet, so charmingly as you:
 Oh, that you would with some such powerfull
 Enervate *Albion* to just valour warm! [Charm,
 Whether much suffering *Charles* shall Theme afford,
 Or the great Deeds of God-like *James's* Sword;
 Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
 Another Fleet might pass the subject Main;
 Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
 Or such an *Offory* as you did moan:
 While in such Numbers you, in such a strain,
 Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
 Let false *Achitophel* the rout engage,
 Talk easie *Absalom* to rebel rage;
 Let frugal *Skimei* curse in holy Zeal,
 Or modest *Corab* more new Plots reveal;
 Whilst constant to himself, secure of fate,
 Good *David* still maintains the Royal State;

Tho' each in vain such various ills employs,
 Firmly he stands, and even those ills enjoys;
 Firm as fair *Albion* midst the raging Main
 Surveys encircling danger with disdain.
 In vain the Waves assault the unmov'd shore,
 In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
 Fair *Albion's* beauteous Cliffs shine whiter than
 [before.]

Nor shalt thou move, tho' Hell thy fall conspire,
 Tho' the worse rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
 Thou best, thou greatest of the *British* Race,
 Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.

Ah wretched *Britains*! ah too stubborn Isle!
 Ah stiff-neck'd *Israel* on blest *Canaan's* soyl!
 Are those dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
 Restoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
 Is it in vain thou all the Goods dost know
 Auspicious Stars on Mortals shed below,
 While all thy streams with Milk, thy Lands with
 [Honey flow?]

No more, fond Isle! no more thy self engage,
 In civil fury, and intestine rage;
 No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land molest,
 But a smooth Calm sooth every peacefull breast,
 While in such Charming notes Divinely sings,
 The best of Poets, of the best of Kings.



The Medal.

A

S A T Y R E

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry,
 Which *English* Idiots run in crouds to see,
 The *Polish Medal* bears the prize alone:
 A Monster more the Favourite of the Town
 Than either Fairs or Theatres have shown.
 Never did Art so well with Nature strive;
 Nor ever Idol seem'd so much alive?

G 4

So

So like the Man ; so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 One side is fill'd with Title and with Face ;
 And, lest the King shou'd want a regal Place,
 On the reverse, a Fow'r the Town surveys ;
 O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays
 The Word pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Laetamur, which, in *Polish*, is *rejoyce*.

The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd
 And a new Canting Holiday design'd.

Five days he fate, for every cast and look ;

Four more than God to finish *Adam* took.

But who can tell what Essence Angels are,

Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer* !

Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,

And plough'd such furrows for an Eunuch face,

Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,

The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill !

A Martial Heroe first, with early care,

Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to war.

A beardless Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man :

(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)

Next this, (How wildly will Ambition steer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Usurper's Ear.
Part'ring his venal wit for summs of gold
He cast himself into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd sigh'd and pray'd, while Godliness was gain;
The lowdest Bag-pipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdness he cou'd ne'er disguise.
There split the Saint: for Hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a scope:
Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the same;
But a gross Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Besides, their pace was formal, grave and slack:
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet still he found his Fortune at a stay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way:
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r

Pow'r was his aim : but, thrown from that pretence,
 The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence ;
 And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his Soul he serv'd ;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust ;
 His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave
 He had a grudging still to be a Knave.
 The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
 Made him uneasy in his lawfull gears.
 At best as little honest as he cou'd :
 And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
 To his first byass, longingly he leans ;
 And *rather* would be great by wicked means.
 Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold,
 (Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.)
 From hence those tears ! that *Thum* of our woe !
 Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
 What wonder if the Waves prevail so far
 When He cut down the Banks that made the bar

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampson* to his Foe his force confest;
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her breast.
But, when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publick hate;
When his just Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be seduc'd to Arbitrary sway;
Forfaken of that hope, he shifts the sail;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
And shews the Fiend confess'd without a vail.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That claims successive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of course;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reason's obvious; *Int'rest never lyes*;
The most have still their Int'rest in their eyes;
The pow'r is always theirs, & pow'r is ever wise.
Almighty Crowd, thou shorten'st all dispute;
Power is thy Essence; Wit thy Attribute!

Nor

Nor Faith nor Reason make thee at a stay,
 Thou leap'st o'r all Eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique*
Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide, [way
 When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
 As righteously they did those dooms repent,
 Still they were wise, what-ever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run
 To kill the Father, and recall the Son. [then
 Some think the Fools were most, as times were
 But now the World's o'er stock'd with prudent men.
 The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Test;
 The *Turk's* is, at *Constantinople*, best;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
 And our own Worship onely true at home.
 And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to day, and that to morrow burns;
 So all are God a'mighties in their turns.
 A Tempting Doctrine, plausible and new:
 What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
 Who, to destroy the seeds of Civil War,
 Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:

And

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never cease,
Secur'd Succession, to secure our Peace.
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at last
In equal Balances were justly cast :
But this new *Jehu* spurs the hot mouth'd horse ;
Instructs the Beast to know his native force :
To take the Bit between his Teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew ;
Wou'd we possess the freedom we pursue !
The lavish Government can give no more :
Yet we repine ; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once ; our Rebel-fathers fought :
He glutted 'em with all the Pow'r they sought :
Till, master'd by their own usurping Brave,
The free-born Subject sunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails ;
Ah, what is man, when his own wish prevails !
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill ;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !
That Kings can do no wrong we must believe :
None can they do, and must they all receive ?

Help

Help Heav'n! or sadly we shall see an hour,
 When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
 Already they have lost their best defence,
 The benefit of Laws, which they dispence.
 No justice to their righteous Cause allow'd;
 But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
 And Medals grav'd, their Conquest to record,
 The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
 Might laugh again, to see a Jury chew
 The prickles of unpalatable Law.
 The Witnesses, that, Leech-like, liv'd on Bloud,
 Sucking for them were med'cinal good;
 But, when they fasten'd on *their* fester'd Sore,
 Then, Justice and Religion they forswore;
 Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
 Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
 And Rogue and Saint distinguish'd by their Side.
 They rack ev'n Scripture to confess their Cause;
 And plead a Call to preach, in spite of Laws.

But

But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is constrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet seize;
They make it speak whatever Sense they please!
'Twas fram'd, at first, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, since our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inspires not them; but they the Text
[inspire]

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Isle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will stand:
Thy rydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
Seditiōn has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Israel's* Tribes thou hast a numerous band;
But still the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

Thy

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disenchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two such gouty Hands?
The wise and wealthy love the surest way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wisdom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are so busie as the Fool and Knave.
Those let me curse; what vengeance will they urge,
Whose Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge.
Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Gospel-phrase their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boast e'en when each other they beguile.
Customs to steal is such a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country first, and then infect.
They, for God's Cause their Monarchs dare dethrone,
And they'll be sure to make his Cause their own.

Whether

Will the plotting Jesuits try'd the plan
 Of murdering Kings; or the French Puritan,
 Or Sacrilegious Sects their Gaudy out-goe;
 And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murder too.

What means their Traitors Combination less,
 Too plain to evade, too shamefull to confess
 But Treason is not own'd when 'tis deny'd;
 Successfull Crimes alone are justify'd.

The Men, who no Conspiracy wou'd find,
 Who doubtless, but had it taken, they had join'd
 Join'd, in a mutual Covenant of defence;

At first without, at last against their Prince;
 Of Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they scan.
 The same bold Maxims holds in God and Man:
 God were not safe, his Thunder cou'd they shun
 He shou'd be forc'd to crown another Sun.

Thus when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
 The rich Possession was the Murderers own;
 In vain to Sophistry they have recourse;
 By proving theirs no Plot, they prove his worse:
 Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.

Which

But thou, O Power the Follies, Subduer;
 The many have right, the wrong is in the Few:
 The People's Actions feelingly they know:
 In some Soils Republicks will not grow:
 The Temperate life will no extremes sustain;
 No popular Sway, or Arbitrary reign:
 The slides between them both into the Sea,
 Are to freedom, in a Monarch's reign.
 And though the Climate, vent with various Winds,
 Blows through our Passions, on our Minds,
 The whistling Tempest purges wear a breach;
 We commend the Calmness that succeeds.

But thou, the Funder of the People's hearts,
 (O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts)
 Thou blandishment! I love, and have whored,
 Thou broke the Bonds she plac'd to her Lords;
 Whose Curses on thy blasted Name will fall:
 Each Age to Age their Legacy shall call. [Exit]
 I will not curse the Woe that must defend on
 Religion, who halt none: thy *Mercy*. [Enter]
 I will be true through every Sect, or flume through
 But

But what thou giv'st, that I will still receive;
 And the pox'd Nation feels The pain their Brains
 What else supplies the Tongue, or feeds the Eyes
 Of all thy following Rascals Priests,
 That preach up here for God, whence they receive
 And with thy silver, turn the haunting
 From Pious to Pious Trade; and toil and sweat
 To make the former's Cripple great.
 Yet should thy Cause succeed, thou'dst leave us Few
 Compens'd for the loss of our hopes devour.
 Thy Cause, I say, shall flourish, Thy God would be
 Thy God and Thine will never long agree.
 For shame, (if I may say) I must be one
 That let the World and Human kind alone
 A jolly God, that plays his well
 To promise, and to threaten with Hell
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit;
 And what a Cause he did himself commit
 A Tyrant there; the Heav'n their Priesthood
 A Conventicle of gloomy fallen Saints
 A Hell n, like *Bedlam*, slovenly and mad;
 Fore-doom'd for Souls, with false

Without a Vision Poets can fore-brew
What all but Fools, by common Sense may know :
That true Succession from our Isle shoud fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Nor thou, nor those thy Factionous Arts engage
To reap that Harvest of Rebelious Rage,
With which thou flatter'st thy decrepit Age.
The swelling Poison of the several Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burst its Bags, and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puff'd up with spiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride,
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But that shall be his Reign - his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will pique Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
Will croak to Heaven for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown shall
In sharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:

[Crane.

[War,

Chorus

Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part w^{ch} they play;
 Lords envy Lords, and Friends with envy
 Above that impious Merit shall contend;
 The truly Conqueror shall respect deny;
 And still the People's part will Property
 Their General rather than his Truth betray;
 And force shall be the Arbitrary way;
 To reach the end of his ambitious Aim,
 In vain our Kings shall call a new the Frame;
 And challenge new Names for the same Name.

Thus he then broke the seasons with damage
 Of Wars, of Murders, of Famine, of Rage,
 Till taking vengeance over all our Age;
 And our wild labours warring into Rest,
 Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarchs Breast.

*———Fuder hoc opprobria, vobis
 Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.*

THE END.

SEVERAL OF
OVID'S Elegies,
BOOK I.

ELEGY the FIRST.

Englished by M. Cooper.

N lofly Jurons, said I some mighty thing,
Of Arms and War I meant to sing;
In equal Numbers, let the Verses meet;
Like the Action, brave and great.
But Love unwarward still, and still perverse
Was fild to laugh and maim my Verse.

And thus his hand and well-true Bow he bent,
 And lo! the mighty Arrow sent.
 Strong was the fatal Bow, the Arrow true,
 And now (fair Man!) lo! the one who
 When the Bow was bent, the Arrow true
 And now the champion I entreat,
 What! hath some what Master hath the Field?
 Or yeils, Great God, cry out I yell!
 At my, O! my, O! my, O! my, O! my,
 Or any way, or any way.

ELEGY the SECOND.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

A H me! why am I so uneasy grown?
 Ah why to restless on my Bed of Down?
 Why do I wish to sleep, but wish in vain?
 Why am I all the tedious Night in pain?
 What cause is this that ease that rest denies?
 And why my words break forth in gentle sighs?

Suo

Some would call me a Fool, and some
Or call me a Fool, or a Fool, or a Fool,
And some would call me a Fool, and some
And some would call me a Fool, and some
And some would call me a Fool, and some
But I am not a Fool, I am not a Fool,
The Lord is my God, and the Lord is my God,
The Lord is my God, and the Lord is my God,
The Lord is my God, and the Lord is my God,
The Lord is my God, and the Lord is my God,
I yield, Great Love, my Love, O my Love,
Forget my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
No good of Love, O my Love, O my Love,
And now my Love, O my Love, O my Love,
Go with the Lord, O my Love, O my Love,
And, for the Lord, O my Love, O my Love,
There thou shalt be, O my Love, O my Love,
And, while thou shalt be, O my Love, O my Love,
Thy good Love, thy good Love, thy good Love,

And then to show the Glorious Prince & Queen
 In their fighting Armour and Moulded Mail, with
 Their own complements of all sharp-pointed
 Weapons, compared to the best they would
 Find such along my hand, with my sword
 And made with Wall's sword, and the best of all
 Now doubly looking at her own life:
 There I see thoughts, and I see a different
 Love's ray, that I feel my power, and I see a different
 Then all I shall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice,
 In *Triumpher* be the publick voice.
 My constant Guard, left here, hope, and
 My constant left Cavalier shall be there:
 My these strong Guards are Men & Gods o'er all,
 Their Company for thee, Love, and thee alone:
 Thy Mother from the Sky, the Bomb shall grace,
 And scatter to each side my Face:
 There glorious Love shall ride, profusely draft
 With all the richest Jewels in the East,
 Rich Gemms, my Quiver and my Wheels in fold,
 And the richest jewels of the hoar Gold

Then

And shall I then with Silence stand by,
 While my *Lord* gives another Joy?
 Her sweetest Hands in her soft Bosom warm,
 And feels about her Neck his pleasing Arm?
 Oh no, my *Sweet*, but since it must be so,
 I'll stand and learn what th' I do have you do.
 Come, sit, be sure, for tho' she sits they move
 Until her all we want, shall know you Love.
 When can I do? Take you opportunity
 Gently in passing touch my hand or eye,
 Mark all my Actions, and observe my face,
 His smiling Signs, and teach me to be wise,
 If I do ought of which you would complain.
 Upon your Brow languishingly lean.
 And if your pleas'd with what I do or say;
 Steal me a kiss, and snatch your Eyes away.
 When you reflect on our past secret Joys,
 Hold modestly your Fann before your Eyes;
 And when your nervous Husband tedious grows,
 Your list'ed hands with scornfull anger close;
 As if you call for vengeance from above
 Upon this still Impediment to Love.

A thou-

For him I must of pleasure have
And for the world's sake and for his sake
The best grown drink we have must have
And do as the location here
But after all, how shall I play the game
Will be for which we take such mighty pains
Learn from my Aunt, you must be home to stay
And have your nose for the sweetest
Crucial voice of laughter and the
Without you present that I can't you
When my heart is full of love and joy
Rejoice in the way that I can
For the least kind word or love
But all be duly and a lawfull Ruler
And I will be the best of all
That I can do, it may not be his fire
But I cannot let you should at all comply
When we must not be here you all deny

EE

ELVY the FIFTH.

Englished by Mr. Duke.

When I found with the double
Of all my more hot desire, [fire
Sudden in my breast, as it came was laid,
Big with the beauty of the lovely Maid.
The curtains being drawn, a light let in;
Such as in Summer of the self Groves is seen;
Such as tempest when the Sun flies away,
Or when Night's come, and yet it is not day.
This light to blinded Minds must be allowed,
Where shame may hope its guilty head to throw;
And now my Love's eyes did appear,
Loose on her Neck, fell her divided hair.
Loose as her flowing Gown, that would in the
In such a Case, with such a grace and mien,
To her Rich bed came the *African* Queen.
So let look't, when all the Youth of Greece
With admiration and her charming consort.

Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
 But she resisted still, and still deny'd;
 But so resisted, that she seem'd to be
 Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
 So I at last, an easie Conquest had,
 Whilst my fair Combatant her self betray'd:
 But when she naked stood before my Eyes,
 Gods! with what charms did she my Soul surprize?
 What Snowy Arms did I both see and feel?
 With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell?
 Plump, as ripe Clusters, rose each glowing breast,
 Courting the hand, and suing to be prest!
 What a smooth plain, was on her Belly spread?
 Where thousand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
 What Thighs! what Legs! But why strive I in vain,
 Each Limb, each Grace, each Feature to explain?
 One beauty did through her whole Body shine.
 I saw, admir'd, and prest it close to mine.
 The rest, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
 Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
 O give me such a Noon (ye Gods) to every day,

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*He Curses a Bawd, for going about to
debauch his Mistrefs.*

Englisht by Sir Ch. Sidly.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus Wars*,
And dreadfull still with honourable scars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile supply
Sworn Foe to all degrees of Chastity.
Dyspas, who first taught Love-sick Maids the way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding-day.
And then a hundred subtiler tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Amorous Theft might be disguis'd.
Of Pigeons-blood, squeez'd from the panting heart,
With Surfeit-water, to contract the part,
She knows the Use: whilst the good man betray'd,
With eager Arms hugs the false bleeding Maid.
Of Herbs and Spells she tries the guilty Force,
The poyson of a Mare that goes to Horse.

Clea-

Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
 Some for a Bawd, most take her for a Witch.
 Each Morning sees her reeling to her Bed,
 Her native Blew o'recome with drunken red.
 Her ready tongue ne'er wants an usefull lie,
 Soft moving words, nor Charming flattery.

Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* speak,
 Young *Damon's* heart wilt thou for ever break?
 He long has lov'd thee, and by me he sends
 To learn thy motions, which he still attends.
 If to the Park thou go, the Plays are ill;
 If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
 The other day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
 As he wou'd grow a Statue in the place;
 And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
 Beauty like thine strikes Wonders from afar.
 Alas, methinks thou art ill-drest to night,
 This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
 This Gown was by some botching Taylor made,
 It spoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
 Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou want'st can spare.

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
 Wou'd he not buy, he might himself be bought.

Fair *Lucia* blusht; It is a sign of Grace,
Dyfsar reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
 All Lovers now by what they give are weigh'd,
 And she is best belov'd that is best paid.

The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius* Reign,
 Did to one man perhaps their Love restrain.

Venus in her *Aeneas* City rules,
 And all adore her Deity, but Fools.

Go on, ye Fair, Chaste onely let such live,
 As none will ask, and know not how to give.
 How prettily you frown? But I'll speak on,
 Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.

Vertuous *Penelope* is said t' have try'd,
 With a strong Bow, each lusty Lovers side.

Nor did *Lucretia* kill her self for rage,
 But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.

To the young Prince she vow'd, ne'er more to joyn
 In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.

To keep her word she dy'd-----

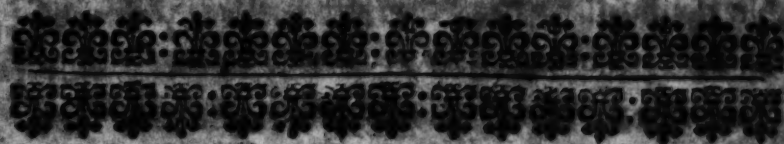
Life steals away, and our best hours are gone,
 E're the true Use, or worth of them, be known.
 Things long neglected of themselves decay,
 What we forbear time rudely makes his prey.
 Beauty is best preserv'd by Exercise,
 Nor for that task can one or few suffice.
 Wou'dst thou grow rich, thou must from many fake;
 From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
 Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
 What does thy Poet, but new Verses give?
 A Poet, the last thing that Earth does breed,
 Whose Wit, for Sixpence, any one may read.
 Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
 To give is an ingenious thing I swear.
 Despise not any can a Present make,
 It matters not from whom, but what we take.
 Nor with the sound of Titles be thou caught,
 For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
 Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree,
 The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge give me.
 If any beardless Stripling ask a Night,
 And think thee paid with mutual delight;

Bid him go learn thy price among the men,
 And when he has it, come to thee again.
 Love truly none, but seem in Love with all,
 And at old friends to thy new Lover rail.
 Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
 The sharp-set Hawks will stoop to any Lure.
 Then grant again, lest he a habit get
 Of living from thee, but be sure thou let
 No giddy Lover in: murmur sometimes,
 And as first hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes,
 Seem jealous, when thou'lt been thy self to blame,
 'Twill stop his mouth, if thou the first complain.
 All thou hast done be ready to forswear,
 For Lovers Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
 Whilst he is with thee, let some Woman bring
 Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious thing;
 Which thou must say thou want'st, and he must buy,
 Though for it Six months hence in Gaol he lye.
 Thy Mother, Sister, Brother, and thy Nurse,
 Must have a pull each at thy Lover's Purse.
 Let him from Rivals never be secure,
 That hope once gone, Love will not long endure.

Shew

Shew him the Presents by those Rivals sent,
 So shall his bounty thy request prevent.
 When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
 If he want money, find a trusting Friend.
 Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-glass,
 Or any thing for which his word will pass.
 Practise these Rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
 I lost my beauty ere I got this wit.

I at that word stept from behind the door,
 And scarce my Nails from her thin Cheeks forbore.
 Her few Grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
 And thrust her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
 Poor in a Dungeons bottom mayst thou rot,
 Dye with a blow with thy beloved Pot,
 No Brandy, and Eternal thirst thy Lot.



SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK II.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

To his false Mistress
Englisbed by Sir Ch. Sidly.

Cupid, begon! who wou'd on thee rely,
And thus at every moment wish to dye?
Death is my wish, when on thy guilt I think,
(Thy faithless guilt) at which I fain wou'd wink.
False Maid, thou various torment of my life,
Thou flying pleasure, and thou lasting grief;

No

No doubtfull Letters thy lost faith accuse,
 Nor private gifts, thou mightst with ease excuse
 Such proofs, one word of thine might overcome;
 Why is my cause so good, and thou so dumb?
 Happy's the man that's handsomely deceiv'd,
 Whose *Mistress* swears and lies, and is believ'd.
 These Eyes beheld thee when thou thoughtst me gone
 In books and signs (nor yet in those alone)
 Conveying the glad message of thy Love
 To that gay, vain, dull Fopp that sat above.
 I knew the Language soon, what could be hid
 From Lovers Eyes of all ye said or did?
 When others rose, I saw thee Dart a kiss,
 The wanton prelude to a farther bliss:
 Not such as Wives to their cold Husbands give, I
 But such as hot Adulterers receive.
 Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
 And fire even wasted nature with delight.
 What art thou mad, I cry'd, before my face,
 To steal my wealth, and my new Rival grace?
 I'll rise and seize my own upon the place.

These

These soft endearments should not farther go,
 But be the secret treasure of us two,
 How comes this third in for a share I'd know?
 This, and what more my grief inspir'd, I said;
 Her face she cover'd with a Conscious red:
 Like a Cloud guilded by the rising Sun,
 Or Virgin newly by her Love undone.
 Those very blushes pleas'd, when she cast down
 Her lovely Eyes, with a disdainfull frown.
 Disdain became her, looking on the Earth,
 Sad were her looks, but Charming above mirth.
 I could have kill'd my self, or him, or her,
 Scarce did my rage her tender Cheeks forbear:
 When I beheld her Face my anger cool'd,
 I felt my self to a mere Lover fool'd.
 I, who but now so fierce, grow tame and sue,
 With such a kiss we might our Love renew.
 She smil'd and gave me one might *Jove* disarm,
 And from his hand the brandisht Thunder charm.
 'Twas worse than death, to think my Rival knew
 Such Joys as till that hour to me were new.

She gave much better kisses than I taught, [thought.
 And something strange was in each touch me-
 They pleas'd me but too well, and thou didst tongue,
 With too much art and skill, for one so young :
 Nor is this all, though I of this complain,
 Nor should I for a kiss be so in pain :
 But thine cou'd never but in Bed be taught,
 I fear how dear thou hast thy Knowledge bought.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

Englisht by Mr. Creech.

A Las, poor Poll, my *Indian* talker dyes!
 Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obsequies*.
 Go Birds, and beat your Breasts, your Faces tear,
 And pluck your gaudy plumes, instead of hair.
 Let dolefull Tunes the frighted Forests wound,
 And your sad Notes supply the Trumpets sound.

Why

Why *Philomel* dost mourn, the *Thracian* rage?
 It is enough, thy Grief at last assuage;
 His *Crimson* faults are now grown white with Age.
 Now mourn this Bird, the Cause of all thy woe
 Was great 'tis true, but it was long ago.
 Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
 But you, my *Turtle*, take the greatest share!
 You two liv'd constant Friends, and free from strife,
 Your kindness was intire, and long as life.
 What *Pylades* to his *Orestes* vow'd,
 To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* show'd,
 And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
 But ah, what did thy Faith, thy plumes and Tail!
 And what thy pretty Speaking-art avail?
 And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my
 Since now the Birds unhappy Glory dyes? [Miss,
 A lovely *verdant* Green grac't every Quill,
 The deepest *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
 In speaking thou didst every Bird excell,
 None prattled, and none lisp't the words so well.

'Twas

'Twas envy onely sent this fierce Disease,
 Thou wert averse to War, and liv'dst in peace,
 A talking harmless thing, and lov'dst thine Ease.
 The fighting Quails still live midst all their strife,
 And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
 Thy Meat was little, and thy prating tongue
 Would ne'er permit thee make thy Dinner long:
 Plain Fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
 And Nut, and Poppy-seed, were all thy Food.
 The preying *Vultures*, and the Kites remain,
 And the unlucky *Crow* still caws for Rain.
 The *Chough* still lives, midst fierce *Minerva's* hate,
 And scarce nine hundred years conclude her Fate.
 But my poor *Poll* now hangs his sickly head,
 My *Poll*, my present from the East, is dead.
 Best things are soonest snatcht by covetous Fate,
 To worse she freely gives a longer date.
Thersites brave *Achilles* Fate surviv'd;
 And *Hector* fell, whilst all his Brothers liv'd.
 Why should I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
 How oft she beg'd thy Life, how oft she pray'd?

The

The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin,
 To end the thread, they had no more to Spin.
 Yet still he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
 His last breath said, *Corinna*, now Adieu.

There is a shady Cypress Grove below,
 And thither (if such doubtfull things we know)
 The Ghosts of pious Birds, departed go.

'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
 And Birds obscene do never enter there :

There harmless *Swans* securely take their rest,
 And there the single *Phoenix* builds her nest.

Proud *Peacocks* there display their gaudy Train,
 And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the plain.

To these dark shades my *Parrot's* soul shall go,
 And with his Talk divert the Birds below.

Whilst here his bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
 A little Marble and an Epitaph :

In talking I did every Bird excell,

And my Tomb proves my Mistress lov'd me well.

EL EGY the SEVENTH.

*He protests that he had never any thing
to doe with the Chamber-maid.*

Englisht by Mr. Creech.

ANd must I still be guilty, still untrue,
And when old crimes are purg'd still charg'd with new?
What tho' at last my Cause I clearly gain?
Yet I'm asham'd to strive so oft in vain,
And when the Prize will scarce reward the pain,
If at the Play I in Fop-corner sit,
And with a squinting Eye glore o'er the pit,
Or Vew the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fanſie ſtreight ſome Rival Beauty there;
If any looks on me, you think you ſpy
A private Affignation in her Eye,
A ſilent ſoft diſcourſe in every Grace,
And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.

If I praise any one, you tear your hair,
 Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Despair.
 If discommend, O then 'tis all Deceit,
 I strive to Cloak my Passion by the Cheat:
 If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
 Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
 If weak my voice, if pale my Looks appear,
 O then I languish for another Fair.

Would I did sin, and you with Cause complain,
 For when we strive to shun, yet strive in vain,
 'Tis Comfort sure to have deserv'd the pain. }
 But sure fond Fancies now such heats engage,
 Your credulous peevish humour spoils your Rage.
 In frequent Chidings I no force can see,
 You frown too often to prevail with me:
 The Ass grows dull by Stripes, the constant blow
 Beats off his briskness, and he moves but slow.
 But now I'm lavish of my kind Embrace,
 And *Moll* forsooth supplies her Lady's place!
 Kind Love forbid that I should stoop so low,
 What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?

A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flies high;
 My Quarry is a Miss of Quality.
 Fy, who would clasp a Slave, who joy to feel
 Her hands of Iron, and her sides of Steel?
 'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind
 To feel those knubs the Lash hath left behind.
 Besides she dresses well, with lovely grace,
 She sets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
 Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
 And make me more enamour'd of my Love:
 Then why should I tempt her? and why betray
 Thy usefull Slave and have her turn'd away?
 I swear by *Venus*, by Love's Darts and Bow,
 A desperate Oath, you must believe me now;
 I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*Englisht by Mr. Creech.**To Corinna's Chamber-maid.*

DEAR skillfull *Betty*, who dost far excell,
 My Lady's other Maids in dressing well?
 Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
 To *Jano's* Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
 Gentle, well bred, not rustically coy,
 Not easie to deny desired Joy.
 Through whose soft Eyes still secret wilnes shine,
 Fit for thy Mistress Use, but more for mine;
 Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret see,
 Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
 Yet when she chid me for my kind Embrace,
 Did any guilty Blush spread o'er my Face?
 Did I betray thee, Maid, or could she spy
 The least Confession in my conscious Eye?
 Not that I think it a disgrace to prove
 Stolen sweetest, or make a Chamber-maid my Love

Achill

Achilles wanton'd in *Briseis* Armes;

Atrides bow'd to fair *Cassandra's* Charms.

Sure I am less than these, then what can bring
Disgrace to me, that so became a King?

But when she lookt on you, poor harmless Maid
You blusht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:

Yet still I vow'd, I made a stout defence,
I swore, and lookt as bold as Innocence:

Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;

Kind *Venus*, do not hear my perjury,

Kind *Venus*, stop thy Ears when Lovers lye.

Now, *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?

Come prethee lets compound for more delight,

Faith I am easie, and but ask a Night.

What! Start at the proposall how I deny?

Pretext fond Fears of a Discovery?

Refuse lest some sad Chance the thing betray?

Is this your kind, your damnd Obliging way?

Well, deny on, Ill lye, Ill swear no more,

Cirrus now shall know thou art a Whore;

I'll tell, since you my fair Address forbid,

How often, when, and where, and what we did

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

*Englisht by another Hand.**To his Mistress's Maid.*

Thou to whom ev'ry Artfull dress is known,
 Fit to attend on Goddesses alone,
 Whom I in Holn delights have found so free;
 Fit for your Mistress, but more fit for me:
 Tell me, O tell the false Discoverers
 Of our past Joys, and all our tender hours.
 Yet did I blush? Or did my Language move
 The least Suspicion of our conscious Love?
 What tho' I tax'd the man with want of sense,
 Whose generous Love cou'd with the Maid dispence?
 Did not Achilles fair *Brisen* love,
 And *Cræus's* King his Captive's Vassal prove?
 Am I then greater than brave *Peleus's* Son,
 That I should scorn the thing which Kings have done?
 But when on you the first her angry Eyes,
 Your Cheeks confess the Crime your Tongue denies.

While

While my more settl'd Soul the Fact disproves,
 And makes the Gods the Patrons of our Loves,
 (But O ye Gods forgive the Injury,
 And spare so sweet, so harmless Perjury.)
 Then what Reward is to such Service due?
 Be kind, my Dear, and let's our Joys renew.
 Ingratefull Maid! can you here feign delay?
 More than my Passion, shall her Anger sway?
 Should your nice Folly still deny Access,
 I'll turn Informer, and my self confess,
 E'en where we were, how oft, and what was done,
 Both to your Mistress, and the World I'll own.

ELEGY the NINTH

Englisht by the late Earl of Rochester.

To Love.

O Love how cold and slow to take my part,
 Thou idle wanderer about my heart!
 Why thy old faithfull Soldier wilt thou see
 Opprest in thy own Tents: they murder men.

Thy Flames consume, thy Arrows pierce thy friends,
Rather on foes pursue more noble ends.

Achilles Sword would certainly bestow
A cure as certain, as it gave the blow.

Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er,
When the prey's caught, hopes still lead on before.

We thine own slaves feel thy Tyrannick blows,
Whilst thy same hand's unmov'd against thy foes,

On men disarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.

Millions of dull men live, and scornfull Maids,
We'll own Love valiant when he these invades.

Rome from each corner of the wide World snatch't
A Laurel, or 't had been to this day thatcht.

But the old Souldier has his resting place,
And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass.

The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a wretch to please,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her ease.

For me then who have truly spent my blood
(Love) in thy service and so boldly stood

In *Celia's* trenches, wert not wisely done
Een to retire and live at peace at home.

No——might I gain a Godhead to disclaim
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame,
 Divinity with scorn I would forswear,
 Such sweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
 When e'er those flames grow faint, I quickly find
 A fierce black storm pour down upon my mind;
 Headlong I'm hurl'd like horse-men, who in vain
 Their (fury flaming) Coursers would restrain;
 As Ships just when the harbour they attain
 Are snatcht by sudden blasts to Sea again;
 So Loves fantastick storms reduce my heart
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his dart.
 Strike here, this undefended bosome wound,
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.
 Shafts fly so fast to me from every part,
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my heart.
 What wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
 Or think himself in lazy slumbers blest?
 Fool —— is not sleep the Image of pale Death,
 There's time for rest when Fate hath stop't your
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive, [breath
 I'm happy in my hopes while I believe:

Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
 Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
 With doubtfull steps the God of War does move,
 By thy Example in Ambiguous Love,
 Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring?
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy slaves request,
 Fix an eternal Empire in my breast:
 And let th' inconstant charming Sex,
 Whose wilfull scorn does Lovers vex,
 Submit their hearts before thy Throne,
 The Vassal world is then thy own.

ELEGY the TWELFTH.

Englisht by Mr. Creech.

Triumphant Laurels round my Temple twine,
 I'm Victor now, my dear Corinna's mine.
 As she was hard to get, a carefull spy,
 A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
 Long time preserv'd her troublesome Chastity.

Now

Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
 And won my Prey without a drop of Bloud;
 'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Bars,
 (Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars,
 No 'twas a Whore, a lovely Whore I took, I yet
 I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
 When Ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how small his share of Fame?

But none pretends a part in what I won,
 The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.
 I in this Conquest was the General,
 The Souldier, Engine, Horse and Foot, and all.
 Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
 Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
 I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love
 For *Helen*, *Europe* and all *Asia* strove:
 The Centaures rudely threw their Tables o'er,
 And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore.
 The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
 Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
 The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
 And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.

For

For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls engage,
 Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their rage.
 Ev'n I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so)
 As most men are, must be his Souldier too.
 Yet I no bloody Conquerer shall prove,
 My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

ELEGY the NINETEENTH.

Englisht by Mr. Dryden.

IF for thy self thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
 Watch her for me that I may love her more;
 What comes with ease we nauseously receive,
 Who but a Sor wou'd scorn to love with leave?
 With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher,
 Make me despair, and then I can desire.
 Give me a Jilt to tease my Jealous mind,
 Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantastick humour knew,
 Play'd trick for trick, and kept her self still new:

She

She, that next night I might the sharper come,
 Fell out with me, and sent me fasting home;
 Or some pretence to lye alone wou'd take,
 When e'er she pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake:
 Till having won me to the highest strain,
 She took occasion to be sweet again.

With what a Gust, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
 How every kiss was dearer than the last!

Thou whom I now adore be edify'd,
 Take care that I may often be deny'd.
 Forget the promis'd hour, or feign some fright,
 Make me lye rough on Bunks each other Night.
 These are the Arts that best secure thy reign,
 And this the Food that must my Fires maintain.
 Gross easie Love does like gross diet pall.
 In squeasie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
 Had Danae not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
 Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
 When Juno to a Cow turn'd Io's Shape,
 The Watchman helpt her to a second Leap.

Let him who loves an easie Whetstone Whore,
 Pluck leaves from Trees and drink the Common
 The Jilting Harlot strikes the surest blow, [Shore
 A truth which I by sad Experience know.
 The kind poor constant Creature we despise,
 Man but pursues the Quarry while it flies,

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair,
 Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware,
 If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
 Or Windows scratcht, suspect a Rival there;
 An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad,
 Kick her, for she's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
 In short be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
 And let my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
 The sneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
 I scorn to strike, but when he Wards the blow.
 Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
 I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
 I have been patient and forborn thee long,
 In hope thou wou'dst not pocket up thy wrong.

If no Affront can rouse thee, understand
 I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
 What, ne'er to be forbid thy House and Wife!
 Damn him who loves to lead so dull a life.
 Now I can neither sigh, nor whine, nor pray,
 All those occasions thou hast ta'ne away.
 Why art thou so incorrigibly Civil;
 Doe somewhat I may with thee at the Devil.
 For shame be no Accomplice in my Treason,
 A Pimping Husband is too much in reason.

Once more wear horns before I quite forsake her,
 In hopes whereof I rest thy Cuckold-maker.

SEVERAL

SEVERAL OF
Ovid's Elegies,
BOOK III.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

To a Man that lockt up his Wife.

Englisht by Sir Ch. Sidly.

VEx not thy self and her, vain Man, since all
By their own Vice, or Vertue stand or fall.
She's truly chaste and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the shame:
And that vile Woman whom restraint keeps in
Though she forbear the Act, has done the Sin.
Spie

Spies, Locks and Bolts may keep her brutal part,
 But thour an odious Cuckold in her heart.
 They that have Freedom use it least, and so
 Their power of ill does the design o'erthrow.
 Provoke not Vice by a too harsh restraint,
 Sick men long most to drink, who know they may not.
 The fiery Courser, whom no art can stay,
 Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey:
 And he that did the rudest Arm disdain,
 Submits with Quiet to the looser rein.
 An hundred Eyes had Argos, yet the while
 One silly Maid did all those Eyes beguile.
 Danae though shut within a brazen Tower,
 Felt the male virtue of the Golden shower;
 But chaste *Penelope*, left to her own will
 And free disposal, never thought of ill;
 She to her absent Lord preserv'd her truth,
 For all th'Addresses of the smoother Youth.
 What's rarely seen, our fancy magnifies,
 Permitted pleasure who does not despise?
 Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
 Men strive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.
 They're

They're wondrous charms we think, and long to
 That in a Wife inchant a Husband so: [know,
 Rage, Swear and Curse, no matter, shee alone
 Pleases who sighs and cryes I am undone;
 But could thy Spies say we have kept her chaste
 Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou hast.
 Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
 Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
 Where it is monstrous to be Fair and Chaste,
 And not one Inch of either Sex lies waste.
 Wouldst thou be happy? with her ways comply,
 And in her Case lay poynts of honour by:
 The Friendship she begins wisely improve,
 And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
 So shalt thou wellcome be to Every treat,
 Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Ovid's Dream.

[eyes,

T Was night, and sleep had clos'd my wearied
 When dreadfull Visions did my Soul surprize,
 Under an open Hill I dreamt there stood
 A stately visionary Oaken Wood;
 Which flocks of Birds continually receives
 In to the Shady Covert of its leaves:
 Beyond a Meadow lay to sleeping view,
 Which murmuring Waters constantly bedew;
 The pleasant Verdure of th' extended Plain,
 Those murmuring Waters constantly maintain
 Within the Wood I thought my self to shade
 From Heat, but Heat did even the Woods invade;
 When Lo! a Cow, imaginary white,
 Did seem to feed whithin my fancy's sight;
 With a promiscuous Bite she did devour
 The tender Herb mixt with the springing Flower;

L

The

The purest Fleece of silent Waters ne'er
 Cou'd boast a White that cou'd with Hers compare,
 When fresh unfull'd, on the earth it lay,
 And was not melted by too long a stay;
 Nay whiter far than Milk squeez'd from the Tett,
 That seem'd to quit the Udder with regret,
 Whilst murmuring Bubbles wrinkle its smooth Face,
 Being rudely forc'd to leave its native place.
 By her a Bull, her happy Lover, fed,
 And they together made the Earth their Bed;
 But as He lay and recall'd herbs did eat,
 And feast on his before digested meat,
 The Lover seem'd with heavy sleep oppress'd,
 And did incline his horney Head to rest:
 Mean time a Crow, that cut the yielding air,
 Th' Occasion took, and thither did repair;
 By the white Cow the wing'd Ill-Omen stood,
 And with new Passion fir'd her wanton blood:
 Thrice with his saucy Beak her breast did gore,
 And from her Neck her silver Hair he tore;
 She seem'd her Mate and Pasture loath to leave,
 (Yet on her Breast a spot I did perceive)

And

And when far off the grazing did espy
 Another Herd, I'm sure they graz'd not nigh,
 To them she went, thinking relief might be
 In fresher Pasture, and fresh Company.
 Tell me, O tell me, ye that can reveal
 The fatal Truths that boding Dreams conceal,
 What's thus obscurely to my Fancy brought,
 In Hieroglyphicks made of sleeping Thought?
 So I. So did th' experienc'd Augur say,
 Who did each Circumstance exactly weigh.
 The scorching Heat that you so vainly strove
 To exclude with Leaves, was your prevailing Love.
 The Cow your Mistress was; for what could be
 By such a lovely Creature meant but She?
 The Bull her happy Yoke-fellow and Mate,
 Did figure you in your unrival'd state.
 The Crow that seem'd the Heifers Breast to gore
 Was a damn'd Bawd that urg'd her to turn Whore
 Your Mistress as she left you did bemoan
 You in a Widow'd Bed left cold, alone.
 The Spot on her white Breast, I fear, will be
 A sign of violated Chastity.

Thus spake the wife Inespeer, when Ines
Pale with Despair and Grief, resolv'd to dye:
Had not the Vision, that did wound my Sight,
Kindly dissolv'd into the shades of Night.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

To a River, as he was going to his Mistress.

Englisht by Mr. Rimer.

My course, thy noble course a while forbear,
I am in haste now going to my Dear:

Thy banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy
My haste! Sweet River let me pass. [praise!

No Bridges here, no Ferry, nor an Oar,
Or Slope to haul me to the farther shoar:

I have remembered thee a little one, [down

Who now with all this flood com'st blundering

Did I refuse my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,

To spur along and must I here attend?

No art to help me to my Journeys end?

Ye

Ye *Lapland* powers, make me so far a Witch, n
 I may a stride get over on a switch. n
 Oh for some Griffin, or that flying Horse, n
 Or any Monster to assist my Course. n
 I wish his art that mounted to the Moon, n
 In shorter journey would my job be done. n
 Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards devise, n
 Or name their lewd unconscionable lyes? n
 Good River, let me find thy constant flow, n
 Keep within bounds, and gaily then ne'er be dry. n
 Thou canst not think it such a mighty power, n
 A Torrent has a gentle Lover's crew. n
 Rivers shou'd rather take the Lover's side; n
 Rivers themselves Love's wondrous power have tried. n
 'Twas on this score *Inachus*, pale and wan, n
 Sickly and green, into the Ocean ran. n
 Long before *Troy* the ten years siege did last, n
 Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neaer's* chains didst wear. n
 Ask *Achælus* who his horns did grab, n
 Streight he complains of *Heracles* club. n
 For *Calypso*, for all *Ætæa's* crew, n
 Was then controlled such outrageous crew. n

(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deianira, it was all for thee. [doors,
 E'en *Nile* so rich, that rowls through seven wide
 And uppiſh over all his Country ſcours;
 For *Aſop's* Daughter did ſuch ſtance contract,
 As not by all the ſtock of waters ſlack't.
 I might en hundred goodly Rivers name,
 But muſt not paſs by thee, immortal *Tibane*;
 E'er thou could'ſt ſee, to thy beſt advantage take,
 How ſoft thou wilt, and wander for her ſake
 The way — with broad *Membr* ſtroke,
 Was it for Fame? I ſay, it was for Love.
 VVhat makes the noble One up from the main
 VVith indignation come brifling back again?
 He thinks his ſelf, Deceas't left behind,
 Or fears her falſe, in now Embraces join'd.
 Thee all theſe ſmall Girl has warm'd, we gueſs,
 The woods and foreſts now hide thy loſt place.
 VVhiſt thou ſpeak, it ſwells and broader grows,
 And o'er the higheſt Banks impetuous flows
 Dog-floud what art to me? Or why doſt check
 Our mutual Joy, And (Chail) my journey break?

VVhat

VVhat wou'dst, if thee indeed some noble race,
 Or high descent, and glorious name did grace?
 VVhen of no ancient house, or certain seat
 (Nor, known before this time untimely great)
 Rais'd by some sudden Thaw thus high and proud,
 No holding thee, ill-manner'd upstart Floud.
 Not my Love-tales can make thee stay thy course,
 Thou—Zounds, thou art a——River for a horse.
 Thou hadst no Fountain, but from Bears wast pish,
 From Snows and Thaws, or *Scotch* unfavoury mist.
 Thou crawlst along in VVinter foul and poor,
 In Summer puddl'd like a Common-shore.
 In all thy days when did'st a courtesier
 Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee:
 Thee bane to Cattle, to the Meadows worse,
 For something, all, I, for my sufferings, curse.
 To such unworthy wretch, how am I sham'd,
 That I the generous amorous Rivers nam'd
 VVhen *Nile*, and *Achelous* I display'd,
 And *Thame*, and *Ouz*, what worm was in my head?
 For thy reward, discourteous River, I
 VVith, be the Summers hot, the VVinters dry.

ELEGY the NINTH

*Upon the Death of Tibullus.**Englisht by Mr. Stepny.*

IF *Memnon's* fate, bewail'd with constant dew,
 Does, with the Day, his Mothers grief renew;
 If her Son's death mov'd tender *Theris* mind
 To swell with tears the waves, with sighs the wind;
 If mighty Gods can Mortals sorrow know,
 And be the humble partners of our woe
 Now loose your tresses pensive Elegy,
 (Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of Fame
 Lives now rich fuel on the trembling flame:
 Sad *Cupid* now despairs of conqu'ring hearts,
 Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
 Eases his useless Bows from idle strings;
 Nor flies, but humbly creeps with flagging wings.

He

He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, rest;
 And wounds with furious hands his pensive breast
 Those gracefull Curles which wantonly did flow,
 The whiter rivals of the falling Snow,
 Forget thir beauty, and in discord lye
 Drunk with the fountain from his melting Eye.
 Not more *Aeneas* los the Boy did move,
 Like passions for them both prove equal love.
Tibullus Death grieves the fair Goddess more,
 More swells her eyes, than when the savage Boto
 Her beautifull, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heaven's noblest stamps do bear,
 (Poets the watchfull Angels darling care)
 Yet Death (Blind Archer) that no difference knows,
 Without respect his roving Arrows throws,
 Nor *Phæbus*, nor the Muses Queen could give,
 Their Son, their own prerogative, do Live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents skill,
 Tam'd wondring beasts not Deaths more cruel will.
Lirus sad strings on the dumb Lute do lie,
 In silence forc't to let their Master die.

Homer (the spring, to whom We Poets owe
Our little All, does in sweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal only in his Fame,
His Works alone survive the envious flame.

In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needless victims prodigally pay:
Worship their sleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and stops the Praying breath.
To hallow'd shrines intruding Fate will come,
And dragg you from the Altar to the Tomb.

Go, frantick Poet, with delusions fed,
Think Laurels guard your Consecrated head,
Now the sweet Master of your art is dead.
What can we hope? since that a narrow span
Can measure the remains of thee, Great Man,
The bold, rash flame that durst approach so nigh,
And see *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durst seize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair Venus (fair e'en in such sorrows) stands,
Closing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiously she tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His

His Mother weeping doth his eye-lids close,
 And on his Urn Tears, her last gift, bestows
 His Sister too, with hair dishevel'd, bears
 Part of her Mothers Nature and her Tears.

With these two fair two mournfull Rivals come,
 And add a greater triumph to his Tomb:

Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Athes kiss,
 And both contend which reapt the Greater bliss.
 Thus *Delia* spoke, (when sighs no more could last)
 Renewing by remembrance pleasures past;

"When Youth with Vigour did for joy combine,

"I was *Tibullus* life, *Tibullus* mine;

"I entertain'd his hot, his first desire,

"And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.

To her then *Nemesis* (when groans gave leave)

"As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;

"Spare your vain tears, *Tibullus* heart was mine,

"About my Neck his dying arms did twine;

"I snatcht his Soul, which true to me did prove;

"Age ended Yours, Death onely stopt my Love.

If any poor remains survive the flames
 Except thin shadows, and more empty names;

Free in *Elysium* shall *Tibullus* rove,
 Nor fear a second death should cross his Love.
 There shall *Caecilius*, crown'd with Bays impart
 To his far dearer Friend his open heart.
 There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
 Shall, free from censure, no more rashly die.
 Such shall our Poets blest Companions be,
 And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
 But thou, rich *Urn*, obey my strict commands,
 Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious hands.
 Thou, Earth, *Tibullus* Althes gently use,
 And be as soft and easie as his Muse.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*To his Mistress, desiring her that (if she will
be false to him) she would manage her
Intrigues with Secresie.*

Englisbed by Mr. Tate.

I Can allow such charms, Inconstancy;
But prethee hide your am'rous Thefts from me,
I never meant your pleasures to confine,
Jilt privately, and I shall ne'er repine;
She's Innocent that can her Crime deny,
And makes no fault till the discovery:
'Tis madness your own frailty to betray,
And what you stole by Night confess by Day:
What shameless trading Punk of this lewd Age,
But will secure the Door o'er the Engage?
Yet thou tak'st pride to publish thy own shame,
Unjust to me, but falser to thy fame.
Be wiser, and if chaste thou canst not grow,
Pretend at least, and I'll believe thee so.

Do.

Doe what thou do'st, but still forswear it all,
 And from thy Tongue let modest language fall.
 You have your *Grotto*, your convenient shade,
 A place for Loves most free Enjoyments made
 (Remov'd from thence a modest Carriage take,
 And with your Bed your loose desires forsake.)
 But there undress thee in thy Lover's sight,
 And Sally naked to the wanton fight;
 Fast wreath'd in your Embraces let him lye,
 And in your Bosoms sweet transported Dye;
 Your softest Language, tenderest sighs, employ,
 And let the trembling Bed confess your Joy:
 But grow reserv'd when the loose Scene is done,
 And with your Robes a modest Meen put on;
 Impose upon the Crowd, impose on me,
 Whilst Ignorant, I shall not Injur'd be.
 Why do I see your Billets come and go?
 Your Pallet prest, your Bed disorder'd too?
 Your loose and ruffled Hair each Morning seems
 To imply a busie Night, and more than dreams;
 The am'rous warmth still glowing on the cheek,
 And prints of eager kisses on your Neck.

At least I wou'd not an Eye-witness be:
 Spare if thou canst thy Fame, if not spare me!
 When by your self your loose Intrigues are told,
 My sense forsakes me, and my blood grows cold!
 'Tis then I rage by fits with Love and State,
 And madly wish on both a sudden Fate.
 Pursue your Trade, but let me never see't,
 And I shall ne'er enquire what Fops you meet;
 "If you with Whoredoms or with Cullies sleep;
 "What Terms you've made; whether y'are kept or
 Easie thy Conquest is, when but to say [sleep.
 I have not don't, takes all my rage away:
 Thus still thy Cause shall for its merit speed,
 Or by the favour of thy Judge, Succeed.

ELEGY

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

*He desires his Mistress if she does Cuckold
him not to let him know it.*

Englisht by another Hand.

I Do not ask you would to me prove true,
Since you'r a woman and a fair one two.
Act what you please, yet study to disguise
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A still denial will attenuate [great:
That Crime which your confession would make
And 'twere unwise to trust the Tell-tale light,
With the dark Secrets of the silent night.
Tho' bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
Ere she begins, will shut the Chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At least seem vertuous, and tho' false it be,
Say you are honest and I'll credit thee.

Conceal

Conceal your Actions, and while I am by
 Let modest words your looser Thoughts bely.
 When to your private Chamber you retire,
 Unmask your lust, and vent each warm desire.
 Throw off affected Coyness, and remove
 The bold intruder between thee and love:
 Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aside,
 In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
 There without Blushes you may naked lye,
 Clasping his Body with your tender Thigh;
 Shoot your moist Dart into his mouth to show
 The Sense you have of what he Acts below.
 Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies Twine,
 In folds more strange than those of *Aretine*:
 With melting looks fierce Joys you may Excite,
 And with thick dying Accents urge delight.
 But when you're drest then look as Innocent,
 As if you knew not what such matters meant:
 And tho' just now a perfect fiend you were,
 Hide the true woman and a Saint appear.
 Cozen the prying Town, and put a cheat
 On it and me, I'll favour the deceit.

False as thou art why must I daily see
 Th' Intriguing Billet Deux he sends to thee?
 The wanton Sonnet or soft Elegy?
 Why does your Bed all tumbled seem to say,
 See what they've done, see where the Lovers lay?
 Why do your Locks and rumpled head-cloaths shew
 'Twas more than usual sleep that made 'em so;
 Why are the kisses which he gave betray'd,
 By the Impression which his teeth had made?
 Yet say you'r chaste and I'll be still deceiv'd,
 What much is wish'd for, is with ease believ'd.
 But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
 My blood grows cold and freezes at my heart.
 Then do I curse thee and thy Crimes reprove,
 But Curse in vain, for still I find I love.
 Since she is false, oft to my self I cry,
 Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'd dye.
 I will not see your Maid to let me know
 Who visits you, where and with whom you go.
 Nor by your lodging send my Boy to scout,
 And bring me word who passes in and out.

Injoy the pleasure of the present times,
 But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
 Do you forswear't tho' in the Act you're caught,
 I'll trust the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY the FIRST Of the Second Book.

That He can write of nothing but Love.

Englisht by Mr. Adams.

THIS too I sing (this Love commanded too)
 I who thus kindly my own lewdness show;
 Hence the unfashionably vertuous Maid,
 Such Scenes must not on such a Stage be play'd;
 Me the brisk Wife by her dull Husband reade,
 I'll raise their fancy, and improve their breed:
 Me the raw Youth whose Breast first flames do move,
 Unknown to Care, and unexpert of Love.
 The more experienc't who my Wounds have known,
 Here in my sufferings may discern their own.

Liord2

. M 2

Then

Then wondring say, how could this Poet tell
The several chances of my Love so well!

Once I remember in a Nobler strain
I rais'd my Voice, nor did I sing in vain :
I sung of Gyants, and of Wars above,
How Impious *Earth* reveng'd her self on *Jove* ;
While her vile off-spring in Rebellion rise, [Skyes:
And Mountains heapt on Mountains storm'd the
And now I would describe the War, and now
I'de shew what *Jove* could for his Heaven doe.
When the lov'd Maid, who did with trembling hear
The sounding Numbers, shut me out for fear,
Jove and his Thunder soon away I threw,
Jove and his Thunder here could little doe ;
I chose soft Measures, such as Love inspire,
And warn the wishing Maid into desire :
Sweet Elegy my own my faithfull Arms,
And soon the door grew softer to my Charms ;
Charms which from Heav'n force down the bloody
And stop the Courses of the Sun at Noon ; [Moon,
Charms which the swelling Serpent burst in twain,
And turn the Rivers to their Springs again.

Should

Should my great Theme some mighty Hero be,
 What could that mighty Hero doe for me?
 But when the Beauties of some lovely Maid,
 In my just lines are faithfully display'd;
 She kindly, she the Poet's Pains regards,
 And oft her praises with her self rewards;
 Ah who! who would not be rewarded so!
 Farewell ye Hero's, I am not for you:
 Let every Charming Maid to me repair,
 'Tis I know best how to oblige the Fair;
 Here Loves kind heat each tender breast shall move
 In gentle Verse, Verse dictated by Love.

ELEGY the FIFTEENTH

Of the Second Book.

On a Ring sent to his Mistress.

Englisht by Mr. Adams.

THou that the finger of my Fair shalt bind,
 In whom the Giver's Love she'll onely find,
 Go, but accepted be, accepted so
 That on her Joynt thou presently may'st go;

Fit her as well as I am us'd to do,
When round her Waste, my Circling Armes I throw.
By my *Corinna* thou'lt oft handled be,
Ah happy Ring! how do I envy thee?
O that my Gift I quickly might be made,
By some strange Witchcraft, or some Magick aid;
Then would I with her swelling breasts she'd feel,
While from her lovely hand I'd flyely steal,
Off would I drop, tho' sticking fast before,
And kiss the Snowey Bosome I adore:
Then would I wish I might her Signet be,
And that the Wax from sticking might be free;
From her fair mouth I'd humid kisses steal,
And every Letter bite my Rival's seal:
But most I'd wish she would me with her bear,
When to the Bath she'd secretly repair;
Yet then! O then! I should my self betray
While I her Naked Armes her Breasts survey,
While my devouring Eye would wander lower,
I should rise Man and be a Ring no more.
In vain I wish, go, little Present, go,
By thee my Love, my Faith by thee she'll know.

PART OF
VIRGIL'S
 IV. GEORGICK.

Englisht by the E. of M.

TIs not for nothing when just Heav'n do's frown,
 The wretched *Orpheus* brings these judgments
 Whose wife avoiding to become thy prey, [down;
 And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
 The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to pass,
 Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the grass:
 A mournfull noise the spacious Vally fills,
 With echoing cryes from all the Neighboring hills;
 The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep despair,
 And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
 For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
 But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

All o'er the lonely sands did wildly stray,
 And with sad Songs begin and end the day.
 At last to Hell a frightfull journey made,
 Pass'd the wide gaping Gulph and dismal Shade;
 Visits the Ghosts, and to that King repairs,
 Whose heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
 Hell seems astonish'd with so sweet a Song,
 Light Souls, and airie Spirits slide along
 In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
 Driv'n home by night or some tempestuous wind;
 Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
 And mighty Heroes more majestick Shades;
 Sons burnt before their mournfull Parents face,
Styx does all these in narrow bounds embrace
 Nine times with loathsome mud, & noysome weeds,
 And all the filth which standing water breeds:
 Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
 The Sisters with blue snaky curls took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
 And the great Dog his three-mouth'd voice restrain'd.
 Now safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
 His Spouse restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,

Following,

Following, for so *Proserpina* was pleas'd,
 A sudden rage th' unwary Lover seiz'd;
 He when the first bright glimps of day-light shind,
 Unmindfull, and impatient, look't behind,
 A fault of Love; could Hell compassion find.
 A dreadfull noise thrice shook the *Stygian* coast,
 His hopes now fled, and all his labour lost.
 Why hast thou thus undone thy self and me?
 What madness this? Again I'm snatch't from thee,
 She faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
 Surrounded my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
 My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
 But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
 No more allow'd to behold him or day;
 Then from his sight like smoak she slipp'd away.
 Much he would fain have spoke, but Fate, alas,
 Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
 Thus twice undone, what course now could he take
 To redeem her already pass'd the Lake?
 How bear his loss? what tears procure him ease?
 Or with what vows the angry Powers appease?

'Tis said, he seven long months bewail'd his loss
 On bleak and barren Rocks, on whose cold moss,
 While languishing he sung his Fatal flame,
 He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.

So the sad *Nightingale*, when Childless made
 By some rough Swain who steals her young away,
 Bewails her loss under a Poplar shade,

Weeps all the night, in murmurs waits the day;
 Her sorrows does a mournfull pleasure yield,
 And melancholly musick fills the Field.

Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
 But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
 Shivering on *Tanais* Snowey banks remain'd,
 Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.

Ereonian Dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
 As they the feast of *Bacchus* solemniz'd,
 Kill'd the poor Youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
 His Head torn off from the fair body swims,

Down that swift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
 And till his Tongue in dolefull accents goes;

Ah, poor *Euridice*, it dying cry'd,
Euridice resounds from every side.

THE
PARTING
OF
SIRENO and DIANA.

Englisht by Sir C. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno and Diana having lov'd each other with a most violent passion, Sireno is compell'd, upon the Account of his Master's service, to go for sometime into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following Eclogue.

CLOSE by a stream, whose flowry bank might
Delight to Eyes that had no Cause to grieve
The sad *Sireno* fate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;

Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
 From her dear sight, who long had Charm'd his heart.
 Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
 That gave him first what this must take away ;
 Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
 And naught forgot that might increase his pain.
 Then with a sigh raising his heavy Eyes,
 Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he spies ;
 Sad as she was, she lost no usual Grace,
 But as she pass'd seem'd to adorn the place :
 Thither she came to take her last Farewell,
 Her silent Look did her sad Business tell.
 Under a Neighbouring Tree they sat 'em down,
 Whose shade had oft preserv'd 'em from the Sun ;
 Each took the other by the willing hand,
 Striving to speak, but could no word Command :
 With mutual Grief both were so overcome,
 much they had to say had made 'em dumb.
 so many a time they two had met before,
 met, alas ! upon a happier score :
 el reverse of Fate, which all the Joys
 in mutual presence us'd to bring destroys.

Sireno

Sireno saw his Fatal hour draw near,
 And wanted strength the parting pang to bear;
 All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
 And she with equal Grief the Swain survey'd;
 Till his imprison'd passion forc'd its way,
 And gave him leave faintly at last to say,

S I R E N O.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
 That when the sad *Sireno* most had griev'd,
 Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
 That wou'd not vanish at the sight of thee?
 Thy Charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds dispell,
 Let but *Diana* smile and all was well.
 Absent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
 And yet, alas! I dye to see thee now.

D I A N A.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
 While all her shame a blushing Maid betrays;
 For though my Eyes a secret pain reveal,
 My tongue at least shou'd my fond thoughts conceal:
 Yet I wou'd speak, cou'd speaking doe me good,
 And since it is to thee, methinks it shou'd.

O Shep-

O Shepherd think how wretched I shall be,
 When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
 When sitting all alone within this shade,
 Which thou so oft thy tender Choice has made,
 I read my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
 Of our past Love the kind affecting mark;
 Then my despairing Soul to death must fly,
 And must thou be content to let me dye?
 Why dost thou weep? Alas! those Tears are vain,
 Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
 By this the Falshood of thy Vows I know,
 For were thy sorrow true, thou wou'dst not go.

S I R E N O.

Cease, cruel Nymph, such killing Language cease;
 And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
 Witness ye Everlasting Powers above,
 That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
 With thee I wish 't had been my happy doom,
 With thee alone to spend my Life to come;
 That we now part is by no Fault of mine,
 Nor yet, my dearest Shepherdess of thine;

For

For as no Faith did ever mine excell,
 So never any Nymph deserv'd so well.
 But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
 'Tis his Command that forces me away;
 What ever he ordains none dare refuse;
 I must my Joy, or else my Honour lose;
 Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
 Thou might'st to thee think me disloyal too.

D I A N A

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
 How fond she is that can believe Mankind;
 Who such Excuses for himself pretends
 Will eas'ly-bear the absence he defends.
 A little time, I fear, will quite deface
 Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
 Fool that I was my weakness to betray,
 To one not mov'd with all that I can say.
 Go, cruel Man, imbark when e'er you please,
 But take this with you as you pass the Sea:
 Tho' with the fiercest Winds the Waves shou
 That Tempest will be less than mine on Shor

S I R E N O

S I R E N O.

'Tis hard unjust suspicions to abide,
 But who can such obliging Anger chide?
 Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
 My heart to this degree without thy Love:
 For 'tis thy tender sense of my sad Fate,
 That does my sharpest, deadly'st pain create.
 Ah fear not, to what place so'er I go,
 That I shall ever break my sacred Vow:
 VVhen for another I abandon thee,
 May Heaven, for such a Crime, abandon me.

D I A N A.

If ever I my dearest Swain deceive,
 Or violate the Faith that here I give:
 VVhen to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
 May the fresh Grass still wither where they tread;
 And may this River, when I come to drink,
 ' up as soon as I approach the brink.

here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
 hen for me thou can'st a minute spare,
 .ember this poor pledge was once a part
 her, who with it gave thee all her heart.

VVhere

Where e'er thou go'st may Fortune deal with thee
 Better than thou, alas ! hast dealt with me.
 Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to say
 No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
 These weeping Eyes may once enjoy the sight,
 Before they close in Deaths eternal Night.

S I R E N O.

Then let *Sireno* banish all his fears,
 Heaven cannot long resist such pious Tears.
 The Righteous Gods, from whom our passion came,
 Will pity (sure) so innocent a Flame ;
 Reverse the hard Decree for which we mourn,
 And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
 I shall again my Charming Nymph behold,
 And never part, but in her Armes grow old :
 That hope alone my breaking heart sustains,
 And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

IN

THE

THE
STORY of LUCRETIA
OUT OF
Ovid *de Fastis*. Book II.

Englisht by Mr. Creech.

NOW *Tarquin* the last King did govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, tho' fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, some he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
For of his Three brave Youths his youngest Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child Outright pretends a flight,
And came amidst the Enemies by Night; [said,
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now he
My Father will rejoyce to see me dead:
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)

The

The men grow mild, they sheath their threatening swords
 And view his wounds, and those confirm his words:
 Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs resents,
 And begs to side with them, and he consents.

Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in Trust,
 The first occasion sought to be unjust,
 And the unthinking *Gabii's* Town betray,
 Consults his Father for the surest way.

There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
 A little Spring ran through the pleasant Bowers,
 The soft retreat of *Tarquin's* thinking hours.

There when the message came he chanc'd to stand,
 And lopt the tallest Lilies with his wand:

With that the Messenger return'd, and said,
 I saw your Father crop the lofty head
 Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
 Well, says the Son, I know what I must do, [gone
 And straight the Nobles kill'd; When those were
 He soon betray'd the poor defenceless Town.

When lo (a wond'rous fight) a Serpent came,
 And snatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;

Phæbus advis'd, and thus the Answer ran
 He that shall kiss (for so the Fates ordain)
 His Mother first shall be the greatest man.
 Then streight with eager haste th' unthinking Crowd
 Their Mothers kiss't, nor understood the God.
 But wiser *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
 Lest *Tarquin* should suspect his rising Soul,
 Fell down, as if't had been a Casual fall,
 And kiss't his Mother Earth before them all,
 Now *Ardea* was besieg'd, the Town was strong,
 The men resolv'd, and so the Leaguer long:
 And whilst the Enemy did the War delay,
 Dissolv'd in Ease the careless Souldiers lay,
 And spent the vacant time in sport and play.
 Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feasts,
 The Captains treats, and thus bespeaks his Guests;
 Whilst we lye lingring in a tedious War,
 And far from Conquest tired out with Care,
 How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
 And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
 Each speaks for his, each says I'll swear for mine,
 And thus a while they talkt, grown flusht with Wine;

At

At last Young *Collatine* starts up and cryes,
 What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
 Away to *Rome*, for that's the safest Course,
 They all agree, so each man mounts his Horse.
 First to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
 No Watchmen there, and all the Gates unbarr'd;
 Young *Tarquin's* Wife, her hair disorder'd lay
 And loose, was sitting there at Wine and play.
 Thence to *Lucretia's*, She a lovely Soul,
 Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
 Sate midst her Maids, and as they wrought she said,
 Make haste, 'tis for my Lord as soon as made;
 Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
 How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
 Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
 Is rash, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
 Ah when I fancies that I see him fight,
 I swoon and almost perish with the fright.
 Then wept, and leaving her unfinished thread
 Upon her bosome lean'd her lovely head.
 All this became, gracefull her grief appears,
 And she, chaste Soul, lookt beauteous in her Tears.

Her Face lookt well, by Natures art design'd,
 All charming fair, and fit for such a mind.
 I come, says *Collatine*, discard thy Fear,
 At that she streight reviv'd, and oh my Dear,
 She claspt his Neck, and hung a welcome burthen there. }
 Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers lustfull Fire,
 He burns and rages with a wild Desire;
 Her Shape, her Lillie-white, and Yellow hair,
 Her natural Beauty, and her gracefull Air,
 Her words, her voice, and every thing does please,
 And all agree to heighten the disease;
 That she was Chast doth raise his wishes higher,
 The less his hopes, the greater his Desire.
 But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
 Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
 His working Powers her absent Form restore,
 The more he minds her, still he loves the more;
 'Twas thus she sate, thus spun, and thus was drest,
 And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her Breast;
 Such was her Mein, and such each Air and Grace,
 And such the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious storm is now blown o'er
 The Sea still troubl'd, and the Waters roar
 And curle upon the Winds that blew before.
 So he tho' gone the pleasing form retains
 The Fire her present Beauty rais'd remains;
 He burns, and hurry'd by resistless Charms,
 Resolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
 I'll venture, let whatever fates attend,
 The daring bold have fortune for their friend;
 By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome;
 This said, he takes his Horse, and speeds for *Rome*:
 The Sun was setting when he reach'd the place,
 With more than Evening Blushes in his Face;
 A Guest in shew, an Enemy in design
 He reach't the stately Court of *Collatine*,
 And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly kin.
 How much are we deceiv'd? She makes a Feast,
 And treats her Enemy as a Welcome Guest;
 Now Supper's done, and sleep invites to Bed,
 And all was hush'd, as Natures self lay dead.
 The Lamps put out, and all for rest design'd,
 No Fire in all the House, but in his mind;

He rose, and drew his Sword, with lustfull speed
 Away he goes to chaste *Lucretia's* Bed;
 And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
 For look, *Lucretia*, here's my naked Sword;
 My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
 The King's young Son, his best beloved Son.
 Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
 As harmless Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
 Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an easie prey.
 Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
 She trembled, and she breath'd, and that was all:
 What could she doe? Ah! could she strive? with
 A Man! a Woman's easily o'ercome. [whom?
 Should she cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
 His violent Sword had quickly stopt her tongue.
 What should she strive to fly? that hope was gone,
 Young *Tarquin* held her fast, and kept her down.
 He prest her Bosome with a lustfull hand,
 That chaste, that charming Breast then first prophan'd.
 The Loving Foe still sues, resolv'd to gain
 With promise, threats, and Bribes: but all in vain.

At last 'tis Folly to resist, he cry'd,
 My Love will rise to Rage, if long deny'd;
 For I'll accuse thee of unlawfull Lust,
 Kill thee, and swear, tho' false, thy Death was Just.
 I'll stabb a Slave, and what's the worst of harms,
 Black Fame shall say I caught thee in his Arms.
 This Art prevail'd, she fear'd an injur'd name,
 And liv'd and suffer'd, to secure her Fame.
 Why dost thou smile, Triumphant Ravisher?
 This shamefull Victory shall cost thee dear.
 Thy ruine pay for this thy forc't delight,
 How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
 The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
 She blisht, and rose, and double Mourning wears,
 As for her onely Son, she sits in Tears,
 And for her Father, and her Husband sends,
 Each quickly hears the message, and attends.
 But when they came, and saw her drown'd in Tears,
 Amaz'd they askt the Cause, what violent Fears,
 What real ill did wound her tender mind;
 What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief design'd

But

But she fate silent still, still sadly cry'd,
 And hid her blushing Face, and wept, and sigh'd.
 Both strive to Comfort, both lament her Fate,
 And fear some deadly Ill, they know not what.
 Thrice she would speak, thrice stopt, again she tries
 To speak her wrong, yet durst not raise her Eyes:
 This too on *Tarquin's* score, she cry'd, I place;
 I'll speak, I'll speak, ah me! my own disgrace,
 And what they could her modest words exprest,
 The last remain'd, her Blushes spoke the rest.
 Both weep, and both the forc't Offence forgive,
 In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
 The pity you bestow, nor can I live.
 This said, her fatal Dagger pierc't her side,
 And at her Fathers feet she fell and dy'd.
 Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
 As white, and Innocent as a Virgin Dove,
 Nor spotted with one thought of Lawless Love.
 Yet as she fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
 The fall as modestly as she had liv'd.
 The Father o'er the Corpse, and Husband fall,
 And mourn, and both the common loss bewail.

While

While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came,
 And shew'd his Soul ill-suited with his Name.
 He graspt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
 And as he held it thus devoutly swore;
 By thee, by this thy Chast and Innocent Bloud,
 And by thy Ghost, which I'll esteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race shall be expell'd,
 My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
 At that she rais'd her Eyes, she seem'd to bow
 Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
 The Pomp appears, and as it passes by
 The gaping VVound expos'd to publick View,
 Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and justly drew
 Curses from every Heart, & Tears from every Eye.
 Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the
 [wrong,
 And tells them they endure the King too long:
 The King's expell'd, and Consuls they create,
 And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. Dryden's

RELIGIO LAICI.

BE gone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, & your Master know;
Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
Mysterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing Sense,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Must be an Angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty *Levi* finds the *Pope* too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his imposing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power assume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks cast the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:

What

What then have honest thinking men to doe,
But chuse a mean between th' Usurping two?

Nor can the *Egyptian* Patriarch blame a Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat Excuse;
What ever Counsels have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* sure was his own Act and Deed,
Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll)
'Tis true, But so she will th' *Apocrypha*; [say, }
And such as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (so little understood)
Whose *Darling* attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
Yet leave his *Favorite*, *Man*, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest Insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless Millions must be doom'd a Prey
To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not doe!

The

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
 (And so do all their followers that Rebell)
 If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* stray,
 Shall the great Gulph be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the fain Angels Rooms will-be but ill supply'd.

That *Christ*, who at the great deciding Day
 (For He declares what He resolves to say)
 Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
 And save the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to Hell,
 For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
 Whose inhumanity profusely shown [own!
 In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their

I'll err at least on the securer side,
 A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

T O
M^r DRYDEN
ON HIS
RELIGIO LAICI

THose Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn in Verse devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to use the common way
Of Talk when they did to such Beings pray.
Nay they that taught Religion first, thought fit
In Verse its sacred Precepts to transmit:
So *Solon* too did his first Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By these few Precedents we plainly see
The Primitive Design of Poetry;
Which by restoring to its Native use,
You generously have rescu'd from Abuse.

VVhilst

Whilst your lov'd Muse does in sweet Numbers sing,
 She vindicates her God, and God-like King.
 Atheist, and Rebel too, She does oppose,
 (God and the King have always the same Foes.)
 Legions of Verse you raise in their defence,
 And write the Factious to Obedience.
 You the bold *Arian* to Arms desie,
 A conquering Champion for the Deity
 Against the VVhigs first Parents, VVho did dare
 To disinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
 And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* first began
 Is carried on by the *Sacnian*,
 VVho still Associates to keep God a Man.
 But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
 T'assert the Rights of God's, & *Charles* his Throne.
 VVhilst vulgar Poets purchase vulgar Fame
 By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phillis* Name;
 VVhose Reputation shall last as long,
 As Fops and Ladies sing the amorous Song.
 A Nobler Subject wisely they refuse,
 The Mighty weight would crush their feeble Muse.

So Story tells, a Painter once would try
VVith his bold hand to limn a Deity;
And He, by frequent practising that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman sit,
The Thunderer such horreur did beget,
That put the frighted Artist to a stand,
And made his Pensil drop from's baffl'd Hand.

O THE

THE XXII. ODE.
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.
Integer Vita, &c.

Virtue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence :
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* sands or *Scythian* snows,
Or where *Hydapes* wealthy side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* pride.

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careless in *Sabin* Woods I stray'd,
A Grilly foaming Wolf, unled,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling, fled.

No Beast of more Portentous size,
 In the *Hercinian* Forest lies ;
 None fiercer, in *Namidia* bred,
 With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,
 That *Neptune's* frozen Arms embrace ;
 Where Angry *Jove* did never spare
 One Breath of kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on some pathless Plain
 The swarthy *Africans* complain,
 To see the Chariot of the Sun
 So near their scorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Isles
 Shall hear me sing of *Calia's* Smiles,
 All cold but in her Breast I will despise,
 And dare all heat but that of *Calia's* Eyes.

Roscommon

THE VI ODE.
OF THE
THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.
Of the Corruption of the Times.

THose Ills your Ancestors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair

The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues fully'd yet with sacriligious Smoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, gratefull Piety,
(As it rewarded their Respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,

[End.

Begun by their command, at their command they
Let

Let *Crassus* Ghost and *Labienus* tell
 How twice by *Jove's* revenge our Legions fell,
 And with insulting Pride
 Shining in *Roman* spoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum
 Had almost ruin'd *Rome*,
 While our Seditions took their part
 Fill'd each *Egyptian* sail, & wing'd each *Scythian* dart.

First, those Flagitious times,
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
 Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed
 From which polluted head,
 Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
 And through the spurious Breed & guilty Nation ran,

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,
 Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Jonian Artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice,

What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay,
 [Clay.
 And with an Early hand they form the temper'd

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves
 By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
 And scorns the common mean design
 To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
 Or snatch in some dark place
 A hasty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
 And bids her rise when Lovers call;
 Hither a Merchant from the Straits
 Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
 Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
 Who feeds upon the flesh of Heirs,
 Convenient Brutes, whose tributary flame,
 Pays the full price of lust, & guilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with *Punick* Bloud the Conquer'd Seas,
 And

And quailt the stern *Bacides*;
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel
 How weak his Gold was against *Europes* steel,
 Fore'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield; [Field.
 And won the long disputed World at *Zamas* fatal

But Souldiers of a Rustick Mould
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,
 Or through hewn Woods their weighty strokes did
 And after the declining Sun [found.
 Had chang'd the shadows, and their Task was done,
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,
 And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labor of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs,
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
 And we than Ours, next Age will see
 A Race more profligate than we
 (With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Roscomon.

THE IV. ODE.
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE*.

COnquer'd with soft and pleasing Charms,
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his frosty Arms
To free the joyfull Spring;
Which for fresh Loves with youthful heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds court her, & with fruitful showers
Awake the drowfie flowers,
Who haste and all their sweetness bring
To pay their yearly Offering.

No nipping White is seen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleasant Green,
And onely fragrant Dews now fall:
The Ox forsakes his once warm Stall

To bask in th' Sun's much warmer Beams;
 The Plowman leaves his fire and his sleep,
 Well pleas'd to whistle to his lab'ring Teams;
 Whilst the glad Shepherd pipes to's frisking Sheep.

Nay tempted by the smiling sky
 Wreckt Merchants quit the shore,
 Resolving once again to try
 The VVind and Seas Almighty power;
 Choos'ing much rather to be dead than poor.

Upon the flow'ry Plains,
 Or under shady Trees,
 The Shepherdesses and their Swains
 Dance to their rural Harmonies;
 Then steal in private to the covert Groves,
 There finish their well heighten'd loves.
 The City Dame takes this pretence
 (weary of Husband and of Innocence)
 To quit the smoak & business of the Town,
 And to her Country-house retires,
 Where she may bribe, then grasp some brawny
 Or her appointed Gallant come [clown,
 To

To feed her loose desires ;
 Whilst the poor Cuckold by his sweat at home
 Maintains her Lust and Pride
 Blest as he thinks in such a beauteous Bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
 Why should not we ?
 Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
 And please our selves with all that's sweet ;
 Let's to the shady Bowers,
 Where crown'd with gaudy flowers
 We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
 Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conquerer's death
 With the same freedom snatches a King's breath.
 He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
 To's unknown Grave.
 Tho' we each day with cost repair,
 He mocks our greatest skill and utmost care ;
 Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
 And he that lives the longest dyes but young ;
 And once depriv'd of light
 We're wrapt in mists of endless Night.

Once

Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
So many strange Romantick Tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)

No more shall Mirth and VVine
Our loves and wits refine.

No more shall your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis so long you've priz'd:
Nay she too in the Grave
Shall lye like us despis'd.

THE

THE IV. ODE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*
Englisht by Mr. Duke.

BLush not, my Friend, to own the Love
VVhich thy fair Captives Eyes doe move:
Achilles once the Fierce, the Brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmessa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when success
Did all his Arms with Conquest blest;
VVhen *Hector's* fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.

You

You know not to what mighty line
 The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
 See but the Charms her sorrow wears,
 No common Cause could draw such Tears;
 Those streams sure that adorn her so
 For loss of Royal kindred flow:
 Oh! think not so divine a thing
 Could from the Bed of Commons spring;
 Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,
 And so averse to sordid gain,
 Was never born of any Race
 That might the noblest Love disgrace.
 Her blooming Face, her snowey Arms,
 Her well shap'd Leg, and all her Charms
 Of her Body and her Face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not Love the youthfull Rage
 From *Horace's* declining Age,
 But think remov'd by forty years
 All his flames and all thy fears.

THE

(306)

THE VIII ODE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

Englisht by Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the false *Barine*, swore,
False, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,
I should believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd dost more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the publick care,
Nor half so false as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forsworn
By thy dead Mothers sacred Urn,

By

By Heaven and all the Stars that shine
 Without, and every God within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
 At thy empty Vows does smile,
 Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son
 Does smile, and to his Quiver run;
 Does smile and fall to whet his Darts,
 To wound for thee fresh Lovers hearts.
 See all the Youth does thee obey,
 Thy train of Slaves grows every day;
 Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
 Tho' oft they threaten to be free,
 Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,
 Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.
 Thee every carefull Mother fears
 For her Son's blooming tender years;
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
 In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
 Left thou detain by stronger Charms
 Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

H O R A C E

H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

T H E IX. O D E.

Englisht by Mr. Duke.

H O R A C E.

Whilst I was welcome to your heart
 In which no happier youth had part,
 And full of more prevailing Charms,
 Threw round your Neck his dearer Armes,
 I flourish'd richer and more blest
 Than the great Monarch of the East.

L Y D I A.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
 Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
 The onely Theme of Verse and Fame,
 I flourish'd more than she renown'd,
 Whose Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

H O R A C E

H O R A C E.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muse,
And every Grace adorn; subdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to save
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

L Y D I A.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce desire;
For whom I twice would dye, to save
His youth more pretious from the Grave.

H O R A C E.

What if our former Loves return,
And our first fires again should burn?
If *Chloe's* banish't to make way
For the forsaken *Lydia*?

L Y D I A.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,
Constant and kind as he is Fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
HORACE and LYDIA.

Englisht by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHILE I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part:
Unrival'd while my Longing Arms I cast
About your lovely Neck and slender waste,
And you to every one but me were chaste;
I scorn'd the lofty *Persian* Monarch's state,
And thought my self more happy and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer she
Had stoln your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* seem'd not *Lydia* to out-shine,
Nor gain'd a Conquest that before was mine;

Not

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her sweet embraces sought.

H O R A C E.

Now *Thracian Chloe* has supply'd your place,
She Charms me with her Musick and her Face;
To save her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

L T D I A.

Fair *Calais* now the sweet *Messenian Boy*,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my Dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

H O R A C E.

What if kind *Venus* should our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we flight?
If *Chloe* with her Golden locks should yield,
And banish't *Lydia* should regain the Field?

L T D I A.

If so, tho' you are cruel and unkind
Less to be trusted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he so kind so charming and so true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

THE III. ELEGY

*Of the first Book of Propertius.**Englisht By Mr. Adams.*

AS on the Beach sad *Ariadne* lay,
 While the deaf Winds false *Theseus* bore away;
 As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
 More sweet more fair in her first Slumber seem'd;
 Or as the no less weary *Bacchanall*
 Surpris'd by sleep near some smooth stream do's fall;
 Such seem'd to me, so was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
 While breathing soft repose the lovely Maid
 On her fair hand reclin'd her bending Head;
 When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
 Drag'd home at Midnight my unfaithfull Feet;
 But as sh'appear'd so charming to my view,
 Gently I prest the Bed, and near her drew;
 Thinking (for so much sense I still retain'd)
 The Fort of Love might by surprise be gain'd;

Yet

Yet tho' commanded by a double fire,
 Both by the flames of Wine, and hot desire ;
 Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have stray'd,
 And I would fain my Arms have ready made ;
 I durst not in the soft assault engage,
 Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage ;
 But so my greedy Eyes survey'd her o'er,
 The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more ;
 Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
 And try'd how sweetly 't would on *Cynthia's* show.
 Sometimes corrected her disorder'd Hair,
 That loosely wanton'd with the sportive Air ;
 And when she sigh'd, I credulously fear'd
 Some frightfull Vision to my Love appear'd. (shone,
 Till the bright Moon through the wide Window
 (The Moon that would not suddenly be gon ;)
 She with her subtile rayes unclos'd Her eyes,
 When thus against me did her fury rise.

At length affronted by some Tawdry Jade,
 Kick't out of doors, you're forc't into my Bed ;
 For where is it you spend my Nights ? you come
 Drawn off and Impotent at Morning home ;

I wish, base man! I wish such nights you had,
 As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
 Sometimes I with my Needle sleep deceive,
 Then with Lute my weariness reieve;
 Then do I weep, and curse your tedious stay,
 While in some others Armes you melt away;
 Till sleeps soft wings my willing Eye-lids close,
 Beguile my Sorrows and my Cares compose.

OUT OF
 PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fæda est in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

TIs but a Short, but a filthy Pleasure,
 And we soon nauseate the enjoy'd treasure;
 Let not us then as lustfull Beasts do,
 Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
 Lest we put our Love's gentle fire,
 And he droop, and languish in impotent desire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiss,
 Thus, thus improve the lasting bliss!
 There is no labour here, no shame,
 The solid Pleasure's still the same,
 Never, oh, never to be done,
 Where Love is ever but begun.

EPISTLE

To R. D. from T. O.

My much lov'd Friend,

WHen thou art from my eyes,
 How do I loath the day, and light despise:
 Night, kinder night's the much more welcome guest,
 For though it bring small ease, it hides at least;
 Or if e'er slumbers and my eyes agree, [thee.
 'Tis when they're crown'd with pleasing dreams of

Last night methought (Heaven make the next as
 Free as first innocence, and unconfin'd [kind]
 As our first Parents in their *Eden* were, on a plain
 E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care;
 We two together wander'd through a Grove,
 'Twas green beneath us, and all shade above,
 Mild as our friendship, springing as our Love;
 Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree,
 And sung their joyfull Songs of Liberty;
 While through the gladsome Choire well pleas'd we
 And of our present Valu'd State thus talkt; [walk'd,
 How happy are we in this sweet retreat?
 Thus humbly blest, who'd labour to be great?
 Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
 Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
 What fish of sense would on that shallow lye,
 Amongst the little starving wriggling Frye,
 That throng and crowd each other for a Taste
 Of the deceitfull, painted, poison'd Paste;
 When the wide River, he behind him sees,
 Where he may lanch to Liberty and Ease?

No cares or business here disturb our hours,
 While underneath these shady, peacefull Bowers,
 In cool delight and innocence we stray,
 And midst a Thousand pleasures waste the day;
 Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
 Where skimming Swallows o'er the surface fly,
 Just as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
 Kisses, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
 Amidst whose current rising Filhes play,
 And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
 Perhaps, hard by there grows a little bush,
 On which the Linner, Nightingale and Thrush,
 Nightly their solemn Orgyes meeting keep,
 And sing their Vespers e'er they go to sleep:
 There we two lye, between us may be's spread
 Some Book, few understand though many read,
 Sometimes we *Virgil's* Sacred leaves turn o'er,
 Still wond'ring, and still finding cause for more.
 How *Juno's* rage did good *Aeneas* vex,
 Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
 In *Dido's* state, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
 And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;

He

He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
 And scorn'd to melt his virtue in her Arms.
 Next *Nisus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
 Their gentle Friendship, and their Martial fire;
 We praise their valour 'cause yet matcht by none,
 And Love their Friendship, so much like our own.
 But when to give our minds a Feast indeed,
Horace, best known and lov'd by thee, we read,
 Who can our Transports, or our longings tell,
 To taste of Pleasures, prais'd by him so well?
 With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
 Two things in sweet retirement much desir'd :
 A generous Bottle, and a Lovesome She,
 Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee :
 To which retiring quietly at night,
 If (as that onely can) to add delight,
 When to our little Cottage we repair,
 We find a Friend or two, we'd wish for there,
 Dear *B—ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears
Ad—ly, honest as the Sword he wears,
W—son, professing friendship yet a Friend,
 Or — *S—rt*, beyond what numbers can commend,
F—ch,

F—ch, full of kindness, gen'rous as his bloud,
 Watchfull to doe, too modest merit good,
 Who have forsok the vile tumultuous Town,
 And for a taste of life to us come down;
 With eager armes, how closely then w' embrace,
 What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
 The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
 With choicest Meats at least, though not with store:
 Of Bottles next succeeds a goodly Train,
 Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain:
 Each waited on by a bright Virgin glass,
 Clean, sound and shining like its drinker's Lass.
 Then down we sit, while every Genius tryes
 T' improve, till he deserves' his Sacrifice:
 No saucy hour presumes to stint delight,
 We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night;
 Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
 Each takes th' obedient Treasure of his heart,
 And leads her willing to his silent Bed,
 Where no vexatious cares come near his head,
 But every sense with perfect pleasure's fed;

Till

Till in full Joy dissolv'd, each falls asleep,
 With twining limbs, that still loves posture keep,
 At dawn of morning to renew delight,
 So quiet, craving love till the next night :
 Then we the drowsie Cells of sleep forsake,
 And to our Books our earliest visit make ;
 Or else our thoughts to their attendance call,
 And there methinks, Fancy sits Queen of all ;
 While the poor under faculties resort,
 And to her fickle majesty make Court ;
 The understanding first comes plainly clad,
 But usefully ; no ent'rance to be had,
 Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
 Follies wait on him in a troop behind ;
 He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
 Who thinks her Majesty's most honour'd when
 Attended by those fine drest Gentlemen.
 Reason, the honest Counfeller, this knows,
 And into Court with res'lute vertue goes ;
 Lets Fancy see her loose irregular sway,
 Then how the flattering Follies sneak away !

This Image when it came too fiercely shook
 My Brain which its soft quiet streight forlook;
 When waking as I cast my eyes around,
 Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
 No grove, no freedom, and what's worse to me,
 No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
 Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
 Were seiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
 Gods! life's your gift, then season't with such fate,
 That what ye meant a blessing prove no weight.
 Let me to the remotest part be whirl'd,
 Of this your play-thing made in haste, the World;
 But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
 By day what's needfull, and at night soft ease;
 The Friend I trust in, and the She I love,
 Then fix me; and if e'er I with remove,
 Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
 Set me in power, the wofull'st state of Man;
 To be by Fools mislead, to Knaves a prey,
 But make Life what I ask, or take away.

A LET.

LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a slave,
 Found a retreat within a peacefull Cave;
 Where no intruders durst his hours molest,
 (But the dear Passion still inflam'd his Breast)
 And where abandon'd to his restless pains,
 He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
 From thence —
 To a dear Friend (such as are hard to find)
 Known true and just, and longing to be kind,
 Who always shar'd his pleasures and his pain,
 In these sad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My onely Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
 That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
 Your pity e'er I ask I'm sure to gain,
 But cruel *Cynthia's* never must obtain.

You

You are not ign'rant of her Charms I know,
 Too well by her they're known, & thence my Woe:
 Yet must I not complain, I own the Fair
 Has justly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
 For I have long profanely laugh'd at Love,
 And oft to make the World despise it, strove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
 With pleasures wing'd my minutes Gaily flew:
 When Beauty wounded, Wine soon freed my Soul,
 My peace came swimming in the healing Bowl;
 Or if too weak the Wine against Love's Charms, I
 I took some Balmy Harlot to my Armes;
 Which always did the raging pains remove,
 And cool the stings of any other Love.
 In peace and plenty, with still new Delights,
 I past my joyfull Days, and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom lost I mourn,
 My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
 Too strong's my passion, as the Nymph too Fair,
 (Ah, lovely Nymph, must I for ever bear!)

In your bright Eyes such Heav'nly Beauty's shine,
 You want but mercy to be all Divine;
 Lost freedom to regain I dare not try,
 That were Rebellion, and I ought to dye. [create,
 Why shou'd your pow'rfull Charms your Pride
 Your Pride your onely Fault, my onely Fate

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conquest of her Eyes,
 Since first my Heart was made her Sacrifice,
 And she the panting Victim cou'd despise.
 Yet spite of all her rigorous disdain,
 I love my Ruine, and I hugg my Chain.

Reason in vain endeavours to persuade
 That I shou'd quit this haughty, scornfull Maid;
 Small Passions often make our Reason yeild,
 When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.

Your hopeless Friend thus languishing remains,
 Enslav'd by one who will not ease his pains; [plaints
 Smiles when he weeps, and frowns when he complains

A N
E L E G Y

B Y

*The Wife of St. ALEXIAS (a Noble-
man of Rome) complaining on his ab-
sence, he having left her on his Wedding
Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to
go visit the Christian Churches.*

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond a Jesuit.

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the best Youth of Rome,
My fatal Charms sent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miserable Wife,
In Tears, and in Complaints, must waste my Life,
Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleasures yet untasted cloy'd.

Q

He

He leaves me to my anxious Cares a Prey ;
 Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you stray ;
 VVhilst in my Maiden VViddow'd Bed I lye,
 More wretched than the Dead ; and wish to dye :
 In you were all my hopes, dear VVanderer,
 Your doubted safety now creates my Fear ;
 He broke his Vows, he broke our Marriage-bond,
 VVhat dangers may a perjur'd Wretch surround,
 At least his flight his tender Feet may wound.
 Oh! that I knew which way his course he steers,
 T'would soften much my pains, & lessen much my
 A Letter shou'd inform him of my cares, [fears :
 And he with pity sure wou'd reade my Pray'rs ;
 I'de write him lines might move a senseless Stone,
 Nay his hard Heart to feel compassion.

But, when we write, too slow are the returns,
 Too slow, for one that with my passion burns ;
 Letters I wou'd not trust, my self wou'd go,
 And from my mouth my sorrows he shou'd know.
 By stealth I'll leave my Father's House, 'twas you
 Did first, alas! the sad Example shew.

(My

My pressing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I shou'd meet.

Through Desarts I durst go (a tender Maid)

In search of you I cou'd not be afraid.

No dangers shou'd my eager steps retard,

My Innocence, and Love wou'd be my guard.

If *Dragons* against me their Crests shou'd rear;

Or shou'd I meet a *Lyon* or a *Bear*,

I never can be capable of Fear.

David (too young for Toils) a tender Boy,

Cou'd the fierce *Lyon*, and rough *Bear* destroy ;

From his small Hand a Pebble cou'd confound,

And strike the Mountain Gyant to the ground.

Th' *Affyrian* General, *Bethulia's* dread,

By a chaste VVoman's hand did lose his Head,

And she was by her Guardian Angel led.

VVhy may not my attempts succesfull prove,

Assisted by Divinity, and Love?

VVith fearless courage I dare undertake

Amazing Actions, for my Husband's sake:

Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow thee,

Whether by Land thou wander'st or by Sea ;

Whether on Shoar or on the swelling Main,
 One House, one Boat may both of us contain:
 If your sharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
 On that *Ionian* Sea my Barque shall ride.

If (to contemplate on the sufferings
 And cruel Death of the blest King of Kings,)

A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you go,
 I'll join in Adoration there with you.

If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
 With you in *Palestine* I'll offer holy Vows;

Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
 And leave this temp'rate for that froz'n Air;

With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
 On the cold Top of the *Caucasian* Hill.

Or shou'd you wander o'er the *Lybian* Sand,
 (That vast, and wild, unhospitable Land)

Through those parcht plains with thee (my Love)
 Nor fear the hungry, savage Beast of Prey. [I'll stray,

I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you sail;

My Love shall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
 Nothing to follow you wou'd seem a Toil.

Tho

Tho' to the utmost *Indies* you are driv'n,
 Till I can reach your Armes I'll know no Hav'n.
 Ah! let chaste Love, propitious Planets keep,
 Safe from the Dangers of the greedy Deep;
 Yet if my Ship by Tempests must be torn,
 By Artfull strokes above the Waters born,
 In spite of Nature I shall swim to shoar,
 For love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
 The flaming Constellations are in Love,
 And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;
 But the unsettl'd Waves, nor the inconstant Wind
 Shall ever move my faith, or shake my stedfast mind.
 But if inevitable Fates decree,
 That I must suffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
 (The onely Succour such a Fate can give)
 In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
 There let me rest, till thou shalt find that Shoar
 VVhere my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
 There cast me up unhurt, and leave me there.
 So in the scaly Monster *Jonas* lay,
 Protected from the Fury of the Sea;

Both wondred at their Lot, & both rejoyc'd, [host ;
 One with his guest was pleas'd, the other with his
 The third Day came, and then (by Heaven's com-
 The Fish restor'd the Prophet to the Land. [mand)
 But if to me no Fish will Favour shew,
 And (dear *Alexias*) I must dye for you ;
 Oh Love Divine ! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
 For thee, chaste Authour of my Funeral ;
 The Sea shall take my Name, & 'mongst the Stars
 I'll be a Guide to wandring Mariners :
 While they with wonder shall repeat my Name,
 A Faith like mine deserves no less a Fame ;
 They'll doubtless pray that such a Wife, above, }
 May be rewarded for so chaste a Love ; }
 And that her Husband there may constant prove, }
 And for the Load of Waters she has born,
 Her Ashes may lye easie in their Urn.
 Alas ! I rave, with Fancies I am fed, }
 Not knowing where my dearest Husband's fled, }
 I search him, dreaming in my Widow'd Bed. }
 If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or Shoars, [Powers.
 From thee they've learn'd to scorn Love's mighty
 Unhear'd,

Unhear'd, alas! I lose my Amorous groans,
The Winds and Waves refuse to hear my moans,
Echo alone can suffer my complaint,
And she with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cause your stay !
If thou hast Piety, Oh! come away :
Ah ! suffer not thy absence I shou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canst not return.

A M A R Y L L I S,

Or the Third *Idyllium*

O F

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compells my way, [stray:
 My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains
 O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and see them fed
 In Pastures fresh, and to their wating led;
 And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head.
 Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
 The conscious *Grottos*, and the shady Grove;
 Where stretcht at ease your tender Limbs were laid,
 Your nameless Beauties nakedly display'd?
 Then I was call'd your darling, your desire,
 With Kisses such as set my Soul on fire:

But

But you are chang'd, yet I am still the same,
 My heart maintains for both a double Flame.
 Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your scorn,
 So faithfull I, and you so much forsworn!
 I dye, and Death will finish all my pain,
 Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:
 Am I so much deform'd, so chang'd of late?
 What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
 Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
 How ruddy like your Lips their streaks appear!
 Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
 Upon the topmost branch (the Tree was high;)
 Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I swerv'd;
 And for to Morrow have Ten more reserv'd.
 Look on me Kindly and some pity shew,
 Or give me leave at least to look on you.
 Some God transforms me by his Heavenly pow'r
 E'vn to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
 The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
 And folded Fern that your fair Forehead shade.
 Now to my cost the force of Love I find;
 The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!

The

The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
 Taught from his tender years the taste of blood;
 His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
 Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
 To make the suff'rings of your Slaves your sport!
 Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
 O polish'd hardness soften'd to the sight!
 Whose radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
 Like Midnight those, and these like break of Morn!
 Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
 And let me dye contented in your Arms.
 I would not ask to live another Day,
 Might I but sweetly Kiss my Soul away!
 Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,
 For Kisses are but empty, when Compar'd!
 I rave, and in my raging fit shall tear
 The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
 Of Parsley with a wreath of Ivy bound;
 And border'd with a Rosie edging round
 What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
 Since I must dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!

I strip

I strip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
 Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,
 Where yon old *Fisher* views the Waves from high !
 'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
 You would be pleas'd, to see me plunge to shoar,
 But better pleas'd if I should rise no more.
 I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
 When, seeking my success in Love to know,
 I try'd th'infallible Prophetique way,
 A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay ;
 I struck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
 Yet I struck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow,
 And which was worse, If any worse cou'd prove,
 The withring leaf foreshew'd your withring Love.
 Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares !)
 My last recourse I had to Seive and Sheeres ;
 And told the Witch *Agreo* my disease,
 (*Agreo* that in Harvest us'd to lease ;
 But Harvest done, to Chare-work did aspire ;
 Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire :)

To work she went, her Charms she mutter'd o'er,
 And yet the resty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more ;
 I wept for Woe, the testy Beldame swore.
 And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate ;
 That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
 A milk-white Goat for you I did provide ;
 Two milk-whit Kids run frisking by her side,
 For which the Nut-brown Lads, *Erithacis*,
 Full often offer'd many a savoury Kiss ;
 Hers they shall be, since you refuse the price,
 What madman would o'erstand his Market twice ?
 My right Eye itches, some good-luck is near,
 Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
 I'll set up such a Note as she shall hear.
 What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move ?
 She must be Flint, if she refuse my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with Noble strife
 To win his Lady, or to lose his Life,
 (What shift some men will make to get a Wife ?)
 Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,
 For all her haste she could not chuse but stay :

Renown

Renown said run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
 The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
 Yet some suppose 'twas Love (some few indeed,) T
 That stopt the fatal fury of her Speed :
 She saw, she sigh'd; her nimble Feet refuse
 Their wanted Speed, and she took pains to lose.
 A Prophet some, and some a Poet cry,
 (No matter which, so neither of them lye.)
 From steepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
 His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love :
 If such another Wager shou'd be laid,
 I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid,
 Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
 His pow'r on high, and in Celestial Minds ?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
 And manag'd something else besides the Crook.
 Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
 And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
 How blest is fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
 Who sleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon !
 What *Jason* from *Medea's* Love possest,
 You shall not hear, but know 'tis like the rest,

My

My aking Head can scarce support the pain;
 This curst Love will surely turn my Brain:
 Feel how it shoots, and yet you take no Pity,
 Nay then 'tis time to end my dolefull Ditty.
 A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep;
 My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron sleep:
 I lay me down to gasp my latest Breath,
 The Wolves will get a Breakfast by my Death;
 Yet scarce enough their hunger to supply,
 For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

PHARMACEUTRIA, OR THE ENCHANTRESS.

Simætha is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one Delphis, and not having seen him in Twelve days, and suspecting him to love some other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid Thestylis, endeavours by Charms to reduce him.

*Translated from THEOCRITUS,
By Mr. William Bowles, of King's
College in Cambridge.*

THe Philters, *Thestylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, since neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the false Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerfull, can be mov'd.
Twelve

Twelve days, an Age to me alas! are past
 Since at these doors, he knock'd, or saw me last;
 Scorn'd and neglected if I live, or no,
 Inhumane as he is, he does not know.
 To some new Mistress sure he is inclin'd,
 For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
 To morrow I'll to the *Palæstra* go,
 And tell him he's unkind to use me so.
 Now to my charm: But you, bright Queen of night,
 Shine, and assist me with your borrow'd light,
 You, mighty Goddess, I invoke; and you,
 Infernal *Hecate*——

(When you ascend from the pale shades below
 Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
 A sudden horror seizes all arround,
 The Dogs at your approach afrighted fly,
 Assist, and with your pow'rful aid be nigh;
 Inspire this Charm, and may it prove as strong
 As *Circe's* or the bold *Medea's* Song.

*Bring back the sacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
 Bring back the perjur'd Delphis to my arms.*

Throw

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames: O you
Infernal, you Sol, when I Command stand
Or am I corn'd, and grown a jest to you?
Strew Salt, and say, thus *Delphis* Bones I strew.

Bring, &c.

As *Delphis* me, so I this Laurel burn,
And as that burns, and does to *Athens* burn,
And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
So may false *Delphis* burn in quicker Fires.

Bring, &c.

As the Wax melts, which in the Fire I cast,
So in Loves flower-garment may *Delphis* waste:
And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
Tho' seeming to go on, and quit its ground,
Returns, and in its Magick Circle still is found;
So, tho' averse, and fled from my Embrace,
May he return, and still maintain his Place.

Bring, &c.

Hail, *Artemū*, and aid me from above;
You all the Stubborn Powers below can move,
Th' infernal Judges and th' infernal King:
Ring, *Thestylis*, the sounding Brass, haste, ring:

R

She

The Calm, the Golden comes, the dreadful Cry
Of howling Storms gives notice she is nigh.

Bring,

Such fits are the Winds, a peacefull sleep
Has calmd the raging Seas, & smooth'd the Deep,
But the rough Tempest, that distracts my Breath,
No Calm can find, and will admit no rest.

O Chastity, and-violated Fame!

I turn for him whose Love's my onely shame.

Bring, &c.

Thus thrice I sacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Gods, what I say:

Who e'er she be, that made his envy'd Bed,
Proud by her Conquest, and my Ruine made,

Her Honour lost, and she undone, as I,

Deserted and abandon'd by the lye,

As did on Dair's shore the royal Maid

By perjur'd *Thejeus* Cruelty betray'd.

Bring, &c.

Hippamenes but tasted rage inspires,

And with new heat the winged Courlets fires,

O'er

O'er Fields and Woods, & Mountains tops they go,
 Their rage no bounds, and they no stop can know;
 Such is the plam, and oh! that I might see
 My *Delpha* with like rage run home to me.

Bring, &c.

This fringe, which the lov'd *Delpha* once did wear,
 This once dear relique thus enrag'd I tear:
 How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like drains
 From my pale limbs the blood, and empty Veins!

Bring, &c.

To Morrow, a dire potion I'll compound;
 Now, *Thestylis*, this Philter spread around
 His fatal door——

(There all my thoughts, and my lost senses dwell,
 There tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues still)
 And spit and the ingrateful Man devote,
 That flights my passion, and neglects my Love.

Bring, &c.

She's gone; and since I now am left alone,
 What shall I say? what first shall I bemoan?
 What was the Cause? whence sprung my ill plac'd
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove; [Love?

When last I came to the Temple led,
Her mutual Vow to the chief Goddess paid;
With Image Beasts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lyoness amidst 'em plac'd,

*Tell, sister Phoebe, tell whence sprung my flame,
Tell, for you know whence the dire Passion came:
Thou Charis, my Nurse, would see the show,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go;
Her Prayers, and my ill Fate at last prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better Genius fail'd.*

Tell, &c.

There all my Ills began, my share, alas!

I Delphis saw, and Endymion pass;

Their golden Hair in wadded Curles hung down,
And brighter, (*Cynthia*), far than you they shone.

Tell, &c.

I saw, and was undone! a subtle fire
Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot desire;
The shining Pomp could now no more surprize,
A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
When that was ended, I forgot to go,
How I return'd, or when I did not know;

Ten

Ten days, as many restless Nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce Disease a Prey.

Tell, &c.

My Flesh all wasted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the strong Poison fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what dost thou inform?
To what Enchantress had not I recourse,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick Arts renowned?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.

Tell, &c.

With Sickneſs wasted, and with Grief oppreſt,
Thus to my Servant I at laſt confeſs:
Haſte, *Theſtylus*, thy dying Miſtreſs ſends,
My Health on *Delphus*, and my Life depends:
Delphus, who gave, alone can cure the Wound,
No remedy for Love but Love is found:
In active Sports, and Wreſtling he delights,
And in the bright *Palæſtra* often ſits.

Tell, &c.

There watch your time, and ſoftly let him know
Simartha ſent you, then my Lodgings ſhow.

And through his sounding feet I heard
Groans when lovely *Delia* first appear'd
Tell, &c.

A sweat-like coldness on me from my brow,
Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
Cold and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
My dying words, when I would speak 'em, hung:
As when imperfect sounds from Children fall,
When in their Dreams they on their Mother call
Tell, &c.

The cruel Man far down from my Bed,
And then with Eyes cast downward thus he said:
In Love you are as far before me gone,
As young *Phyllis* lately I out-run.
Tell, &c.

Had not your kinder Message call'd me home,
By Love's sweet Joys at Night I would have come,
Arm'd with my Friends I had beset you round,
And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.
Tell, &c.

Had

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
 For I in swiftness, and in form excell,
 But that my vanquish'd Equals best may tell;
 Some smaller favour then I had desir'd;
 And modestly but with a Kiss rear'd;
 Had you been tract, and your Doors been barr'd,
 With Bars and Torches for the storm I was prepar'd
Tell, &c.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
 And next, my fair Preserver, next to you,
 She saw the burning Pain which I endure,
 And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
 For cool and gentle are all other fire;
 Compar'd with those which cruel Love inspires.
Tell, &c.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
 Nor darkness them, nor danger can afright,
 Love's mighty power can the young Wife compell
 From her warm sleeping Husband's Armes to flie,
 He said: And I a fond, believing Maid
 Prest, and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;

Not a new Love found with his embrace
I gave to my Neck, and Obedience to my Face;
And, in the Night, with mutual Kisses fed,
To the last bliss we eagerly agreed;
And both attain'd what both alike desir'd;
And, for the hour, & wing'd with pleasure flew,
Sleep were our passions, and no Thought knew;
No care could disturb our peaceful Bed;
But all these Joys this fatal Morning fled;
Mourning had chas'd away the Night, and
And o'er the World diffus'd her robe of Light,
Philista's Mother came (and as she still
The Love, and News of Town delights to tell;))
She told me first that *Delphis* lov'd; but who
She could not tell; but that he lov'd she knew;
And signs of some new Love she said she found,
His House adorn'd, & Doors with Garlands crown'd.
She tells me true; oh my ill-boding fears!
And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
His Visits were more frequent, now at last,
Since he was here twelve tedious days are past.

'Tis

This so: And can he then so cruel prove,
 Am I so soon forgotten, and my Love?
 Now I'm content to see what Charms can do,
 But if he dares go on to use me so,
 Provok'd at last a Potion I'll prepare,
 That by his Death shall ease me of my Care.
 So sure the Poison, and so strong the Draught;
 The Secret was by an *Affair* caught.
 You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
 And to the rising Sun your light resign;
 My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
 To fix your Charms, or retard your course;
 I, what I can't redress, must learn to bear,
 And a sad Cure attend from my despair.
 Adieu, O Moon, and every glimmering light,
 Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night.

THE CYCLOPS

Theocritus *Idyll. Iith.*

Englisht by Mr. Duke of Cambridge,

To Dr. Short.

O Short, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
 To ease a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
 No Medicine this prevailing Ill subdues,
 None, but the Charms of the condoling Muse:
 Sweet to the Sense, and ealie to the Mind
 The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
 This you well know, and surely none so well,
 Who both in Physick's sacred Art excell,

THE

And

And in Wit's Orb among the brightest shine,
 The Love of *Phoebus*, and the sunfull Nine.
 Thus sweetly sad of old, the *Cyclops* strove
 To lessen his unquiet hours of Love.
 Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce desire,
 And *Galatea's* Eyes kindled the raging fire,
 His was no common flame, nor could he move
 In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
 Nor Flowers, nor Fruits lent to oblige the Fair,
 Nor more to please, coul'd his neglected Hair.
 His was all Rage, all Madness; To his Mind
 No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.
 Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone
 Unheeded, unobserv'd: He on some stone,
 Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
 Accusing *Galatea's* Cruelty;
 Till Night from the first dawn of opening Day,
 Consumes with inward heat, and melts away.
 Yet then a Cure, the onely Cure he found,
 And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
 From a steep Rock, from whence he might survey
 The Floud, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)

His

His drooping Head with Sorrow bent he down,
And thus his grief express'd with his mournful Song,
Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? Soft Love with sharp Giddals
Fairer than falling Snow or rising Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the sight;
Sprightly as anyok'd Hoifers, on whose head
The tender Crescents have begun to spread;
Yet cruel you to harshness more incline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the savage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eye-lids seal'd with sleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when Sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vanish swiftly from my opening Eye, {spy.
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they }
I well remember the first fatal Day
That made my Heart your Beauty's easie Prey,
'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,
Of all its Brightness, all its Pride bereft,
'To gather Flowers from the steep Mountain's Top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To

To Rivers, Hills, and Rocks did you bring,
 And would you all the Treasures of the Spring.
 But from that hour my Soul has known no rest,
 Soft Peace is banish'd from my tortur'd Breast,
 I rage, I burn. Yet still regarding you
 Nor the least sign of melting Pity move:
 No, by the Gods that shall revenge my pain!
 No; you the more I love the more disdain.
 Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
 Why you despise and fly the *Cyclops* so;
 Because a shaggy Brow from side to side,
 Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
 And under that one only Eye does shine,
 And my flat Nose to my big Lips does join.
 Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thousand sheep,
 The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
 With sweetest Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
 And my vast stock of Cheeses never fails;
 In Summer's heat, or Winter's sharpest cold,
 My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
 With such soft Notes I the shrill Pipe inspire,
 That every listning *Cyclops* does admire;

While

While with it given I all Night proclaim
Thy power, thy charms, and thy sweet name
For thus we've *Dance*, all day and Night, I feed,
And fair Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come to me, fair Nymph, and you shall find
These are the fairest Gifts on thee design'd.
Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
And break themselves against the sounding shore.
How much more pleasant would thy Slumbers be
In the retir'd and peacefull Cave with me?
There the fragrant Cypress and green Laurel joyn,
And creeping Ivy clasps the chaster'd Vine;
There fresh, cool Rills from *Heaven's* purest Snow,
Dissolv'd into ambrosial liquor, flow.
Who the wild Waves, and brackish Sea could chuse,
And these still Shades, & these sweet Screams refuse?
But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
Without a fire defie the winter Air,
Know I have mighty stores of Wood, and know
Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
My Soul, my Life it self should burn for Thee,
And this One-Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why

Why was not I with Fins, like Fishes, made,
 That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd:
 Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
 And kiss your hand if you your lips deny'd.
 To thee I'd Lilies, and red Poppies bear,
 And flowers that Crown each Season of the Year.
 But I'm resolv'd, I'll learn to swim and dive
 Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
 That th' undiscover'd Pleasures I may know
 Which you enjoy in the deep Floud below.
 Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
 Like me that on this Rock unmindfull sit,
 (Of all things else unmindfull but of thee)
 Home to return forget, and live with me
 With me the sweet and pleasing Labour chuse,
 To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ewe,
 To press the Cheese, & the sharp Runnet to infuse }
 My Mother does unkindly use her Son,
 By her neglect the Cyclops is undone ;
 For me she never labours to prevail,
 Nor whispers in your Ear my am'rous Tale.

No ;

No, tho' she knows I languish every day,
 And sees my Body waste, and strength decay.
 But I love less than what I feel will feign,
 And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
 That in her Breast if any Pity lye,
 She may be sad, and griev'd as well as I.

O Cyclops, Cyclops, where's thy Reason fled?
 If your young Lambs with new pluckt boughs you fed
 And watch'd your Flock, would you not seem more
Milk what is next possible not that watch flies. [wife
 Perhaps you may, since this proves so unkind,
 Another faurer *Galatea* find.

Me many Virgins as I pass invite
 To dance with them in Love's soft Sports the Night,
 And if I but incline my listening Ear,

New Joys, new Smiles in all their Looks appear.

Thus we it seems, can be belov'd; and we,

It seems, are somebody as well as they.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,

And sooth'd with gentle Verbe his fierce Desire.

Thus pass'd his hours with more delight and ease,

Than if the Riches of the World were his.

T O
CÆLIA.

By *Mr. Duke.*

Fly swift, ye Hours, ye sluggish Minutes fly,
Bring back my Love or let her Lover dye.
Make haste, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,
My *Cælia* brighter than thy self restore.

In spight of thee, 'tis Night when she's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams display,
That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.

O when will she lift up her sacred Light!
And chase away the flying shades of Night!

With her how fast the flowing hours run on?

But oh! how long they stay when she is gone?

So slowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;

So swift when born upon the Wings of Love!

S

Hardly

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are past,
 Yet 'tis an Age since I beheld her last.
 O my auspicious Star make haste to rise,
 To charm our Hearts and bless our longing Eyes!
 O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,
 And cheer my own with their reflected rays!
 How my impatient, thirsty Soul does long,
 To hear the charming Musick of thy Tongue!
 Where pointed Wit with solid Judgment grows,
 And in one easie stream united flows.

When e'er you speak, with what delight we hear,
 You call up every Soul to every Ear!

Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
 Ev'n where she does neglect, 't adorn the mind;
 Beauty alone bears such resistless sway,
 As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.
 But oh! when Wit and Sense with Beauty's joyn'd,
 The Woman's sweetness with the manly mind,
 When Nature with so just a hand does mix,
 The most engaging Charms of either Sex;
 And out of both that thus in one combine
 Does something form not humane but Divine,

What's

What's

What's her command but that we all adore
 The noblest work of her almighty power!
 Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
 Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.
 Where Nature bids, worship I'm forc'd to pay,
 Nor have the Liberty to disobey.
 And when e'er she does a Poet make,
 She gives him Verse but for thy Beauty's sake.
 Had I a Pen that could at once impart
 Soft *Ovid's* Nature and high *Virgil's* Art,
 Then the immortal *Sappho's* Name
 Should be but second in the list of Fame; [fill'd,
 Each grove each shade should with thy praise be
 And the fam'd *Penshurst* to our *Windsor* yield.

P R O L O G U E,

To the University of Oxon.

Spoken by Mr. Hart, at the Acting of the

Silent Woman,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

W
[knew,
HAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, onely
(Athenian Judges,) you this day renew.

Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,

And here Poetique prizes lost or won.

Methinks I see you, crown'd with Olives sit,

And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.

A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,

Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: [see. }

A Day when none but *Johnson* durst have with'd to }

Here they who long have known the usefull Stage,

Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.

As

As your Commissioners our Poets go,
 To cultivate the Virtue which you sow :
 In your *Lycæum*, first themselves refine,
 And delegated thence to Humane kind.
 But as Embassadours, when long from home,
 For new Instructions to their Princes come ;
 So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught :
 Follies and Faults else-where by them are shown,
 But by your Manners they correct their own.
 Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
 To minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies :
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man ; [began,
 Sees Vertue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draw ;
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
 An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.
 There haughty Dunces whose unlearned Pen
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men ;
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
 So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,

And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,
 And their gay Nonfence their own Wits admire.
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here
 Would wish it rather than a *Plandit* there.
 He owns no Crown from those *Prætorian* hands,
 But knows *that* Right is in the *Senates* hands.
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,
 Low at the Muses feet, his Wreath he lays,
 And where he took it up resigns his Bays. }
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by the same.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

[Fear,
NO poor *Dutch* Peasant, wing'd with all his
 Flies with more haste, when the *French*
 [arms draw near,
 Than we with our Poetique Train come down
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
 Heaven

Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop first swept all things in its way,
But those hor' *Monsieurs* were too quick to slay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.

For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come,
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be lay'd:
Art Magique is for Poetry profess'd,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *•Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,
 Upon our *English* Stage are worship'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Machbeth, and *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,
 And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
 In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,
 By you those Staple Authours worth is known,
 For Wit's a Manufacture of your own. }
 When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE, to the *Univerſity* of
Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

P^Oets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd
 T' unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's mind:
 When tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
 And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.

Here

Here free your selves, from Envy, Care and Strife,
 You view the various turns of humane Life:
 Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
 And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
 Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
 As in Mechanick operations wrought;
 And Man the Little World before you set,
 As once the Sphere of Chrystal, shew'd the Great:
 Blest sure are you above all Mortal kind,
 If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind.
 Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,
 And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
 With joy we bring what our dead Authours writ,
 And beg from you the value of their Wit.
 That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, & great *Johnson's* claim
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
 None of our living Poets dare appear,
 For Muses so severe are worshipt here;
 That conscious of their Faults they shun the Eye,
 And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly,
 Rather than see th' offended God, and dye.

We

We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
 Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown.
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pir,
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
 Disdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,
 Hating themselves, what their Applause must make:
 But when to praise from you they would aspire
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.
 So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r transcends,
 As what *should* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

Epilogue *spoken at Oxford by Mrs. Marshall.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

O FT has our Poet wish'd, this happy Year
 Might prove his fading Muses last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of mind;
 Which noisefull Towns, & Courts can never know,
 And onely in the shades like Laurels grow.

Youth,

Youth, e'er it sees the World, here studies rest,
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching ev'n you (while the next World we show,)
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd:
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
 Such Ancient hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here.

Con-

Converse so chaste, and so strict Vertue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the Muses own.
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

Prologue to the *University of Oxford*.

Discord, & Plots which have undone our Age
 With the same ruine, have o'erwhelm'd the
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe, [Stage,
 VVe have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
 Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder hearted,
 To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
 VVith bonny Blewcap there they act all Night
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence high.
 One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falstaff's* lean,
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.
 Another, with long use, and Age decay'd,
 Div'd here old VVoman, and rose there a Maid.
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time,
 There strut and swagger in Heroique rhyme:

Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Druggers fute,
 And there's a Heroe made without dispute.
 And that which was a Capons tayl before,
 Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.
 But all his Subjects, to express the care
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
 Lac'd Linen there would be a dangerous thing,
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring,
 The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.
 But why shou'd I these Renegades describe,
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe.
Teag has been here, and to this learned Pit,
 With *Irish* Action slander'd *English* Wit.
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac's* appear,
 As merited a second Massacre.
 Such as like *Cain* were branded with disgrace,
 And had their Country stamp't upon their Face:
 When Stroulers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse,
 How ill soe'er our Action may deserve,
Oxford's a place, where 't can never serve.

P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

University of OXFORD.

By *Mr. Dryden.*

THO' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,
 Of all who want it, we admire it most.
 VVe love the Praises of a Learned Pir,
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
 VVe speak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
 Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore:
 Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,
 Discern how much, and why, our Poems take.
 Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sence, rejoyce,
 Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice.
 When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: [raise]
 VVe doubt that Scene which does their wonder
 And, for their Ignorance condemn their Praise.

Judge

Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
 Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly, but this nicer Pit
 Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:
 The ready Finger lays on every Blot,
 Knows what shou'd justly please, & what shou'd not.
 Nature her self lies open to your view,
 You judge by her what draught of her is true,
 Where out-lines false, and Colours seem too faint,
 Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets paint,
 But by the Sacred Genius of this Place,
 By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
 As Nations su'd to be made free of *Rome*.
 Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, Provincial Band.
 If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,
 Who with Religion loves your Arts and You,
Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be,
 Than his own Mother University.

Thebes

Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,
He chuses *Athens* in his riper Age.

The Prologue at Oxford, 1680.

By Mr. Dryden.

T*Hespis*, the first Professor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a
To prove this true, if Latin be no Trespass, [Cant.
Dicitur & Plaustris, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
But *Escalus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage :
Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned Sport,
Of Tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court* ;
But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,
Still to be plotting some new Reformation :
And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his Throne.
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits shall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popish-plot ;

Your

Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
 And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells* :
 Nor shou'd we scape the Sentence, to depart,
 Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.
 No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
 To maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan* :
 Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,
 Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast :
Scot, Swarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
 As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown ;
 And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe,
 Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
 VVhich by some little help of Derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

The Prologue to *Albumazar* :

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

TO say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.

T

Yet

Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit ;
 VVhen few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ.
 And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this
 As the best model of his Master-piece :
 Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer ;
 Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose,
 He lik'd the Fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.
 But *Ben* made Nobly his, what he did mould,
 What was anothers Lead, becomes his Gold :
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
 Yet rules that well, which he unjustly gains.
 But this our Age such Authors does afford, [word:
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one
 Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all ;
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,
 But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day.
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of stand Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owner's Face.

Faith

Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,
 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said
 They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead:
 Dare with the Mummies of the Muses Play,
 And make Love to them the *Egyptian* way:
 Or as a Rhiming Author would have said,
 Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part,
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreates
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand. [stand
 They make the Benefits of others studying,
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*.
 Whose dish to challenge, no man has the Courage,
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' Porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault for what they do amiss.
 For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
 Perhaps, you may award by you Decree,
 They shou'd refund, but that can never be.

For should you Letters of Reprisal seal, [steal.
These Men write that which no Man else would

Prologue to *Amiragus* Reviv'd:

Spoken by Mr. *Hart*.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

With sickly Actors and an old House too,
We're match'd with glorious Theatres & new,
And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Cloaths bare
Can neither raise old Plays, nor new adorn. [worn,
If all these Ills could not undo us quite,
A Brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight,
Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.
Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
Is fall'n from some incomparable plume;
And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,
Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.
We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French*.
There

Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
 Neither to hear nor see but show their Breeding,
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
 To make it seem they understood the Jest :
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To teach us *English* where to clap the Play :
 Civil *Isad*: Our Hospitable Land,
 Bears all the charge for them to understand :
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company ;
 And wish for our own sakes, without a Satyr,
 You'd less good Breeding or had more good Nature.

Prologue spoken the first day
 of the King's House Acting
 after the Fire.

Writ by Mr. Dryden.

SO shipwreckt Passengers escape to Land, [stand
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
 Expecting Famine on a Desert shore,

From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
 Our Stage does humane chance present to view,
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true.

You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see,
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.

Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts, [guests.

While you the Founders make your selves the
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,

But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,

'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and Fair.

You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,

Which blind unmanner'd Zelots make their scorn,

Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,

Which spar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.

But as our new built City rises higher,

So from old Theatres may new aspire,

Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.

Our Great Metropolis does far surpass

What e'er is now, and equals all that was:

Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,

And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.

But

But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
 Talk high, and entertain you in a shed:
 Your presence here (for which we humbly sue)
 Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

Prologue for the Women, when
 they Acted at the Old Theatre
 in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

[hard,
W Here none of you Gallants e'er driven so
 As when the poor kind Soul was under
 And could not do't at home, in some By-street, [guard
 To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
 Such is our Case, We can't appoint our House,
 The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvouz.
 But hither to this trusty Nook remove,
 The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.
 For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug
 Is stoln in Garrets on the humble Rugg.
 Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
 The Grave demurely in the midst may sit.

And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Masque, and o'er the Benches stride:
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For those that make the most triumphant show,
All that keep Coaches must not sit below.
There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have something to admire:
We who look up, can your Addresses mark;
And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the *Lovers, Braves, and Wits,*
The gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for *Cits.*

A
PROLOGUE

Spoken at the opening of the
New House,
March 26. 1674.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

A Plain built House after so long a stay,
Will send you half unsatisfi'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is design'd.
You who each Day can Theatres behold,
Like Nero's Palace, shining all with Gold,
Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.

Yet

Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
 And a plain Sure (since we can make but one)
 Is better than to be by tarnisht gawdry known.
 They who are by your Favours wealthy made,
 With mighty Summs may carry on the Trade:
 We, broken Banquers, half destroy'd by Fire,
 With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire,
 Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire.
 For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live.
 Unable to support their vast Expence,
 Who Build, and Treat with such Magnificence;
 That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
 They give the Law to our Provincial Stage:
 Great Neibours enviously promote Excess,
 While they impose their Splendor on the less.
 But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,
 Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
 The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.
 Yet if some Pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:

Our

Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,
 What e'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show;
 That sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest Mettals pass.
 Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise, [Plays
 To build a Play-House while you Throw down
 Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
 And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain.
 While Troops of famisht *Frenchmen* hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live:
 Old *English* Authours vanish, and give place
 To these new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
 More tamely, than your Fathers you submit,
 You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit:
 Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance }
 The mighty Merits of these Men of *France*, }
 Keep Time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence: }
 Well, please your selves, but sure 'tis understood,
 That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England*
 I wou'd not prophesie our Houses Fate: [good:
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd—

That

That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempests will destroy the new.

Epilogue by the same Author.

[true,

THough what our Prologue said was sadly
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you,
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her such,
A strong Imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig,
We lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)
Whose favours, like Sun, warm where you roul,
Yet you like him, have neither heart nor Soul;
So may your Hats your Foretops never press,
Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to Old Age advance,
And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance.

So

So may Fop corner full of Noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive Train;
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love;
 So may not *France* your VVarlike Hands recall,
 But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
 VVhen sober, rail and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pay'd Streets, and long dark VVinter Nights;
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
 VVhere Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.
 The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
 Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
 VVe hope we may presume their VVits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
 To please, we'll find you abler Men who may.

If they shou'd fail, for last recruits we breed
 A Troop of frisking Monfieurs to fucceed :
 (You know the *French* fure cards at time of need.)

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

W^Here you but half fo wife as y' are fevere,
 Our youthfull Poet shou'd not need to
 [fear:
 To his green Years your Censures you would fuit
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.
 The Sex that best does pleasure understand,
 VVill always chuse to err on t'other hand.
 They check not him that's awkward in delight,
 But clap the young Rogues Cheek, and fet him
 Thus heart'nd well & flesh'd upon his prey, [right.
 The Youth may prove a Man another day.
 Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight,
 Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.

But

But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each were guilty of some *flighted Maid*. }

Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*;

'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,

All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

A slender Poet must have time to grow,

And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.

Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,

But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.

Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd Essays,

Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise.

That he may get more bulk before he dies,

He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.

Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,

He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

An

An Epilogue for the King's House.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WE act by fits & starts, like drowning Men,
 But just peep up, & then dop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked, change their Sence,
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.
 Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
 So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* cou'd Divine,
 He might have spar'd his Dream of 7 lean Kine,
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.
 The *Comet*, that they say portends a Dearth,
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-house* Earth.
 Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
 For then the Printer's Press would suffer more.

Their

Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.

*Looking
above.*

Confess the truth, which of you has not laid

Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?

Or which is duller yet, and more would spite us,

Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.

Such are the Authors who have run us down,

And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.

Yet these are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhimes,

Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times.

Scandal the Glory of the *English* Nation,

Is worn to Raggs, and scribbl'd out of fashion:

Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wise,

They had agreed their Play before their Prize:

Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,

'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.

Then put an end to Civil VVars for shame,

Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,

Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,

The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princess of C L E V E S.

VVritten by Mr. Dryden.

Ladies! (I hope theres's none behind to hear,)
 I long to whisper something in your Ear:
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.
 A Man that's false to Love, that vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets!
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very Bawd.
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast,
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest;
 None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive,
 Some few has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
 These *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
 To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear:
 Now tho' we lye, we're too well bred to swear.
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for Soul and Body too. [em,
 And when found out excuse themselves, Pox cant
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.

I'm

I'm not Book Learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.

I'm sure I never heard that Schritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.

How can such perjur'd Villains e're be saved,
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.

With Vows and soft Expressions to allure :

They stand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,
No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new Face ride out a padding.

Yet, by their favour when they have bin kissing,
We can perceive the ready Mony missing :

Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
Something we find, and something they will sink.
But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their Diamonds, & they trump our Hearts.

Epilogue to the Princess of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back agen
To make amends to you bespatter'd Men!

We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
By growling, squaling, and a hideous noise.

I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying;
The prodigal of Love gives each her part,
And squandring shows, at least, a noble Heart.

I've heard of Men, who in some lewd Lampoon,
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.
That Accusation straight, this question brings,
What is the Man that does such naughty things?

The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,
Lies at our Feet. He's scarce worth taking up;
'Tis true, such Hero's in a Play go far,
But Chamber practice is not like the Bar.

When Men such vile, such faint Petitions make,
We fear to give, because they fear to take;
Since Modesty's the Vertue of our kind,

Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.

When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,

'Tis but a Work of Supererogation.—

We shou'd a Princess in the Play. 'Tis true,
Who gave her *Cæsar* more, than all is due.

Told

Told her own Faults, but I shou'd much abhor,
To choose a Husband for my Confessor.

You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.

Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.

True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

Spoken, To the *Queen* in *Trinity-College*
New-Court in *Cambridge*.

Written by Mr. DUKE.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That mak'st a Crown sit soft on *Charles's*
[Head;
In whom with Greatness, Virtue takes her Seat:
Meekness with Power, and Piety with State;
Whose Goodness might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame; [claim,
Tyrants themselves to gentlest Mercy bring,
And only Useless is on such a King;

See, mighty Princess, see how every Brest,
 With Joy and Wonder, is at once possess'd:
 Such was the Joy, which the first Mortals knew,
 When Gods descended to the Peoples view,
 Such devout Wonder did it then afford,
 To see those Pow'rs they had unseen ador'd,
 But they were Feign'd: Nor if they had been true,
 Could shed more Blessings on the Earth than you:
 Our Courts enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain;
 To make Reception for so great a Train;
 Here may your Sacred Breast rejoyce to see,
 Your own Age strive with Ancient Piety,
 Soon now, since Blest by your Auspicious Eyes,
 To full Perfection shall our Fabrick rise.
 Less powerfull Charms than yours of old could call,
 The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
 And ours which now its rise to you shall owe,
 More fam'd than that by your great Name shall
 [grow.

F L O.

FLORIANA,

A Pastoral upon the Death of
her Grace the Dutchess of
Southampton.

By Mr. DUKE.

Damon.

TELL me my *Thyrsis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad Posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine
[Eyes,

Fast as those sighs from thy swoln Bosom rise?
Hasthe fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
Have thy Lambs stray'd; let 'em for ever stray: [may:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but just now she smil'd:
Alas! she smil'd; for to the lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:

Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canst thou find
 As long as thou art true, and she is kind,
 A Grief so great, as may prevail above
 Even *Damon's* Friendship, or *Dorinda's* Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrsf.* But, *Damon*
 [there may be :
 What if the Charming *Floriana* die ?

Damon. Far be the Omen ! *Thyrsf.* But suppose it
 [true.

Damon. Then should I grieve my *Thyrsfis*, more
 [than you.

She is—*Thyrsf.* Alas ! She was, but is no more ;
 Now, *Damon*, now, let thy swoln Eyes run o'er :
 Here to this Turf by thy sad *Thyrsfis* grow,
 And when my streams of Grief too shallow flow,
 Let in thy Tide to raise the Torrent high,
 Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wisht height the
 [Flould might swell,
 Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,
 How young, how good, how beautifull she fell.

Oh !

Oh! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
 Blessing their Babes when first they see the Day.
 Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
 Sate Sweetness temper'd with Majestick Grace;
 Such pow'rfull Charms as might the proudest aw,
 Yet such attractive Goodness as might draw
 The Humblest, and to both give equal Law,
 How was she wondred at by every Swain?
 The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain:
 On all she shin'd, and spreading Glories cast
 Diffusive of her self, where-e'r she past,
 There breath'd an Air sweet as the Winds that blow
 From the blest Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
 Even me sometimes she with a Smile would grace,
 Like the Sun shining on the vilest place,
 Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the Delight
 Of feasting on her Eyes my longing sight:
 But to a Being so sublime, so pure,
 Spar'd my Devotion, of my Love secure.
Damon. Her Beauty such: but Nature did design
 That only as an answerable Shrine
 To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.

Her

Her Soul shin'd through, and made her form so
[bright,

As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light,
In her smooth Forehead we might read exprest
The even Calmness of her gentle Breast :
And in her sparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active Vigour of her youthfull Wit.
Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the shadow of some inward Grace.
Gay, sprightly, chearfull, free, and unconfin'd,
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe,
Like those, who being dull, would grave appear ;
Who out of guilt do Chearfulness despise,
And being sullen, hope Men think 'em wise.
How could the listning Shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue !
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whose powerfull Hand sustains,
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains,

Of all his Cares made her the tender'st part ;
 And great *Lovisa* lodg'd yer in her Heart.

Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourn-
 [ing keep,
 When *Pan* himself and fair *Lovisa* weep?
 When those blest Eyes by the kind Gods design'd
 To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
 All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
 Than *April*-drops upon the springing Flowers ;
 Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* shed,
 When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead ;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her *Cestus*, and unyok'd her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Lovisa*
 And visit gentle *Floriana's* Tomb ; [come,
 And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
 Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the ground,
 With your chaste Hands fresh Flow'rs and Odours
 About her last obscure and silent Bed ; [shed
 Still praying as you gently move your Feet,
 Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumber sweet.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain: [Train,
Lovisa mournful far above the rest,

In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest:

Just are her Tears, when she reflects how soon

A Beauty, second only to her own,

Flourisht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone! }

Damon. O she is gone! gone like a new born

[Flower,

That deck'd some Virgin Queens delicious Bower;

Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,

And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast:

But flow'rs return, and coming Springs disclose,

The Lilly whiter, and more fresh the Rose;

But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,

And *Floriana* has no second Spring.

Thyrsis. O she is set! set like the falling Sun;

Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone!

Alas! the Sun that's set, again will rise,

And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies;

But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,

When its short Glory to the West declines,

O there's

O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of *Amynta*, for the Death of *Damon*.

By Mr. Dryden.

S O N G.

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
From the chearless Dawn of Morning
Till the Dew's of Night returning
Singing thus she made her mone:

Hope is banish'd

Joys are vanish'd,

Damon, my Belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
Oh so true, so kind was he!

Damon

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
 Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me :

Melting Kisses
 Murmuring Blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

3.

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both ly dying
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joys he drain'd before :
 Death come end me
 To befriend me ;
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

THE

THE
Praises of *Italy* out of *Virgil's*
Second GEORGIC.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Sed neque Medorum Sylva, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whose happy soyl
With choicest Fruits prevents the labourers
Nor *Ganges* streams blessing his fertile Land [toyl,
Nor *Hermus* self roling on golden Sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the prize contest,
Less gay the *glorious* Kingdoms of the East, [*blest.* }
Nor *Araby*, with all her gums and spice, is half so }
No *Hydra's* she, or monstrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Nostrils blast the Air;
Nor Dragons Teeth sown in the wondring Field
Do short-liv'd Harvests of arm'd Brethren yield:
But *vital* Fruits she brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And fairest Cattel do her Meads adorn.

Her

Her warlike Horse is of the noblest Race,
 Who proudly prances o'er his native Place.
 And where thy Magick streams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
 The flocks are white as the fresh falling Snow.
 Heaven do's so much those sacred Victims prize
 'Twill give a *Conquest* for a *Sacrifice*.

As in the North 'tis Winter makes the Year,
 The Spring and Autumn are the Seasons here,
 Cattel breed twice, and twice the *restless* furrows }
 [bear.

But Heav'n has banish'd hence rough Beasts of }
 No hungry Lions on the Mountains stray, [prey,
 Nor monstrous Snakes make insecure the fearfull }
 [Travellers way.

Nature did this; but Industry and Art
 To the rich mass did nobler forms impart.
 Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities rise,
 Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the Skies.
 Here, pleasant seats by which clear streams do pass
 Gaze on their shadows in the liquid Glass:
 There, big with story, ancient Walls do show
 Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd Rivers flow.

The

The Sea, which would *surround* the happy place
 Do's it on both sides with his Arms embrace:
 And stately Gallies which the *Adria* ride,
 Bring the World's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
 The spacious Lakes with level prospect please,
 Or swell, an imitation of the Seas.
 What thou'd I tell how Art cou'd undertake
 To make a Haven in the *Lacrine* Lake?
 The rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
 Whilst angry Surges spend their Rage in vain.
 As *Cæsar's* Arms all Nations can subdue,
 So *Cæsar's* Works can conquer Nature too.
 Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
 And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
 But her chief Treasures without which the rest are
 Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. [vain,
 She bred the *Marſian* who ne'er knew to yield,
 And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:
 Triumphant Cottagers, whose frugal hand
 Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command;
Decii devoted for the publick good,
 Compounding for whole Armies with their blood:

Camillus saviour of the sinking State,
 Who rescu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midst of Fate.
Marii who *Roman Eagles* bore so far,
 And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
 You last, Great *Cæsar*, whose green Years did more
 Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
 You towards th' East your glorious course do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
 Hail! happy soyl, Learning and Empires Seat,
 Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* soft Retreat.
 To you I Græcian Arts in Triumph bring,
 And your just Praise in lasting Numbers sing.

The Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of *Horace*.

By Mr. *Stepney*.

Verſes Immortal (as my Bays) I ſing,
 When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
 When by ſtrange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
 To make one pleaſant Harmony.

All

All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-plac'd Lawrel from his aged head,)
 Yet *Pindars* rolling Dythyrambique Tide,
 Hath still this Praise, that none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.
 Still does *Stesichorus* his Tongue
 Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.

Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from every Verse does flow:
 Still *Sappho's* strings do seem to move,
 Instructing all her Sex to love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
 More than *Hellen* did insnare;
 Others a Princes Grandeur did admire,
 And wondring, melted to desire;
 Not only skilful *Tower* knew
 To direct Arrows from the bended Bow,
 Troy more than once did fall,
 Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.

Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
 A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?
 Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
 Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?
 Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,
 And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
 No, others buried in Oblivion lye,
 As silent as their Grave,
 Because no charitable Poet gave
 Their well-deserved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
 Are levell'd in the impartial Grave,
 If they no Poet have.

But I will lay my Musick by,
 And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lye;
 Unless n. y. Songs begin and end with you,
 To w' m my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
 No pri does with your rising Honours grow,
 You meekly look on suppliant Crowds below.

Should

Should Fortune change your happy State,
 You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
 Your equal Hand holds an unbiass'd Scale,
 Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits prevail.
 You with a gen'rous Honesty despise,
 What all the meaner World so dearly prize.

Nor does your Virtue disappear,
 With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year.
 Others, like Comets, visit and away ;
 Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
 But with the constant Sun makes an eternal day.

4.

We barbarously call those Blest,
 Who are of largest Tenements posselt,
 Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owners rest.

More truly happy those I who can
 Govern the little Empire, Man :
 Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
 Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill.
 Who spend their Treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
 By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Who in a fixt unalterable state,
 Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
 And scorn a-like her Friendship and her Hate. }
 Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,
 Loth to purchase Life so dear :
 But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
 And seal their Countries Love with their departing
 [breath.

HOR. Ode 15. Lib. 2. Imitated.

Jam paucis aratro jugera.

In sui seculi luxuriam.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Then this unweirdy Faction Town,
 To such prodigious Bulk is grown,
 It on whole Counties stands, and now
Land will be wanting for the *Plow*.
 Those remnants too the *Boors* forsake,
Frieth must the Nation undertake.

As

As in a *Plague* the Fields shall *desart* lye,
Whilst all men to the mighty *Pesthouse* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be seen,
'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green.
Lime-trees, and Plane, for *pleasure* made,
Which for their *Fruit* bear only *Shade*.
Such as do Female Men content,
With *useless* shew and *barren* scent.
The *British* Oak will shortly be as rare,
As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by these Arts, my Masters, sure
Your Fathers did those Lands procure.
They prefer'd Use to empty shew,
No softning *French* refinements knew.
Themselves, their House, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Physicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with easie sleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greatest store.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* sell.
Stately Cathedrals they did found,
Whose Ruines now deform the Ground.
Churches and Colledges endow'd with Lands,
Whose *poor* Remains fear Sacrilegious Hands.

THE

THE
SIXTEENTH ODE
OF THE
Second Book
OF
HORACE.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
Who does not wish for quiet here.

For

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since wealth and power too weak we find
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind ;
 Or from the Monarchs roofs of state
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait,

Happy the man with little blest
 Of what his Father left possess ;
 No base desires corrupt his head,
 No fears disturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend ?
 From shore to shore why should we run
 When none his tiresome self can shun ?

For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail,

'Twill

'Twill dodge the Great man's Train behind,
Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the *VVind*.

If then thy Soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to Morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates sudden blow,
Another's lingring Death comes slow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and Charions for thy ease,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

THE

THE
First Epode
OF
HORACE

1.

Then you, *Mercator*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Floor,
Expose your selves to the rough Main,
And *Cæsar's* threatening Danger meet.
VVhilst in ignoble Ease I am left behind,
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind.

2.

Pastimes and VVine, which Verse inspire,
Are tasteless all now you are gone,
Untun'd is both my mind, and Lyre,
And in full Courts I seem alone.

The

The relish you to my enjoyments give,
And life, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly live.

3.

Then should I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlass in my hand?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread scorch'd *Afric's* treacherous sand.
And I perhaps could fight, or such as I,
At least, instead of better men cou'd die.

4.

You'll say, what are my pains to you?
I'm not for War, and Action made:
Bid me my humble Care pursue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer shade.
Whilst both your great Example, and Commands
Require more active, and experienc'd hands.

5.

If you say this, you never knew,
Friendship, the noblest part of love;
What for her Fawn can the old One do
Or for her young the timorous Dove?

They're

They're more at ease, tho' helpless, being near,
And absence, even in safety, causes fear.

6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I would take:
But don't what's said on *virtues* score,
For *servile* flattery mistake.

No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I seek, nor aim so low as to be Great.

7.

I never lik'd those restless minds,
Which by mean Arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Wind*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind Heav'n assures me I shall ne'er be poor,
And O! — be damn'd to encrease his store.

They're

EPILOGUE intended to have been spoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth when Calisto was acted at Court.

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
 I'll now assume my Native shape again.
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a God to be refus'd.
 State grows uneasy when it hinders love,
 A glorious Burden, which the Wise remove.
 Now as a Nymph I need not sue nor try,
 The force of any lightning but the Eye.
 Beauty and Youth more than a God command;
 No *Jove* could e'er the force of these withstand.
 'Tis here that Sovereign Pow'r admits dispute,
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
 Our sullen *Catoes*, whatsoe'er they say,
 Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
 You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more easie make,
 And gracefully what all must suffer take.
 Above those forms the Grave affect to wear;
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.

True

True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
 And soften business with the charms of wit.
 These peaceful Triumphs with your cares you

[brought]

And from the midst of fighting Nations brought.
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the Arbiter of War.
 Peace, the loathed Manna, which hot Brains despise,
 You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity.
 Two glorious Nymphs of your one God-like line,
 Whose Morning Rays like Noontide strike and shine,
 Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes.

VIRGIL's

VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

TRANSLATED
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



Printed in the Year, 1692.



THE

First Eclogue.

By JOHN CARRILL, Esq;

THE Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the Name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general Calamity of his Mantuan Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of Cremona; who in the Civil Wars, joyned with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melibeus; as also by Amarillis, the City of Rome, by Galatea, that of Mantua are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God, and the better to set this off, he brings in Melibeus, viz. By Mantuan Neighbours, pathetically relating their own

Y 2

deple-

deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of *Tityrus*. This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men, *Virgil* shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And because Slaves did not commonly use to be enfranchis'd, till Age had made them uselefs for Labour, to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old Man, as by the Candidior Barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently appears; though in reality, *Virgil* at that time was young, and then first made known to *Augustus*, by the recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends, *Varus*, and *Mæcenas*.

TITYRUS. MELIBEVS.

MELIBEVS.

I N peaceful Shades, which aged Oaks diffuse,
 You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.
 We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,
 The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
 While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
 And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITT

T I T Y R U S.

A God (to me he always shall be so)

O *Melibæus* ! did this Grace bestow.

The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed ;

He every Blessing on his Creatures brings ;

By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-
(man sings.

M E L I B Æ U S.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate, (State

Which thus exempts you from our wretched
Look on my Goats that browze, my Kids that
(play,

Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,

And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,

(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair !)

Has left 'em in yond Brakes, beside the way,

Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of prey.

Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,

This dire Calamity I had divin'd.

'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudest Voice,

Rending our tallest Oaks with dismal noise :

Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow Tree were heard to groan.
But say ; What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd ?

TITRUS.

The Place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd,
Was like our *Mantua*, where, on Market-days,
We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds
(praise ;)
So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,
And so the great I measur'd by the less.
But other Towns when you to her compare,
They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

MELIBEUS.

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

TITRUS.

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come ;
She came not till cold Winter did begin,
And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin ;
Nor then, till *Galatea* I forfook,
For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look,
No hope for Liberty, I must confess,
No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,

Whilst

Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain :
For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,
Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,
Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,
Yet still with empty Hands I trotted home.

MELIBBEUS.

I wonder'd (*Galatea*!) whence should come,
Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long
Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung?
Absent was *Tityrus*! Thee every Dale,
Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITYRUS.

What should I do? I could not here be free,
And only in that place could hope to see
A God propitious to my Liberty,
There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold
Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold,
My loaded Altars never shall be cold.
He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed
In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man ! thy Farm untoucht remains,
 And large enough ; though it may ask thy pains,
 To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains.
 Thy teeming Ewes will no strange Pastures try,
 No murrain fear from tainted Company.

Thrice happy Swain ! guarded from *Sirian* beams,
 By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
 Look on that bordering Fence, whose *Osier* Trees
 Are fraught with Flowers, whose Flowers are
 (fraught with Bees :

How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
 (Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare !
 At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
 The Wood-men joyns with these his rustick

(Songs :
 Stock-Doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
 Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note. (Throat,

TITRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall Dwellers change,
 Fish on dry Ground, Stags shall on Water range :

The
 The

The *Parthians* shall commute their bounds with
 (Franks,
 Those shall on *Seas*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,
 Ere I his God-like Image from my Heart,
 Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we must come to Parts remote, unknown,
 Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
 These frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* those,
Cretan Oaxis others must inclose:
 Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,
 Doom'd to an Isle, from all the World disjoyn'd.
 Ah! must I never more my Country see,
 But in strange Lands an endless Exile be?
 Is my eternal Banishment decreed, (Reed?
 From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and
 Must impious Soldiers all these Grounds possess,
 My Fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes?
 Did I for these *Barbarians* plow and sow?
 What dire effects from civil Discord flow!

Graft

Graft Pears (O *Melibœus* !) plant the Vine !
 The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine.
 Farewell my Goats ! a happy Herd, when mine !
 No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade
 Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
 Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
 The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
 I part with every Joy, parting from you ;
 Then farewell all the World ! Verses and Pipe,
 (adieu !

TITRUS.

At least this Night with me forget your care ;
 Chesnuts, and well-press'd Cheese shall be your Fare,
 For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
 And curling Smoak from Village tops ascends.

THE

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Englished by Mr. Tate.

A Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Master's Joy.
No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where shady Beeches grew :
Where stretcht on Earth, alone he thus complains,
And in these accents tells the Groves his pains.
Cruel *Alexis*! hast thou no remorse?
Must I expire, and have my Songs no force?
'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.
The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.
While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and
Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,
Heat only known to Locusts and to me,
Oh was it not much better to sustain,
The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign?

Or

Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway,
 Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more
 (fair than Day.

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,
 The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm :
 Thou both disdainst my Person and my Flame,
 Without so much as asking who I am !
 How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
 Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies flow.
 A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,
 And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.
 Besides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I sing,
 That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring,
 Nor am I so deform'd ; for t'other day,
 When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
 As on the Clifts, above the Sea I stood,
 I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood ;
 And if I look as handsome all the Year,
 To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear,
 Ah wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,
 And love, like me, to wound the Stag in flight !

Where

Where wholsome Mallows grow our Kids to
 (drive,
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!
 From *Pan* the Reeds first use the Shepherd knew,
 'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
 Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
 Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.
 What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
 For half the Noble Skill I offer you?
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave;
 And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then stood by, and did repine:
 Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,
 With streak of lovely White enamel'd o'er;
 Who drain the bagging Udder twice a day,
 And both at home for thy acceptance stay.
 Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she
 Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts and
 Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
 The richest Presents that the Spring can make.

See

See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee;
 Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she.
 With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
 A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd.
 My self with downy Peaches will appear,
 And Chesnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear:
 I'll crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
 Together bound, because their sweets agree.
 Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
 Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won:
 Nor canst thou hope, if gifts his Mind cou'd sway,
 That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
 Ah me! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
 Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Boars bewire my
 (Streams.
 Whom fly'st thou? Gods themselves have had
 In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboard,
 Let *Pallas* in the Towns she built, reside,
 To me a Grove's worth all the World beside:
 Lyons chase Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,
 That very Kid seeks Heaths of flow'ring time,

While

While *Corydon* pursues with equal flame;
Alexis, thee; each has his several Game.
 See how the Ox unyokt brings home the Plow,
 The Shades increasing as the Sun goes low.
 Blest Fields reliev'd by Nights approach so soon,
 Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!
 Ah *Corydon*! what frenzy fills thy brest?
 Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.
 Luxurious sprouts shut out their ripening Ray,
 The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away,
 Recal thy Senses, and to work with speed,
 Of many Utensils thou stand'st in need.
 Fall to thy Labour, quit the peevish Boy;
 Time, or some new desire shall this destroy.

THE

THE
SECOND ECLOGUE.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

*The Shepherd Corydon wooes Alexis, but finding he
could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Affairs,
and forget his Passion.*

ALEXIS.

Y Oung Corydon (hard Fate) an humble Swain
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain;
He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
Cruel Alexis! can't my Verses move!
Hast thou not pitty? must I die for Love?
Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:
Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,
And brings their Meat, their Oni

And whilst I trace thy steps, in every Tree
 And every Bush, poor Insects sigh with me:
 And had it not been better to have born
 The peevish *Amaryllis's* Frown and Scorn,
 Or else *Mentecas*, than this deep despair?
 Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!
 Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
 Trust not too much, sweet Youth, to that fair Face;
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,
 We gather Black-berries when we scorn the white:
 Thou dost despise me, Thou dost scorn my flame,
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am:
 A thousand tender Lambs, a thousand Kine,
 A thousand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
 My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
 Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds:
 I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;
 Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,
 And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
 And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,
 As fair as *Daphni's*, if that Glass be true.

Z

Oh

Oh that with me, the humble Plains would please
 The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
 Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
 Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling Snare!
 Then you and I would sing like *Pan* in shady
 Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep, and harmless Shepherd loves.
 Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,
 To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
 I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd;
 Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
 He said, here, take it for a Legacy,
 Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
 He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me:
 Besides, I found two wanton Kids at play
 In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,
 Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,
 Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you:
 These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
 But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain:

Come

Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
 With Poppy, Violer, and Daffadil,
 The Rose, and thousand other fragrant Flowers,
 To please thy Senses in thy softest hours;
 These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
 Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy,
 I'll seek for Chestnuts too in every Grove,
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
 The glossie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
 Delightful All, and many a pretty thing,
 The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree,
 Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree
 (thee,
 And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to
 Ah *Corydon*! Thou art a foolish Swain,
 And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts disdain;
 Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could wooe,
Iolas can present him more than you.
 What doth the mad Man mean? He idly brings
 Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
 Ah! whom dost thou avoid? whom fly? the Gods
 And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:

Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,
 Live there, let us delight in Woods alone :
 The Boar, the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,
 The Kid her Thyme, as fast as to'ther do's,
Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,
 Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own :
 Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
 The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now :
 And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,
 Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love !
 Ah *Corydon* ! what fury's this of thine !
 On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine :
 Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare
 Thy harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,
 Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find
 Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE
THRID ECLOGUE.
Or PALEMÓN.

Englished by Mr. Creech.

Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager; Palemon coming that way by chance, is chosen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controversie.

MENALCAS.

Tell me *Dametas*, tell whose Sheep these are?

DAMETAS.

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care,

MENALCAS.

Whilst he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I shall prove the happier Swain.
Poor Sheep! whilst he his hopeless Love pursues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ewes;

The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins swigg the Teat,
But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool design'd,
And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

(Clown,
Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the
Spoil *Mico's* Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where those old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphni's* Arrows and his Bow,
You saw them given to the lovely Boy,
Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his Joy,
But hopes of sweet revenge thy Life supply'd,
And hadst thou not done mischief thou hadst dy'd:

MENALCAS.

What will not Master Shepherds dare to do,
When their base slaves pretend so much as you?
Did not I see, not I, you pilfering Sot,
When you lay close, and snapt rich *Damon's* Goat?

His

His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, see,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won :
This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he lost.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him ! thou never hadst a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with Wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under Hedges to the long-ear'd Rout,
We're wont, dull Fool, to toot a schreeching Note :

DAMETAS.

And shall we have a Trial of our Skill ?
I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves she suckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails ; Now speak, what dare you lay ?

MENALCAS.

I cannot stake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but small my Stock :
Besides, my Father's covetously cross,
My Stepdame curst, and they will find the loss :

Z 4

For

For both strict Eyes o'er all my actions keep,
 One counts my Kids, and both twice count my
 (Sheep :

But yet I'll lay what you must grant as good,
 (Since you will lose) two Cups of Beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work Divine,
 And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine ;
 So curiously he hits the various shapes,
 And with pale Ivy cloaths the blushing Grapes ;
 It doth my Eyes, and all my Friends delight,
 I'm sure your Mouth must water at the sight :
 Within two Figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't ? that made the Sphear, }
 And shew'd the various Seasons of the year, }
 What time to shear our Sheep, what time to plow,
 'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

D A M E T A S.

Alcimedon too made me two Beechen Pots,
 And round the Handles wrought smooth Ivy-
 (knots ;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around,
 With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.

I never us'd them, never brought them forth;
But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

MENALCAS.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by;
See, 'tis *Palemon*; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

DAMETAS.

Begin, I'll not refuse the skilful'st Swain,
I scorn to turn my back for any Man;
I know my self; but pray judicious Friend,
('Tis no small matter) carefully attend.

PALEMON.

Since we have chosen a convenient place,
Since Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields
(with Grass;
The Trees with Fruit, the Year seems fine and gay,
Dametas first, then next *Menalcas* play,
By turns, for Verse the Muses love by turns.

DAMETAS.

My Muse begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
The God loves me, and doth my Verses love.

ME-

MENALCAS.

And *Phæbus* mine : on *Phæbus* I'll bestow,
The blushing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

DAMETAS.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o'er the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Passion tell,
Our Dogs scarce know my *Delia* half so well.

DAMETAS.

I'll have a Gift for *Phillis* e'er be long,
I know were Stock-doves build, I'll take their

MENALCAS. (young.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I sent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

DAMETAS.

(Love!

What things my Nymph did speak ; what tales of
Winds bear their Musick to the Gods above.

MENALCAS.

What boot's it Boy, you not condemn my flame ?
Since whilst I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

DAME-

D A M E T A S.

My Birth-day comes, send *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing-time, *Iolas* come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She sigh'd, farewell, dear Youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

(blown,
Wolves ruin Flocks, Wind Trees, when newly
Storms Corn, and me my *Amirylli's* Frown.

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the Corn, Kids browse the tender
The Goats love fallow; fair *Amyntas* me. (Tree,

D A M E T A S.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a rustick Song,
Muse feeds a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,
Muse feed the Bulls that push, and spurn the Sand.

D A M E T A S.

Let *Pollio* have what e'er thy wish provokes,
Myrth from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

M E-

MENALCAS.

He that loves *Bavins* Songs, may fancy thine,
The same may couple Wolves, and shear his Swine.

DAMETAS.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

DAMETAS.

Kids from the River drive, and sling your Hook;
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk-maid stroaks an empty Teat.

DAMETAS.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure these feel none of Loves devouring flames,
Meer skin & bone, & yet they drain their Dams:
Ah me! what Sorceress has bewitch'd my Lambs!

D.A.

DAMETAS.

Tell me where Heaven is just three Inches broad,
And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God :

MENALCAS.

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising Flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phillis* shall be yours.

PALEMON.

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,
For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.
Rest equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,
Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk
(enough.

THE

THE
FOURTH ECLOGUE
POLLIO.

Englisht by Mr. Dryden.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Salonius, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.

Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain! (the Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's care.
The last great Age foretold by sacred Rhymes,
Renews its finish'd Course, Saturnian times
Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.

The

The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends ;
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends ;
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mothers pains,
 And haste the glorious Birth ; thy own *Apello*
 (reigns !

The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace ;
 Majestick Months set out with him to their ap-
 (pointed Race.

The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore,
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes see.
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,
 And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring)
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.

The Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward
 (speed,
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lyons feed.

His

His Cradle shall with rising Flow'rs be crown'd ;
 The Serpents Brood shall die : the sacred Ground
 Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear,
 But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,
 And from it to Hereditary Praise,
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn:
 The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,
 And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold
 (shall creep,
 Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,
 The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :
 Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round ;
 And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground,
 Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,
 Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore
 Shall land the chosen Chiefs :
 Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate:
 And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan*
 But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,
 The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego ;

No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil shall every Product bear.

The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn, (Vine;
No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the
Nor Wooll shall in dissembled colours shine. }

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,
Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to awful Honours move,
O of Coelestial Stem! O foster Son of *Jove*!

See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain
The nodding frame of Heav'n, & Earth, and Main;
See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, stand crowding to
(appear.

To sing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong
Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song;

Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:

A a

Though

Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire ;
The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phaëbus* tune the

(Lyre.

Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about

Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother
(single out ;

Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,

The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and

(Travail to requite.

Then smile ; the frowning Infants Doom is read,

No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless

(the Bed.

THE

THE
FIFTH ECLOGUE.
DAPHNIS.

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

M*Opſus*, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your Age commands Reſpect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern Winds the bending Branches ſhake,
And in their play the Shades uncertain make :

Or whether to that silent Cave you go,
The better choice ! see how the wild Vines grow,
Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,
And in the Cave their purple clusters shed !

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOP S U S.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too ?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame
Of dying *Phyllis*, whether *Alcon's* fame,
Or *Codrus's* Brawls thy willing Muse provoke ;
Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOP S U S.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
And set to sweetest Notes ; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you *Amyntas* sing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous Blushes of the Rose ;

Or

Or bending Oſiers to the Olive Tree;
So much, I judge, *Armenia* yields to thee.

M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Diſcourſe, here put an end,
This is the Cave, ſit and my Verſe attend.

M O P S U S.

When the ſad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
The pitying Nymphs diſſolv'd in pious Tears.
Witness, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
Witness, you Floods, ſworn with their weeping
The mournful Mother (on his body caſt) (Eyes.
The ſad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty Herds to the cool River drive;
The generous Horſe turn'd from freſh Streams his
And on the ſweeteſt Graſs refus'd to feed. (head,
Daphnis, thy death, even fierceſt Lions mourn'd,
And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceneſs broke,
And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke:

Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain
 The Revels of his consecrated Train ;
 The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
 And their long Spears with clustered branches
 (bound,

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
 As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn ;
 Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all
 That glori'd to be thine : since thy sad Fall,
 No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,
 And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.
 Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,
 Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow ;
 And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,
 The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.
 Come Shepherds strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd
 (ground,

The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround;
Daphnis these Rites requires: to *Daphni's* praise
 Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,

*Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis lie ;
 Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.*

ME-

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse;
 As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass,
 As freshest Springs that through green Meadows

(pass

To one that's parch'd with thirst and summers heat,
 In thee thy Master does his equal meet:

Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
 Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing:

I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,

I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,

Will raise; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire?

For neither can there be a subject higher,

Nor, if the praise of *Stimichon* be true,

Can it be better sung than 'tis by you?

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious show,
 Through Heavens bright Pavement does trium-
 phantly go, (phant go,
 And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt Stars
 (below:)

Therefore new Joys make glad the Woods, the
 Plains,

Pan and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.

The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay,

No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray,

Daphnis a general Peace commands, and Nature

(does obey.

Hark! the glad Mountains raise to Heaven their W

(Voices!

Hark! the hard Rocks in mystick tunes rejoyce!

Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs

(resound.

A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is crown'd!

O be propitious! O be good to thine!

See! here four hallow'd Altars we design,

To

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,
 To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise:
 Sacred to Thee they each returning year
 Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl shall bear:
 Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise
 Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raise,
 Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,
 And give a taste of *Nectar* here below.
Dametas shall with *Lidian* *Ægon* joyn,
 To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.
Alphisthenes with a reeling Gate,
 Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.
 When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
 When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,
 These Honours ever shall be Thine; The Bore
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more;
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,
 Ere *Daphnis* we forget our Songs to Thee:
 Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,
 Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.

To

To Thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are
 (not paid.

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse, can *Mopsus* find?
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern Wind
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
 Not sounding shores beat by the murmuring tide,
 Nor Rivers that through stony Valleys glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take: and 'tis the same
 That play'd poor *Corydon's* unhappy Flame: *Ecl. 2.*
 The same that taught me *Melibæus's* Sheep. *Ecl. 3.*

M O P S U S.

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,
 Adorn'd with Brass, which I have oft deni'd
 To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
 And who wou'd think he then in vain could sue?
 Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

THE
SIXTH ECLOGUE.
SILENUS.

Englished by the Earl of Roscomon.

My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latine, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.

I First of Romans stoop'd to Rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among ¹ Sicilian Swains;
When my ² Thalia rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuse,
And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks should feed,
 And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
 To write thy Praises *Varus*, and thy Wars)
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,
 And every Grove and every Eccho ring,
Phœbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
 And none who under that Protection came,
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muse.

Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*, chanc'd to stray,
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
 And always boyl in each extended Vein;
 His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use;

Drop'd

Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they
 bound;
 Eager, for both had been deluded long
 With fruitless hope of his Instructive Song:
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Egle, the fairest * *Nymph* of the Flood,
 With a Vermilion Dye his Temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,
 (She shall be satisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
 The knotty Oaks their listning branches bow'd,
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For lo! he sung the Worlds stupendious Birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
 And purer Fire, through universal Night,
 And empty space did fruitfully unite,

From

From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;
How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight;
How Vapor turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,
And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty Ground supply;
How the first Forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown
(Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,
And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire
* Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly Fire)
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endless Prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay. (tell
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
Into whose Arms the lovely * *Hylas* fell ;

Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with compassion told *Pasiphae's* fault,
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty
 (thought?)

The 10 Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
 And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat. (stray,
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains
 He on soft Flowers his snowy side does lay;
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
 Surround my Nymphs, she cries, surround the Grove;
 Perhaps some footsteps printed in the Clay,
 Will to my Love direct our wandering way;
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam;
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,

And

And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th' ambitious Brother
(burn'd
All he describ'd was present to their Eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will
Guide wandring ¹¹ *Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill :
(Which place the God for solemn Meetings chose)
With deep respect the learn'd Senate rose,
And ¹² *Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd :
This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,
To this, the Muses Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song,
Charm'd by these strings Trees starting from the
(Ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound,
Thus consecrated thy ¹³ *Grynean* Grove
Shall have no equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why should I speak of the "*Megarian Maid*,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?

And

And ¹⁵ her, who round with barking Monsters
(arm'd,
The wandering *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd ;
¹⁶ Whose only hope on shatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her
(own.

Whatever near ¹⁷ *Eurotas's* happy stream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And send his Mystick numbers through the Sky,
Till Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, (resign'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmuring World

POSTSCRIPT.

1. **Sicilian**——*Virgil* in his *Eclogue*, imitates *Theocritus* a *Sicilian Poet*.
2. **Thalia**——The name of the Rural Muse.
3. **Varus**——A great Favourite of *Augustus*, the same that was kill'd in *Germany*, and lost the Roman Legions.
4. **Chromis** and **Mnasilus**——Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
5. **They bound**——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
6. **Nais**——The Latin word for a water-Nymph.
7. **Vermilion Dye**——The colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd best.
8. **Rival'd the Sun**——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Industry of *Pomethus* (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Ov. 2. M.*

9. *Hylas*——Favourite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole him away: I use the word *resounds* (in the Present Tence) because *Strabo* (who lived at the same time as *Virgil*) seems to intimate, that the *Prussians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.
10. *The Maids of Argos*———Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argos*, who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to *Juno's*, who in revenge, struck them with such Madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reason, Black Hellebore is called *Melampodion*.
11. *Gallus*———an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil*, he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same *Gallus* you read of in the last Eclogue: And *Suidas* says, that *Virgil* means him by *Aristæus*, in the divine Conclusion of his *Georgicks*.
12. *Linus*, Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.
13. *The Grynæan Grove*—— Consecrated to *Apollo*; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*.

14. *The Megarian Maid*——*Sylla*, Daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.

15. *Her who round*——another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and she, in despair, flung her self into the Sea.

16. *Whose only Hope*——*Ulysses's* Ships were not lost, though *Scylla* devoured several of his Men.

17. *Eurotas*——a River in Greece whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.

THE

THE
SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

Englished by Mr. Adams.

*This Eclogue is wholly Pastoral, and consists of the
Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrsis and Co-
ridon, to the hearing of which, Melibæus was in-
vited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.*

MELIBÆUS.

W^Hile *Daphnis* late beneath a whisp'ring
(shade,
Thyrsis and *Coridon* together fed (Wooll
Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with softest
Where cloath'd, his Goats of sweetest Milk were
(full.
Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of blest *Arcadia* both;
Each with like Art, his tuneful Voice cou'd raise,
Each answer readily in Rural Lays;

Hither the father of my Flock had stray'd,
 While Shelters I for my young Myrtles made;
 Here I fair *Daphnis* saw; when me he spy'd,
 Come hither quickly, gentle Youth! he cry'd.
 Your Goat and Kids are safe, O seek not those,
 But if you've leisure in this Shade repose:
 Hither to water, the full Heifers tend, (scend,
 When length'ning Shadows from the Hills de-
Mincius with Reeds here interweaves his bounds,
 And from that sacred Oak, a busie swarm resounds.
 What should I do? nor was *Alcippe* there,
 Nor *Phyllis*, who might of my Lambs take care;
 Yet to my business, I their sports prefer,
 For the two Swains with great Ambition strove,
 Who best could tune his Reed, or best could sing
 (his Love;
 Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose;
 In verse alternate each quick fancy flows;
 These sang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrsis* those. }

CORIDON.

Ye much lov'd Muses! such a Verse bestow,
 As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,

Or

Or if all can't obtain the Gift Divine,
My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

THYRSIS.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spite be torn;
Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,
Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

CORIDON.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars Head,
By little *Mycon's*, on thy Altar laid :
If this continue, *Delia* ! thou shalt stand
Of smoothest Marble by the skilfulst hand.

THYRSIS.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus*, every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
Thou'rt a Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea* ! sweet as *Hyblas* Thyme ; (Prime.
White as, more white, than Swans are in their
Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e'er thy *Coridon's* thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harsh as bitterest Herbs appear,
 Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-Weeds are;
 If years seem longer than this tedious day,
 Haste home my Glutton Herd, haste haste away.

CORIDON.

Ye Mossie Springs! ye Pastures! softer far
 Than thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,
 Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
 On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here on my Hearth a constant flame does play,
 And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
 Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
 As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number
 (mind.

CORIDON.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
 While their ripe Fruit lies scatter'd on each side;
 All nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay,
 From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

The dying Grass, with sickly Air does fade,
 No Field's unparcht, no Vines our Hills do shade;
 But if my *Phillis* come all sprouts again,
 And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly Rain.

CORIDON.

Bacchus the Vine, the Lawrel *Phæbus* loves,
 Fair *Venus* cherishes the Myrtle Groves, (Tree,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that
 Myrtles and Lawrels of less fame shall be.

THYRSIS.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
 The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods;
 If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou see,
 To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

These I remember well
 While vanquisht *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,
 Thence *Coridon*, young *Coridon*, does reign
 The best the sweetest on our wondring Plain.

THE

THE
EIGHTH ECLOGUE.
PHARMACEUTRIA.

Englished by Mr. Stafford.

S Ad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Muse
 I sing: to hear whose Notes the Herds refuse.
 Their needful food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,
 And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise. }
 I sing sad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Layes;
 And Thou (whatever part is blest with thee,
 The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
 Smile on my Verse: is there in fate an hour
 To swell my numbers with my Emperour?
 There is, and to the World there shall be known
 A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.
 Amidst the Laurels on thy Front Divine
 Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine: (thine. }
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be)

Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,
 And well pleas'd Herds yet rould upon the dew;
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
 And sung, Rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
 Rise, rise, while *Nisa's* fallhood I deplore,
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and Me. (mony.
 To *Manalas* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

On *Manalas* stand ever-echoing Groves,
 Still trusted with the harmless Shepherds loves:
 Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and Verse
 (agree.
 To *Manalas* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-
 (mony.

Mopsus is *Nisa's* choice; how just are Lovers fears?
 Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years
 Shall see the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
 O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, and fling
 Thy Nuts, see modest *Hesper* quits the Sky. (mony.
 To *Manalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

O happy Nymph, blest in a wondrous choice,
 For *Mopsus* you contemn'd my Verse and Voice:
 For him my Beard was shaggy in your Eye;
 For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. (mony.
 To *Menalmus* my Pipes & Muse tune all your har-)

When first I saw thee young and charming too,
 'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
 My thirteenth year was downy on my chin, (win;
 And hardly could my hands the lowest branches
 How did I gaze? how did I gazing die? (mony.
 To *Menalmus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

I knew thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
 And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed:
 Hard soul'd, and not of humane Progeny. (mony.
 To *Menalmus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
 Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children slew:

Was

Was she more cruel, or more impious he?
 An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she.
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your
 (harmony.)

Now let the Lamb and Wolf, no more be foes,
 Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose;
 From Reeds and Thistles, Balm and Amber spring,
 And Owls and Daws provoke the Swan to sing:
 Let *Tityrus* in Woods with *Orpheus* vie,
 And soft *Arion* on the Waves descie; (harmony.)
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods:
 From yon high Cliff, I'll plung into the Floods:
 O *Nisa* take this dismal Legacy; (mony)
 Now cease my Pipes and Muse, cease all your bar

Thus He, *Alphesibæus* Song rehearse:
 Ye sacred Nine above my Rural Verse;
 Bring Water, Altars bind with mystick Bands;
 Burn Gums and Vervain, and lift high the Wands;

Well

We'll mutter sacred Magick till it warms
 My icy Swain; 'tis Verse we want; my charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

By charms compell'd the trembling Moon de-
 scends,
 And *Circe* chang'd, by Charms, *Ulysse's* friends;
 By Charms the Serpent burst: ye pow'rful Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
 Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.
 Unequal numbers please the Gods: my Charms
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Three knots of treble colour'd Silk we tye;
 Haste *Amaryllis*, knit 'em instantly:
 And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains; my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Just as before this Fire the Wax and Clay
 One melts, one hardens, let him waste away.
 Strew Corn and Salt, & burn those leaves of Bay.

I burn these Leaves, but he burns me: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage as when the bellowing Kind,
Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find
Their Mates; when tir'd, their trembling Limbs
(they lay
Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day:
Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swains,
Which to the Earth I cast: ah dear remains!
Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Mæris himself these Herbs from *Pontus* brought;
Pontus for every noble Poyson sought;
Aided by these, he now a Wolf becomes,
Now draws the buried stalking from their Tombs.
The Corn from field to field transports: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Cast

Cast o'er your Head the Ashes in the Brook,
 Cast backwark o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
 I strive, but Gods and Art he flights: my Charms,
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold new flames from the dead Ashes rise,
 Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies,
 For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our Eyes?
 Or do we Lovers dream? cease, cease, my Charms,
 My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my
 (Arms.

The same ECLOGUE,

By Mr. Chetwood.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Love's recite,
 The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight:
 Whom as they strove, the listening Heifers stood,
 Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;

They

They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves, and led
The wandering Rivers from their wonted Bed,

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,

The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with victorious Troops pass o'er
Timavus Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore;

Shall I beginning with these Rural lays,

Ever my Muse to such perfection raise,

As without rashness to attempt your praise?

And thro' the subject World your Deeds rehearse,
Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse!

My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring

You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.

Mean while among your Lawrel Wreaths allow

This Ivy Branch to shade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun dispell'd the shades of Night,
Whilst dewy browze the Cattel does invite;

When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan
The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thus drowsie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day;
Whilst I by *Nisa* baff'd and betray'd,
Dying to Heaven, accuse the perjur'd Maid.
But Prayers are all lost Breath; the Powers above
Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a most blessed place, that *Arcady*!
And Shepherds bless'd, who in those Coverts lie!
Musick and Love is all their business there,
Pan doth himself part in those Consorts bear:
The vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopsus does *Nisus* a cheap Conquest gain,
 Presented, wou'd, betroth'd to me in vain,
 What hour secure, what respite to his Mind
 In this false World can a poor Lover find?
 Let Griffins, Mares, and Eagles Turtles wooe,
 And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs pursue,
 These may indeed subject of wonder prove,
 But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.
Mopsus buy Torches: *Hymen* you must joyn;
 Bespeak our *Bride-cake*, *Hesperus* all is thine.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.
 A worthy Match, and just reward of Pride!
 Whilst you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
 Too long my Beard, nor smooth enough my Face:
 And with my Person, you my Flocks disgrace.
 There are revenging Gods, proud Nymphs, there are,
 And injur'd Love is Heav'n's peculiar care.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought
 Your Mother you into our Garden brought,
 And ruddy wildings round the Hedges sought,
 The fairest Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
 (The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you
 I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away,
 Me, and my Flocks, & all my Life that minute lead

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As Pan our Patron taught th' Arcadian Swains,

Now Love I know you, for my self, too late
 But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate,

Trust not this flattering Voice, or smiling Face,
 A Canibal, or born in rocky Thrace,

Not one of us, nor like the British Race,
 She Wolves gave suck to the pernicious Boy,
 The Shepherds be, they do the Flocks destroy.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,
 As Pan our Patron taught th' Arcadian Swains,

Mischief is all his Sport; at his Commands,
 In her Sons Blood Medea bath'd her hands;

A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,
 But *Love*, that Cruelty she learn'd of *you*.
 Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
 Now into all extravagance will run:
 The Tamarisk bright Amber shall distil,
 And the course Alder bear soft Daffadil.
 Shortly the Screech-Owl, with her boading Throat,
 The *Swans* shall *Rival* in their *dying* note,
S..... and *O.....* the Bays shall claim,
 And equal *Dr.....* and *Ros.....*'s Fame.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the Work sink with me! farewell ye Groves,
 Haunts of my Youth, and Conscious of my Loves:
 Down from the Precipice my self I'll cast,
 Accept this present *Nisa* — 'tis my last.

Then cease, my Flute, for ever cease thy strains,
 Bid a sad silence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

By Mr. Dryden.

When Virgil by the Favour of Augustus had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour in Reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Eclogue therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the Persons introduc'd, are the Dry-liff of Virgil, and his Friend.

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO, Moeris! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O Lycidas at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in surly tone
 Cries out, Pack up ye Rascals and be gone.
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,
 And these two Kids, to' appease his angry Mood
 I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
 That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale,
 And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhimes
 Prevail, as much in these hard Iron times,
 As would a plume of trembling Fowl, that rise
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak
 Of an old Raven from a hallow Oak,
 To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,
 And *Moeris* not surviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
 So far, the sacred Muses to assail?

Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse
 The Waters gliding in a smoother Verse !
 Or *Amaryllis* praise that heavenly Jay,
 That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way;
 O *Tityrus*, tend my Herd and see them fed
 To Morning Pastures Evening Waters led :
 And ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read ;
 Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs (Tow'rs,
 Preserve our Plains, and shield the *Mantuan*
 Obnoxious by *Cremonas* neighb'ring Crime,)
 The Wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd
 (Rhyme,
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above
 Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
 So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid :
 So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend,
 And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend ;

Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
 At least the Shepherds seem to like my lays,
 But I discern their flattery from their praise:
 I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varro's* dare aspire;
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like
 Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
 Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar kind.
 Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas for sake,
 What pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse
 (murmurs make?
 See on the Shore inhabits purple spring;
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick ditty sing;
 See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs
 (the Ground
 The Grottoes cool, with shady Poplars crown'd,
 And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around.
 Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
 Let the wild surges vainly beat the shore.

LYCIDA

Or that sweet Song I heard with such delight;
The same you sung alone one starry Night;
The tune I still retain, but not the words.

MOERIS

Why, *Daphnis*, dost thou search in old Records,
To know the seasons when the Stars arise?

See *Cæsars* Lamp is lighted in the Skies:

The Star, whose Rays the blushing Grapes adorn,
And swell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.

Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;

Thy Childrens Children shall enjoy the Fruit.

The rest I have forgot, for Cares and Time

Change all things, and untune my Soul to rhyme:

I could have once sung down a Summers Sun,

But now the Chime of Poetry is done.

My Voice grows hoarse; I feel the Notes decay,

As if the Wolves had seen me first to day.

But these, and more than I to mind can bring,

Menalcas has not yet forgot to sing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more ;
 And now the Waves roul silent to the shore.
 Hush ! Winds the topmost Branches scarcely bend
 As if thy tuneful Song they did attend :
 Alcady we have half our way o'ercome ;
 Far off I can discern *Bianor's* Tomb ; (Bow'r
 Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a
 Of wreathing Trees, in singing waste an hour.
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
 We've day before us, yet to reach the Town :
 Or if ere night the gathering Clouds we fear,
 A Song will help the beating storm to bear,
 And that: thou maist not be too late abroad,
 Sing, and I'll ease thy Shoulders of thy load.

MOERIS.

Cease to entreat me, let us mind our way ;
 Another Song requires another day.
 When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
 And find a friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

LYCIDA 2.

THE
TENTH ECLOGUE.

GALLUS.

Englisht by Mr. Stafford.

Sicilian Nymph, assist my mournful strains;
The last I sing in Rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verse so tender and so true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a Verse to Grief and *Gallus* due?
So, when thy Waters pass beneath the Tide,
Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapless Vows;
While, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browse:
Nothing is deaf; Woods listen, while they sing,
And echoing Groves resound and Mountains ring.

Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
 When to unpitied flames he was betray'd?
 Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
 Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay:
 The Bays, whose honours he so long had kept,
 The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
 When stretcht beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,
 The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,
 And cold *Lycaeus* wept from every stone.
 His Flock surrounded him: nor think thy fame
 Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
 Ere thou and I our Sheep to Pastures led,
 His Flocks the Goddess lov'd *Adonis* fed.
 The Shepherds came; the sluggish Neat-herd
 (Swains,
 And Swine-herds reeking from their Malt and
 (Grains.
 All askt from whence this frenzy? *Phaebus* came
 To see his Poet, *Phaebus* askt the same:

And

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
 Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare
 The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms

(Of War)
Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;

A Wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.

Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,

His Skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue:

He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue?

Nor satisfy'd with Dew the Grass appears,

With browse the Kids, nor cruel Love with Tears.

When thus (and sorrow melted in his Eyes)

Gallus to his *Arcadian* friends replies:

Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,

(For you *Arcadian* Swains shou'd sing alone:)

How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,

If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?

O that your birth and business had been mine,

To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine!

Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been

My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,

(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?)
 Secure in that unenvied state, among
 The Poplars, I my careless Limbs had flung;
 Phillis had made me Wreaths, and Galatea sung.
 Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country
 The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the
 (laughing Fields
 Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see,
 Where I could melt away my years with Thee.
 But furious Love denies me soft repose,
 And hurls me on the pointed Spears of Foes.
 While thou (but ah! that I should find it so,
 Without thy Gallus for thy Guide, dost go
 Through all the German Colds, and Alpine Snow.
 Yet, flying me, no hardship maist thou meet;
 Nor Snow nor Ice offend those tender Feet.
 But let me run to Desarts, and rehearse
 On my Sicilian Reeds Euphorion's Verse;
 Ev'n in the Dens of Monsters let me lie,
 Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.

On

On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe;
 And as the rinds encrease, the love shall grow.
 Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* resort,
 I'll make the Boar my danger and my sport.
 When, from the Vales the jolly cry resounds,
 What rain or cold shall keep me from my Hounds?
 Methinks my Ears the sprightly consort fills;
 I seem to bound thro' Woods and mount o'er Hills.
 My Arm of a *Cyclonian* Javelin seiz'd,
 As if by this my madness could be eas'd;
 Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
 My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verse
 (I hate,
 And Woods; for ah, what toil can stubborn
 (Love abate!
 Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebras* go,
 And shiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
 Or to the swarthy *Ethiops* Clime remove,
 Parcht all below, and burning all above,
 Ev'n there wou'd Love o'ercome; then, let us
 (yield to Love.

Let this sad Lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,
 While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd :
 My Rural Numbers, in their homely guise,
Gallus, because they came from me, will prize :
Gallus, whose growing Love my Breast does rend,
 As shooting Trees the bursting Bark distend.
 Now rise, for Night and Dew the Fields invade ;
 And *Juniper* is an unwholesome shade :
 Blasts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with
 (Mildew fade :

Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar ; away
 My Kid, for you have had a feast to day

THE

THE
LAST ECLOGUE,

Translated, or rather Imitated,
in the Year 1666.

O Ne labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield
Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
Some Verses to my *Gallus* ere we part,
Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
As she did his, who can refuse a Song,
To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!
So may'st thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,
When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.
Begin and sing *Gallus*, unhappy fires,
Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires
Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;
An answer comes from every trembling Leaf.
What Woods, what Forests had intic'd your stay?
Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?

When

When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnassus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
 To stop your course ; nor could your hasty flight
 Be stay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
 Him the fresh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath
 Bewail'd with dewy Tears ; his parting Breath
 Made lofty *Menalus* hang his piny Head ;
Lycean Marbles wept when he was dead.
 Under a lovely Tree he lay and pin'd,
 His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
 As he on love ; such kind and gentle Sheep,
 Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.
 There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
 Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Frost and Winds.
 All ask him whence, for whom this fatal Love,
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove ?
 Why *Gallus* ? why so fond, he says, thy flame,
 Thy care, *Licoris*, is another's game ;
 For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues
 Thorough the mid-day heats and morning-dews ;
 Over the snowy Cliffs and frozen Streams,
 Through noisy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams.

She has left thee. Still lay the dropping Swain
 Hanging his mournful head, *Phæbus* in vain
 Offers his Herbs, employs his Counsel here ;
 'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear. (Trees
 What shakes the Branches ! what makes all the
 Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees ?
 Oh ! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his mossie Beard
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
 Of Wood-born Satyrs ; see ! he shakes his Spear,
 A green young Oak, the tallest of the year.
Pan, the *Arcadian* God, forsook the Plains,
 Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.
 We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
 Painted with Berries-juice ; we saw him stand
 And gaze upon his Shepherds bathing Eyes ;
 And what, no end, no end of grief he cries !
 Love little minds all thy consuming care,
 Or restless thoughts, they are his daily fare.
 Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs,
 Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
 Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,
 And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod :

He,

He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,
 But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,
 To think that in these Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
 When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains
 Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd
 By *Phæbus* ; Oh ! how gently shall these tir'd
 And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,
 Whilst your sweet Notes my love immortal keep
 Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
 Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
 Or weild a Hook, or prune a branching Vine,
 And known no other Love, but, *Phillis*, thine ;
 Or thine, *Amyntas* ; what though both are brown,
 So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
 Amongst the Vines, the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amyntas* sings.
 No cruel absence calls my Love away,
 Further than bleeting Sheep can go astray,
 Here my *Licoris*, here are shady Groves,
 Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our loves
 And lives may here together wear and end :
 O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend !

I now am hurried by the severe Commands,
 Into remotest Parts, among the Bands
 Of armed Troops; there by my Foes pursu'd;
 Here by my Friends; but still by love subdu'd.
 Thou far from home, and me, art wandring o'er
 The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,
 The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet?
 Ah, gently, gently, least thy tender Feet
 Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely Arms;
 The Northern cold relents not at their Charms;
 Away I'll go into some shady Bowers,
 And sing the Songs I made in happier hours,
 And charm my woes. How can I better chuse,
 Then amongst wildest Woods my self to lose,
 And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees;
 There they will thrive? See how my love agrees,
 With the young Plants; look how they grow
 (together,
 In spite of Absence, and in spite of Weather,
 Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er
 Yon wooddy Hill; I'll chase the grizly Boar,

I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs resort ;
 No Frosts, no Storms, shall slack my eager Sport.
 Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
 And hollow sounding Woods: look how my Locks
 Are torn with Boughs and Thorns ; my Shafts are
 (gone,

My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done.
 Alas ! this is no cure for my Disease ;
 Nor can our toils that angry God appease. (more,
 Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me
 Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar :
 No sport, no labour, can divert my grief :
 Without *Licoris* there is no relief.
 Though I should drink up *Heber's* Icy Streams,
 Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery Beams
 Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
 'Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

F I N I S.

I find Dews and her Nymphs resort ;
No Frost no Storme shall slack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandering all about the Rocks
And hollow sounding Woods: look how my Locks
Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my shafts are
(gone)
My legs are tired and all my Sport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;
Nor can our tedious angry God appease. (more)
Nor neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without a Jew there is no relief.
Though I should drink up Heber's icy streams,
Or Arabian snows, yet still her fiery Beams
Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

F I N I S

S Y L V Æ:

OR, THE

Second Part

O F

POETICAL
Miscellanies.

— Non deficit alter
Aureus; & simili frondescit virga metallo. Virg.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head
in Chancery-lane near Fleetstreet, 1685.

2 Y L V A

THE

Second Part

OF

POETICAL

Miscellanies.

Printed for J. & W. D. N.

L O W D O N

Printed for J. & W. D. N. in Church-lane near Fleet-street.

PREFACE.

FOr this last half Year I have been troubled with the disease (as I may call it) of Translation; the cold Prose fits of it, (which are always the most tedious with me) were spent in the *History of the League*; the hot, (which succeeded them) in this Volume of *Verse Miscellanies*. The truth is, I fancied to my self a kind of ease in the change of the Paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour wou'd have wasted it self in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odes of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encourag'd my self to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and im-

The Preface.

mediately fix'd upon some parts of them which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural Impulses for the undertaking: But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, and God forgive him who was the occasion of it. It was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse, whose made me uneasie till I try'd whether or no I was capable of following his Rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair Precept in Poetry, is like a seeming Demonstration in the Mathematicks; very specious in the Diagram, but failing in the Mechanick Operation. I think I have generally observ'd his instructions; I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinc'd both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity than to pretend that I have at least in some places made Examples to his Rules. Yet withall, I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my Commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my Authors, as no Dutch Commentator will forgive me. Perhaps, in such particular passages, I have
thought

The Preface.

thought that I discover'd some beauty yet undiscover'd by those Pedants, which none but a Poet cou'd have found. Where I have taken away some of their Expressions, and cut them shorter, it may possibly be on this consideration, that what was beautiful in the Greek or Latin, wou'd not appear so shining in the English: And where I have enlarg'd them, I desire the false Criticks wou'd not always think that those thoughts are wholly mine, but that either they are secretly in the Poet, or may be fairly deduc'd from him: or at least, if both those considerations should fail, that my own is of a piece with his, and that if he were living, and an Englishman, they are such, as he wou'd probably have written.

For, after all, a Translator is to make his Author appear as charming at possibly he can, provided he maintains his Character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of Drawing after the Life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the Out-lines true, the Features like, the Proportions exact, the Colouring it self perhaps tolerable, and

The Preface.

another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the Spirit which animates the whole. I cannot without some indignation, look on an ill Copy of an excellent Original: Much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my Life to imitate, so abus'd, as I may say to their Faces by a botching Interpreter. What English Readers unacquainted with Greek or Latin will believe me or any other Man, when we commend those Authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their Fountains, if they take those to be the same Poets, whom our Ogleby's have Translated? But I dare assure them, that a good Poet is no more like himself, in a dull Translation, than his Carcass would be to his living Body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their Mother Tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few; 'tis impossible even for a good Wit, to understand and practice them without the help of a liberal Education, long Reading, and digesting of those few good Authors

The Preface.

thors we have amongst us, the knowledge of Men and Manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both Sexes ; and in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of Learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good Writers from bad, and a proper stile from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good Author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young Men, take up some cry'd up English Poet for their Model, adore him, and imitate him as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is Boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his Subject, or his Expressions unworthy of his Thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary that a Man shou'd be a nice Critick in his Mother Tongue, before he attempts to Translate a foreign Language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to Judge of Words and Stile ; but he must be a Master of

The Preface.

them too : He must perfectly understand his Authors Tongue, and absolutely command his own : So that to be a thorow Translatour, he must be a thorow Poet. Neither is it enough to give his Authors sence, in good English, in Poetical expressions, and in Musical numbers : For, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task ; and 'tis a secret of which few Translatours have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it ; that is, the maintaining the Character of an Author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual Poet whom you wou'd interpret. For example, not only the thoughts, but the Style and Versification of Virgil and Ovid, are very different : Yet I see, even in our best Poets, who have Translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several Talents ; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of Numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the Originals, I shou'd never be able to Judge by the Copies, which was Virgil, and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble Painter,

ter,
fe
bi
th
ca
th
an
ye
m
I
y
o
v
I
f
a
l
j
t
j
c
l
n
l

The Preface.

ter, that he drew many graceful Pictures, but few of them were like. And this happen'd to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sate to him. In such Translatours I can easily distinguish the hand which perform'd the Work, but I cannot distinguish their Poet from another. Suppose two Authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of Sugar, and that of Honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you, (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my Translations out of four several Poets in this Volume; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I consider'd, the Genius and distinguishing Character of my Author. I look'd on Virgil, as a succinct and grave Majestick Writer; one who weigh'd not only every thought, but every Word and Syllable. Who was still aiming to crowd his sence into as narrow a compass as possibly he cou'd; for which reason he is so very Figurative, that he requires, (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. His Verse is every where sounding the ve-

The Preface.

ry thing in your Ears, whose sence it bears : Let the Numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the Reader ; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they Write in Styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of Musick in their Verses. All the versification, and little variety of Claudian, is included within the compass of four or five Lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour ; perpetually closing his sence at the end of a Verse, and that Verse commonly which they call golden , or two Substantives and two Adjectives with a Verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid with all his sweetness, has as little variety of Numbers and sound as he : He is always as it were upon the Hand-gallop, and his Verse runs upon Carpet ground. He avoids like the other all Synalepha's, or cutting off one Vowel when it comes before another, in the following word : So that minding only smoothness, he wants both Variety and Majesty. But to return to Virgil, though he is smooth where smoothness is requir'd, yet he is so far from affecting it, that

The Preface.

that he seems rather to disdain it. Frequently makes use of Synalepha's, and concludes his sence in the middle of his Verse. He is every where above conceits of Epigrammatick Wit, and gross Hyperboles: He maintains Majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of Poetical Wit from my particular consideration of him: For propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil, I particularly regarded, as a great part of his Character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to Translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself. For where the Original is close, no Version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most Poetical, and the most Sonorous of any Translation of the Æneids; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank Verse, he commonly allows
two

The Preface.

two Lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sence. Tasso tells us in his Letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian Wit, who was his Contemporary, observ'd of Virgil and Tully; that the Latin Oratour, endeavour'd to imitate the Copiousness of Homer the Greek Poet; and that the Latine Poet, made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes the Greek Oratour. Virgil therefore being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern Tongue: To make him Copious is to alter his Character; and to Translate him Line for Line is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct Language, than either the Italian, Spanish; French, or even than the English, (which by reason of its Monosyllables is far the most compendious of them) Virgil is much the closest of any Roman Poet, and the Latin Hexameter, has more Feet than the English Heroick.

Besides all this, an Author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a Translatour has not; he is confin'd by the sence of the Inven-

The Preface.

tor to those expressions, which are the nearest to it: So that Virgil studying brevity, and having the command of his own Language, cou'd bring those words into a narrow compass, which a Translatour cannot render without Circumlocutions. In short they who have call'd him the torture of Grammarians, might also have call'd him the plague of Translatours; for he seems to have studied not to be Translated. I own that endeavouring to turn his Nisus and Euryalus as close as I was able; I have perform'd that Episode too literally; that giving more scope to Mezentius and Lausus, that Version which has more of the Majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for my self, is only that I have done both, better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro. So, that methinks I come like a Malefactor, to make a Speech upon the Gallows, and to warn all other Poets, by my sad example, from the Sacrilege of Translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better;

The Preface.

ter; but never so well, as to have satisfied myself.

He who excells all other Poets in his own Language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our Tongue, which, as my Lord Roscomon justly observes approaches nearest to the Roman in its Majesty: Nearest indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgils words, and in them principally consists that beauty, which gives so unexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force; this Diction of his, I must once again say, is never to be Copied, and since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best Translation. The turns of his Verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated, as the poverty of our Language, and the hastiness of my performance wou'd allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sence; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduc'd from him; and where I leave his Commentators, it may be I understand him better: At least I Writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular

The Preface.

ticular Lines in Mezentius and Lausus, I cannot so easily excuse; they are indeed remotely ally'd to Virgil's sence; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid; and were Printed before I had consider'd them enough to alter them: The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the Copy is at the Press: The second is this;

---When *Lausus* dy'd, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight, but I am convinc'd for many reasons, that the expression is too bold, that Virgil wou'd not have said it, though Ovid wou'd. The Reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two Lines which are more according to the Author,

Nor ask I Life, nor fought with that design;
As I had us'd my Fortune, use thou thine.

Having

The Preface.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have in the next place to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have Translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman Poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refin'd it to that degree of perfection, both in the Language and the thoughts, that he left an easie task to Virgil; who as he succeeded him in time; so he Copy'd his excellencies: for the method of the Georgicks is plainly deriv'd from him. Lucretius had chosen a Subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorn'd it with Poetical descriptions, and Precepts of Morality, in the beginning and ending of his Books. Which you see Virgil has imitated with great success, in those four Books, which in my Opinion are more perfect in their Kind, than even his Divine Aeneids. The turn of his Verse he has likewise follow'd, in those places which Lucretius has most labour'd, and some of his very Lines he has transplanted into his own Works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing Character of

The Preface.

of Lucretius ; (I mean of his Soul and Genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his Opinions. He is every where confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command not only over his vulgar Reader, but even his Patron Memmius. For he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the Rod over him ; and using a Magisterial authority, while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him, as our Poet and Philosopher of Malmſbury. This is that perpetual Dictatorship, which is exercis'd by Lucretius ; who though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal bonâ fide with his Reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks ; in which plain sincerity, I believe he differs from our Hobbs, who cou'd not but be convinc'd, or at least doubt of some eternal Truths which he has oppos'd. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of Replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before hand with his Antagonists ; Urging for them, whatever he imagin'd they cou'd say, and leaving them as he supposes, without an objection for the future. All this too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were

a

assur'd

The Preface.

assur'd of the Triumph, before he enter'd into the Lists. From this sublime and daring Genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass, that his thoughts must be Masculine, full of Argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his Expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his Verse, where the barrenness of his Subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his Fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he cou'd have been every where as Poetical, as he is in his Descriptions, and in the Moral part of his Philosophy, if he had not aim'd more to instruct in his Systeme of Nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a Materialist, and teaching him to despise an invisible power: In short, he was so much an Atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a Poet. These are the considerations which I had of that Author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I lay'd by my natural Diffidence and Scepticism for a while, to take up that Dogmatical way of his, which as I said, is so much his Character, as to make him that individual Poet. As for his Opinions concern-

The Preface.

cerning the mortality of the Soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot if I wou'd believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural Arguments ; at least to take away rewards and punishments, is only a pleasing prospect to a Man, who resolves before hand not to live morally. But on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden unsupportable to a virtuous Man, even though a Hea-then. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confin'd to the shortness of our present Being, especially when we consider that vertue is generally unhappy in this World, and vice fortunate. So that 'tis hope of Futurity alone, that makes this Life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who wou'd not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead ! if he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the Laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him : For Fame and Reputation are weak ties ; many men have not the least sence of them : Powerful men are only aw'd by them, as they conducs to their interest,

The Preface.

and that not always when a passion is predominant ; and no Man will be contain'd within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entring into the Notions of our Christian Faith, which is the proper business of Divines.

But there are other Arguments in this Poem (which I have turn'd into English,) not belonging to the Mortality of the Soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable Man, to make him less in love with Life, and consequently in less apprehensions of Death. Such as are the natural Satiety, proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things ; the inconveniencies of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures ; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others ; these and many other reasons so pathetically urg'd, so beautifully express'd, so adorn'd with examples, and so admirably rais'd by the Prosopopeia of Nature, who is brought in speaking to her Children, with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful

The Preface.

cessful, or unworthy of my Author. At least I must take the liberty to own, that I was pleas'd with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me, and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review, of any thing I have done in this Author.

'Tis true, there is something, and that of some moment, to be objected against my Englishing the Nature of Love, from the Fourth Book of Lucretius: And I can less easily answer why I Translated it, than why I thus Translated it. The Objection arises from the Obscenity of the Subject; which is aggravated by the too lively, and alluring delicacy of the Verses. In the first place, without the least Formality of an excuse, I own it pleas'd me: and let my Enemies make the worst they can of this Confession; I am not yet so secure from that passion, but that I want my Authors Antidotes against it. He has given the truest and most Philosophical account both of the Disease and Remedy, which I ever found in any Author: For which reasons I Translated him. But it will be ask'd why I turn'd him into this luscious English, (for I will not give it a worse word:) instead of an answer, I wou'd ask

a 3

The Preface.

ask again of my Supercilious Adversaries, whether I am not bound when I Translate an Author, to do him all the right I can, and to Translate him to the best advantage? If to mince his meaning, which I am satisfi'd was honest and instructive, I had either omitted some part of what he said, or taken from the strength of his expression, I certainly had wrong'd him; and that freeness of thought and words, being thus cashier'd in my hands, he had no longer been Lucretius. If nothing of this kind be to be read, Physicians must not study Nature, Anatomies must not be seen, and somewhat I cou'd say of particular passages in Books, which to avoid prophaness I do not name: But the intention qualifies the act; and both mine and my Authors were to instruct as well as please. 'Tis most certain that barefac'd Bawdery is the poorest pretence to wit imaginable: If I shou'd say otherwise, I shou'd have two great authorities against me: The one is the Essay on Poetry, which I publickly valued before I knew the Author of it, and with the commendation of which, my Lord Roscomon so happily begins his Essay on Translated Verse: The other is no less than our admir'd

The Preface.

mir'd Cowley ; who says the same thing in other words : For in his Ode concerning Wit, he writes thus of it ;

Much less can that have any place
At which a Virgin hides her Face :
Such dross the fire must purge away ; 'tis just
The Author blush, there where the Reader
must.

Here indeed Mr. Cowley goes farther than the Essay ; for he asserts plainly that obscenity has no place in Wit ; the other only says, 'tis a poor pretence to it, or an ill sort of Wit, which has nothing more to support it than bare-fac'd Ribaldry ; which is both unmannerly in it self, and fulsome to the Reader. But neither of these will reach my case : For in the first place, I am only the Translator, not the Inventor ; so that the heaviest part of the censure falls upon Lucretius, before it reaches me : in the next place, neither he nor I have us'd the grossest words ; but the cleanliest Metaphors we could find, to palliate the broadness of the meaning ; and to conclude, have carried the Poetical part no farther, than the Philosophical exacted. There is one mistake of mine which I

The Preface.

will not lay to the Printers charge, who has enough to answer for in false pointings: 'tis in the word Viper: I wou'd have the Verse run thus,

The Scorpion, Love, must on the wound be
bruise'd.

There are a sort of blundering half-witted people, who make a great deal of noise about a Verbal slip; though Horace wou'd instruct them better in true Criticism: Non ego paucis offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana parùm cavit natura. True judgment in Poetry, like that in Painting, takes a view of the whole together, whether it be good or not; and where the beauties are more than the Faults, concludes for the Poet against the little Judge; 'tis a sign that malice is hard driven, when 'tis forc'd to lay hold on a Word or Syllable; to arraign a Man is one thing, and to cavil at him is another. In the midst of an ill natur'd Generation of Scriblers, there is always Justice enough left in Mankind, to protect good Writers: And they too are oblig'd, both by humanity and interest, to espouse each others cause, against false Criticks, who are the common Enemies. This last consideration puts me in mind of
what

The Preface.

what I owe to the Ingenious and Learned Translator of Lucretius; I have not here design'd to rob him of any part of that commendation, which he has so justly acquir'd by the whole Author, whose Fragments only fall to my Portion. What I have now perform'd, is no more than I intended above twenty years ago: The ways of our Translation are very different; he follows him more closely than I have done; which became an Interpreter of the whole Poem. I take more liberty, because it best suited with my design, which was to make him as pleasing as I could. He had been too voluminous had he us'd my method in so long a work, and I had certainly taken his, had I made it my business to Translate the whole. The preference then is, justly his; and I joyn with Mr. Evelyn in the confession of it, with this additional advantage to him; that his Reputation is already establish'd in this Poet, mine is to make its Fortune in the World. If I have been any where obscure, in following our common Author, or if Lucretius himself is to be condemn'd, I refer my self to his excellent Annotations, which I have often read, and always with some new pleasure.

My Preface begins already to swell upon me, and
looks

The Preface.

looks as if I were afraid of my Reader, by so tedious a bespeaking of him; and yet I have Horace and Theocritus upon my hands; but the Greek Gentleman shall quickly be dispatch'd, because I have more business with the Roman.

That which distinguishes Theocritus from all other Poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions; and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines through all he writes: he shows his Art and Learning by disguising both. His Shepherds never rise above their Country Education in their complaints of Love: There is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's Aminta, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's Shepherds are too well read in the Philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in Courts. But Theocritus and Tasso, have taken theirs from Cottages and Plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, *Mai esce del Bosco*: That he never departed from the Woods, that is, all his comparisons were taken from the Country: The same may be said, of our Theocritus;

The Preface.

tus; he is softer than Ovid, he touches the passions more delicately; and performs all this out of his own Fond, without diving into the Arts and Sciences for a supply. Even his Dorick Dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its Clownishness, like a fair Shepherdess in her Country Russet, talking in a Yorkshire Tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate; because the severity of the Roman Language denied him that advantage. Spencer has endeavour'd it in his Shepherds Calendar; but neither will it succeed in English, for which reason I forbore to attempt it, For Theocritus writ to Sicilians, who spoke that Dialect; and I direct this part of my Translations to our Ladies, who neither understand, nor will take pleasure in such homely expressions. I proceed to Horace.

Take him in parts, and he is chiefly to be consider'd in his three different Talents, as he was a Critick, a Satyrist, and a Writer of Odes. His Morals are uniform, and run through all of them; For let his Dutch Commentatours say what they will, his Philosophy was Epicurean; and he made use of Gods and providence, only to serve a turn in Poetry. But since neither his Criticisms (which are
the

The Preface.

the most instructive of any that are written in this Art) nor his Satyrs (which are incomparably beyond Juvenals, if to laugh and rally, is to be preferr'd to railing and declaiming,) are no part of my present undertaking, I confine my self wholly to his Odes: These are also of several sorts; some of them are Panegyrical, others Moral, the rest Jovial, or (if I may so call them) Bacchanalian. As difficult as he makes it, and as indeed it is, to imitate Pindar, yet in his most elevated flights, and in the sudden changes of his Subject with almost imperceptible connexions, that Theban Poet is his Master. But Horace is of the more bounded Fancy, and confines himself strictly to one sort of Verse, or Stanza in every Ode. That which will distinguish his Style from all other Poets, is the Elegance of his Words, and the numerousness of his Verse; there is nothing so delicately turn'd in all the Roman Language. There appears in every part of his Diction, or, (to speak English) in all his Expressions, a kind of noble and bold Purity. His Words are chosen with as much exactness as Virgils; but there seems to be a greater Spirit in them. There is a secret Happiness attends his Choice,
which

The Preface.

which in Petronius is call'd Curiosa Felicitas, and which I suppose he had from the Feliciter audere of Horace himself. But the most distinguishing part of all his Character, seems to me, to be his Briskness, his Jollity, and his good Humour : And those I have chiefly endeavour'd to Copy ; his other Excellencies, I confess are above my Imitation. One Ode, which infinitely pleas'd me in the reading, I have attempted to translate in Pindarique Verse : 'tis that which is inscrib'd to the present Earl of Rochester, to whom I have particular Obligations, which this small Testimony of my Gratitude can never pay. 'Tis his Darling in the Latine, and I have taken some pains to make it my Master-Piece in English : For which reason, I took this kind of Verse, which allows more Latitude than any other. Every one knows it was introduc'd into our Language, in this Age, by the happy Genius of Mr. Cowley. The seeming easiness of it, has made it spread ; but it has not been consider'd enough, to be so well cultivated. It languishes in almost every hand but his, and some very few, (whom to keep the rest in countenance) I do not name. He, indeed, has brought it as near Perfection as was possible

The Preface.

ble in so short a time. But if I may be allowed to speak my Mind modestly, and without Injury to his sacred Ashes, somewhat of the Purity of English, somewhat of more equal Thoughts, somewhat of sweetness in the Numbers, in one Word, somewhat of a finer turn and more Lyrical Verse is yet wanting. As for the Soul of it, which consists in the Warmth and Vigor of Fancy, the masterly Figures, and the copiousness of Imagination, he has excelld all others in this kind. Yet, if the kind itself be capable of more Perfection, though rather in the Ornamental parts of it, than the Essential, what Rules of Morality or respect have I broken, in naming the defects, that they may hereafter be amended? Imitation is a nice point, and there are few Poets who deserve to be Models in all they write. Miltons *Paradise Lost* is admirable; but am I therefore bound to maintain, that there are no flats amongst his Elevations, when 'tis evident he creeps along sometimes, for above an Hundred lines together? cannot I admire the height of his Invention, and the strength of his expression, without defending his antiquated words, and the perpetual harshness of their sound? 'Tis as much commendation as a Man can bear, to own him excellent;

The Preface.

lent ; all beyond it is Idolatry. Since Pindar was the Prince of Lyrick Poets ; let me have leave to say, that in imitating him, our numbers shou'd for the most part be Lyrical : For variety, or rather where the Majesty of the thought requires it, they may be stretch'd to the English Heroick of five Feet, and to the French Alexandrine of Six. But the ear must preside, and direct the Judgment to the choice of numbers : Without the nicety of this, the Harmony of Pindarick Verse can never be compleat ; the cadency of one line must be a rule to that of the next ; and the sound of the former must slide gently into that which follows ; without leaping from one extream into another. It must be done like the shadowings of a Picture, which fall by degrees into a darker colour. I shall be glad if I have so explain'd my self as to be understood, but if I have not, quod nequeo dicere & sentio tantum, must be my excuse. There remains much more to be said on this subject ; but to avoid envy, I will be silent. What I have said is the general Opinion of the best Judges, and in a manner has been forc'd from me, by seeing a noble sort of Poetry so happily restor'd by one Man, and so grossly copied, by almost all the rest : A musical eare, and a great genius, if another

Mr.

The Preface.

*Mr. Cowley cou'd arise, in another age may bring
it to-perfection. In the mean time,*

-----Fungar vice cotis acutum (di-
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, expers ipsâ secan.

*I hope it will not be expected from me, that I shou'd
say any thing of my fellow undertakers in this Mis-
cellany. Some of them are too nearly related to me,
to be commended without suspicion of partiality: O-
thers I am sure need it not; and the rest I have not
perus'd. To conclude, I am sensible that I have writ-
ten this too hastily and too loosely; I fear I have been
tedious, and which is worse, it comes out from the
first draught, and uncorrected. This I grant is no
excuse; for it may be reasonably urg'd, why did he
not write with more leisure, or, if he had it not (which
was certainly my case) why did he attempt to write
on so nice a subject? The objection is unanswerable,
but in part of recompence, let me assure the Reader,
that in hasty productions, he is sure to meet with an
Authors present sence, which cooler thoughts wou'd
possibly have disguis'd. There is undoubtedly more of
spirit, though not of judgment in these uncorrect
Essays, and consequently though my hazard be the
greater, yet the Readers pleasure is not the less.*

John Dryden.

A
TABLE
OF THE
POEMS,

CONTAINED
In the Second Part of MISCELL-
LANY POEMS.

THE *entire Episode of Nisus and Euryalus,*
Translated from the 5th. and 9th. Books of
Virgil's Æneids, by Mr. Dryden. Pag. I

The Table.

The entire Episode of Mezentius and Lausus, Translated out of the 10th. Book of Virgils Æneids by Mr. Dryden. P. 32

The Speech of Venus to Vulcan, Translated out of the 8th. Book of Virgils Æneids by Mr. Dryden. 48

The beginning of the First Book of Lucretius, Translated by Mr. Dryden. 52

The beginning of the Second Book of Lucretius, Translated by Mr. Dryden. 56

The Translation of the latter part of the Third Book of Lucretius, Against the Fear of Death, by Mr. Dryden. 60

Lucretius the Fourth Book, concerning the Nature of Love; beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

by Mr. Dryden.

80

From

The Table.

- From Lucretius, Book the Fifth, Tum porro puer, &c.*
by Mr. Dryden. P. 98
- Theocrit. Idyllium, the 18th. the Epithalamium of Helen and Menelaus,* by Mr. Dryden. 100
- Theocrit. Idyllium the 23d. the Despairing Lovers,* by Mr. Dryden. 107
- Daphnis from Theocritus, Idyll. 27. by Mr. Dryden.* 134
- The third Ode of the first Book of Horace Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon on his intended Voyage to Ireland,* by Mr. Dryden. 124
- The 9th. Ode of the first Book of Horace, by an unknown hand.* 128
- The 29th. Ode of the 3d. Book of Horace, Paraphras'd in Pindarick Verse, and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Lawrence Earl of Rochester,* by Mr. Dryden. 131
- From Horace Epode 2d. by Mr. Dryden.* 135

The Table,

Part of Virgils 4th. Georgick, Englished by an unknown Hand. P. 145

The Sixth Elegy of the first Book of Tibullus. 155

Ovids Dream. 158

A Prologue intended for the Play of Duke and no Duke. 162

The Fourth Ode of the Second Book of Horace. 166

The First Idyllium of Theocritus, Translated into English. 353

The Reapers, the 10th. Idyllium of Theocritus, Englished by William Bowles Fellow of Kings College in Cambridge. 367

The 12th. Idyllium of Theocritus. 373

The 19th. Idyllium of Thocritus. 378

The

The Table.

<i>The Complaint of Ariadna out of Catullus, by Mr. William Bowles.</i>	P. 380
<i>The 20th. Idyllium of Theocritus, by Mr. William Bowles.</i>	388
<i>To Lesbia out of Catullus.</i>	392
<i>To Lesbia.</i>	394
<i>To Lesbia, A Petition to be freed from Love.</i>	399
<i>The 12th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid, Englished.</i>	397
<i>The 16th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid.</i>	395
<i>The 19th. Elegy of the 3d. Book.</i>	432
<i>Of Natures Changes from Lucretius, Book the 5th. by a Person of Quality.</i>	406
<i>The 7th. Ode of the 4th. Book of Horace, Englished by an unknown Hand.</i>	418
	<i>The</i>

The Table.

<i>The 10th. Ode of the 2d. Book of Horace.</i>	P. 420
<i>The 18th. Epistle of the first Book of Horace.</i>	423
<i>The 2d. Satyr of the first Book of Horace; Englished by Mr. Stafford.</i>	436
<i>The 4th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid.</i>	441
<i>Elegy the 11th. Lib. 5. De Trist. Ovid complains of his three years banishment.</i>	444
<i>An Ode Sung before the King on New-Years Day.</i>	449
<i>Upon the late Ingenious Translation of Pere Simons Critical History, by H. D. Esq;</i>	452
<i>Horti Arlintoniani, ad Clarissimum Dominum, Henricum, Comitem Arlintoniæ, &c. by Mr. Charles Dryden.</i>	457
<i>A New Song.</i>	464

The Table.

A Song.

P. 467

On the Death of Mr. Oldham.

468

On the Kings - House now Building at Winchester.

475

*The Episode of the Death of Camilla, translated out
of the Eleventh Book of Virgils Æneids, by
Mr. Stafford.*

481

1900

Jan

Jan 1st

Jan 2nd

Jan 3rd

Jan 4th

Jan 5th

Jan 6th

Jan 7th

Jan 8th

Jan 9th

Jan 10th

Jan 11th

Jan 12th

Jan 13th

Jan 14th

Jan 15th

Jan 16th

Jan 17th

Jan 18th

Jan 19th

Jan 20th

Jan 21st

Jan 22nd

Jan 23rd

Jan 24th

Jan 25th

Jan 26th

Jan 27th

Jan 28th

Jan 29th

Jan 30th

Jan 31st

The entire *Episode* of *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, translated from the 5th. and 9th. Books of *Virgil's Æneids*.

Connection of the First Part of the *Episode* in the fifth Book, with the rest of the foregoing Poem.

Æneas having buried his Father *Anchises* in Sicily ; and setting sail from thence in search of Italy, is driven by a Storm on the same Coasts from whence he departed : After a years wandering, he is hospitably receiv'd by his friend *Acestes*, King of that part of the Island, who was born of Trojan Parentage : He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his Father with divine honours ; and accordingly institutes Funeral Games, and appoints Prizes for those who should conquer in them. One of these Games was a Foot Race ; in which *Nisus* and *Euryalus* were engag'd amongst other Trojans and Sicilians.

From thence his way the *Trojan* Hero bent,
Into a grassy Plain with Mountains pent,
Whose Brows were shaded with surrounding woods;
Full in the midst of this fair Valley, stood
A native Theater, which rising slow,
By just degrees, o're look'd the ground below:
A numerous Train attend in solemn state:
High on the new rais'd Turfe their Leader fate.
Here those, who in the rapid Race delight,
Desire of honour, and the Prize invite:
The *Trojans* and *Sicilians* mingled stand,
With *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, the formost of the Band.
Euryalus with youth and beauty crown'd,
Nisus for friendship to the Boy renown'd.
Diores next of *Priam's* Regal Race,
Then *Salins*, joyn'd with *Patron*, took his place:
But from *Epirus* one deriv'd his birth,
The other ow'd it to *Arcadian* Earth.

Then

Then two *Sicilian* Youths ; the name of this
Was *Helimus*, of that was *Panopes* :
Two jolly Huntsmen in the Forest bred,
And owning old *Acestes* for their Head.
With many others of obscurer name,
Whom Time has not deliver'd o're to Fame :
To these *Æneas* in the midst arose,
And pleasingly did thus his mind expose.
Not one of you shall unrewarded go ;
On each I will two *Cretan* Spears bestow,
Pointed with polish'd Steel ; a Battle-ax too,
With Silver studded ; these in common share,
The formost three shall Olive Garlands wear :
The Victor, who shall first the Race obtain,
Shall for his Prize a well breath'd Courser gain,
Adorn'd with Trappings ; to the next in fame,
The Quiver of an *Amazonian* Dame,

With feather'd *Thracian* Arrows well supply'd
Hung on a golden Belt, and with a Jewel ty'd :
The third this *Grecian* Helmet must content.
He said : to their appointed Base they went.
With beating hearts th' expected Sign receive,
And starting all at once, the Station leave.
Spread out, as on the Wing of Winds they flew,
And seiz'd the distant Goal with eager view :
Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'r past,
Not stormes, nor thunder equal half his haste :
The next, but tho the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
Came *Salius*, then, a distant space behind
Euryalus the third.

Next *Helymus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
Step after Step, and almost side by side ;
His shoulders pressing, and in longer space,
Had won, or left at least a doubtful Race.

Now

Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his haste,
 Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the plain,
 Moist with the bloud of Oxen lately slain ;
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his way,
 But treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
 His heels flew up, and on the grassy floor,
 He fell besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
 Nor mindless then *Euryalus* of thee,
 Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
 He strove th' immediate Rival to oppose,
 And caught the foot of *Salinus* as he rose ;
 So *Salinus* lay extended on the Plain :
Euryalus springs out the prize to gain,
 And cuts the Crowd ; applauding peals attend
 The Conquer'or to the Goal, who conquer'd thro
 his friend.

Next *Helimus*, and then *Diores* came,
By two misfortunes, now the third in fame.
But *Salius* enters, and exclaiming loud
For Justice, deafens and disturbs the Crowd :
Urges his cause may in the Court be heard,
And pleads the Prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for *Euryalus* appears,
His blooming beauty and his graceful tears
Had brib'd the Judges to protect his claim :
Besides *Diores* does as loud exclaim,
Who vainly reaches at the last Reward,
If the first Palm on *Salius* be conferr'd.
Then thus the Prince ; let no disputes arise ;
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the Prize.
But give me leave, her Errours to amend,
At least to pity a deserving friend.
Thus having said,

A Lions Hide, amazing to behold,
Pond'rous with bristles, and with paws of gold,
He gave the Youth, which *Nisus* greiv'd to veiw:
If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due,
Said he, and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may *Nisus* from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame!
In falling both did equal fortune try,
Wou'd fortune make me fall as happily.
With this he pointed to his face, and shew'd
His hands and body all besmear'd with blood:
Th' indulgent Father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd a massie Shield
Of wond'rous art by *Didymaon* wrought,
Long since from *Neptunes* bars in triumph brought;
With this, the graceful Youth he gratifi'd;
Then the remaining presents did d'vide.

Connection of the remaining part of the
Episode, translated out of the 9th. Book
of *Virgils Æneids*, with the fore-
going part of the Story.

*The War being now broken out betwixt the
Trojans and Latines; and Æneas being
overmatch'd in numbers by his Enemies,
who were ayded by King Turnus, he forti-
fies his Camp, and leaves in it his young
Son Ascanius, under the direction of his
chief Counsellours and Captains; while
he goes in person, to beg Succours from
King Evander and the Tuscans. Tur-
nus takes advantage of his absence, and
assaults his Camp: The Trojans in it,
are reduc'd to great extremities; which
gives the Poet the occasion of continu-
ing this admirable Episode, wherein he
describes the friendship, the generosity,
the adventures, and the death of Nisus
and Euryalus.*

The

THe *Trojan* Camp the common danger shar'd ;
By turns they watch'd the Walls ; and
kept the Nightly Guard :

To Warlike *Nisus* fell the Gate by Lot,

(Whom *Hyracus* on Huntress *Ida* got :

And sent to Sea *Æneas* to attend,)

Well cou'd he dart the Spear, and shafts unerring
send.

Beside him stood *Euryalus*, his ever Faithful friend.

No Youth in all the *Trojan* Host was seen

More beautiful in arms, or of a Nobler meen ;

Scarce was the Down upon his Chin begun ;

One was their Friendship, their desire was one :

With minds united in the Field they warr'd,

And now were both by Choice upon the Guard.

Then *Nisus* thus :

Or do the Gods this Warlike warmth inspire,

Or makes Each Man a God of his desire ?

A Noble Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy of Rest ;
That urges me to Fight, or undertake
Some Deed that may my Fame immortal make,
Thou seest the Foe secure : How faintly shine
Their scatter'd Fires, the most in Sleep supine ;
Dissolv'd in Ease, and drunk with Victory :
The few awake the fuming Flaggon Ply ;
All hush'd around : Now hear what I revolve,
Within my mind, and what my labouring thoughts
resolve.

Our absent Lord both Camp and Council mourn ;
By Message both wou'd hasten his return :
The gifts propos'd if they confer on thee,
(For Fame is recompence enough to me)
Methinks beneath yon Hill, I have espy'd
A way that safely will my Passage guide.

Eurialus

Euryalus stood Listning while he spoke,
With Love of praise, and Noble envy strook ;
Then to his ardent Friend, expos'd his mind :
All this alone, and leaving me behind !
Am I unworthy, *Nisus*, to be joyn'd,
Think'st thou my Share of honour I will yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the Field ?
Not so my Father taught my Childhood Armes,
Born in a Siege, and bred amongst Alarms :
Nor is my Youth unworthy of my Friend,
Or of the Heav'n-born *Heroe* I attend.
The thing call'd Life with ease I can disdain ;
And think it oversold to purchase Fame.
To whom his Friend ;
I cou'd think, alas, thy Tender years
Wou'd minister new matter to my Fears :
Nor is it just thou shoudst thy Wish obtain ;
So *Jove* in Triumph bring me back again ;

To

To those dear eyes; or if a God there be
To pious Friends, propitious more than he.
But if some one, as many sure there are,
Of adverse accidents in doubtful War,
If one shou'd reach my Head there let it fall,
And spare thy life, I wou'd not perish all:
Thy Youth is worthy of a longer Date;
Do thou remain to mourn thy Lovers fate;
To bear my mangled body from the Foe,
Or buy it back, and Fun'ral rites bestow.
Or if hard Fortune shall my Corps deny
Those dues, with empty Marble to supply.
O let not me the Widows tears renew,
Let not a Mothers curse my name pursue;
Thy pious Mother, who in Love to thee,
Left the Fair Coast of fruitful *Sicily*;
Her Age committing to the Seas and Wind,
When every weary *Matron* staid behind.

To this *Euryalus*, thou pleadst in vain,
And but delayst the cause thou canst not gain:
No more, 'tis loss of time : with that he wakes
The nodding Watch ; each to his Office takes !
The Guard reliev'd, in Company they went
To find the Council at the Royal Tent.
Now every living thing lay void of care,
And Sleep, the common gift of Nature, share:
Mean time the *Trojan* Peers in Council sate
And call'd their Chief Commanders, to debate
The weighty business of th' indanger'd State.
What next was to be done, who to be sent
T' inform *Æneas* of the Foes intent.
In midst of all the quiet Camp they held
Nocturnal Council ; each sustains a Shield
Which his o're labour'd Arm can hardly rear ;
And leans upon a long projected Spear.

Now

Now *Nisus* and his Friend approach the Guard,
And beg admittance, eager to be heard,
Th' affair important; not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in;
Then thus, commanded, *Nisus* does begin.
Ye *Trojan* Fathers lend attentive Ears;
Nor judge our undertaking by our years.
The Foes securely drench'd in Sleep and wine
Their Watch neglect; their Fires but thinly shine.
And where the Smoak in thickning Vapours flies
Cov'ring the plain, and Clouding all the Skies,
Betwixt the spaces we have mark'd a way,
Close by the Gate and Coasting by the Sea;
This Passage undisturb'd, and unespied
Our Steps will safely to *Æneas* guide,
Expect each hour to see him back again
Loaded with spoils of Foes, in Battle slain:

Snatch we the Lucky Minute while we may,
 Nor can we be mistaken in the way :
 For Hunting in the Vale, we oft have seen
 The rising Turrets with the stream between :
 And know its winding Course, with every foord.
 He paus'd, and Old *Alethes* took the Word.
 Our Country Gods in whom our trust we place,
 Will yet from ruin save the *Trojan* race ;
 While we behold such springing worth appear,
 In youth so brave, and breasts so void of fear.
 (With this he took the hand of either Boy,
 Embrac'd them closely both, and wept for joy :)
 Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
 What recompence for such desert, decree !
 The greatest sure and best you can receive,
 The Gods, your vertue and your fame will give :
 The Rest, our grateful General will bestow ;
 And young *Ascanius*, till his Manhood, owe.

And

And I whose welfare in my Father lies,
(*Ascanius* adds,) by all the Deities
By our great Country, and our household Gods,
By Hoary *Vesta's* rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, on you my Fortune stands,
That and my Faith I plight into your hands,
Make me but happy in his safe return,
(For I No other loss but only his can mourn,)
Nisus your gift shall, two large Goblets be,
Of Silver wrought with curious Imag'ry,
And high embost: which when old *Priam* reign'd
My conquering Sire, at sack'd *Arisba* gain'd.
And more two Tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great Tallents of the finest Gold.
Besides a Boul which *Tyrian* Art did grave;
The Present that *Sidonian Dido* gave.
But if in Conquer'd *Italy* we reign,
When Spoils by Lot the Victors shall obtain,
Thou

Thou saw'st the Courser by proud *Turnus* prest ;
That, and his golden Arms, and sanguine Crest,
And Sheild, from lot exempted, thou shalt share ;
With these, twelve captive Dam'sels young and fair :
Male Slaves as many ; well appointed all
With Vests and Arms, shall to thy portion fall :
And last a fruitful Field to thee shall rest,
The large demenes the *Latian* King posselt.
But thou, whose years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee O wondrous Youth : be ever mine,
Take full possession, all my Soul is thine :
My lifes Companion, and my bosom Friend ;
One faith, one fame, one fate shall both attend.
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy Conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the bold *Euryalus* reply'd ;
What ever fortune, good or bad, betide,

The same shall be my Age, as now my Youth ;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your bounty let me gain ;
(And this not granted, all rewards are vain :)
Of *Priams* Royal Race my Mother came,
And sure the best that ever bore the name :
Whom neither *Troy*, nor *Sicily* cou'd hold
From me departing ; but o're spent and old,
My fate she follow'd ; ignorant of this
What ever danger : Neither parting kiss,
Nor pious Blessing taken, her I leave :
And in this only Act of all my life deceive.
By this your hand and conscious Night I swear,
My youth so sad a farewell cou'd not bear.
Be you her Patron fill my vacant place ;
(Permit me to presume so great a grace ;)
Support her Age forsaken and distrest ;
That hope alone will fortifie my breast,

Against the worst of fortunes and of fears :

He said ; th' Assistants shed presaging tears.

But above all, *Ascanius* mov'd to see

That image of paternal piety.

Then thus reply'd.——

So great beginnings in so green an Age

Exact that Faith, which firmly I engage ;

Thy Mother all the priviledge shall claim

Crensa had ; and only want the name.

Whate'r event thy enterprise shall have,

'Tis Merit to have born a Son so brave.

By this my Head, a sacred Oath, I swear,

(My Father us'd it) what returning, here

Crown'd with success, I for thy self prepare,

Thy Parent and thy Family shall share :

He said ; and weeping while he spoke the word,

From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,

Magnificent with Gold ; *Lycaon* made,
And in an Iv'ry scabbard sheath'd the Blade.
This was his Gift : while *Mnestheus* did provide
For *Nisus* Arms; a grisley Lions Hide; (per try'd.
And true *Alethes* chang'd with him his helm of tem-
Thus arm'd they went : the noble *Trojans* wait
Their going forth, and follow to the Gate.
With Pray'rs and Vows above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far above his years.
And Messages committed to their care ;
Which all in Winds were lost, and empty air.
The Trenches first they pass'd ; then took their
way,
Where their proud foes in pitch'd Pavilions lay.
To many fatal e'r themselves were slain :
The careless Host dispers'd upon the Plain
They found, who drunk with Wine supinely snore:
Unharness'd Chariots stand upon the shore ;

Midst wheels, and reins, and arms, the Goblet by,
A Medley of Debauch and War they lie:
Observing *Nisus* shew'd his friend the sight;
Then thus: behold a Conquest without fight.
Occasion calls the Sword to be prepar'd:
Our way lies there, stand thou upon the guard;
And look behind, while I securely go
To cut an ample passage through the Foe.
Softly he spoke; then stalking took his way,
With his drawn Sword, where haughty *Rhamnes* lay,
His head rais'd high, on Tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he puff'd his breath.
A King, and Prophet by King *Turnus* lov'd,
But fate by Prescience cannot be remov'd.
Three sleeping Slaves he soon subdues: then spies
Where *Rhemus*, with his proud Retinue, lies;
His Armour Bearer first, and next he kills
His Charioteer, entrench'd betwixt the wheels,

And his lov'd Horfes ; laſt invades their Lord,
Full on his Neck he aims the fatal Sword :
The Gasping head flies off : a purple flood,
Flows from the Trunk, that wallows in the blood ;
Which by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around
The bed, beſprinkles and bedews the ground.
Then *Lamyrus* with *Lamus* and the young
Serranus, who with gaming did prolong
The night : oppreſt with wine and ſlumber lay
The beauteous Youth, and dreamt of lucky Play ;
More lucky had it been protracted till the day.
The famiſh'd Lion thus with hunger bold,
O're leaps the fences of the nightly fold,
The peaceful Flock devours, and tears, and draws ;
Wrapt up in ſilent fear, they lie and pant beneath
his paws,
Nor with leſs rage *Euryalus* employs
The vengeful Sword, nor fewer foes deſtroyes ;

But

But on th' ignoble Crowd his fury flew ;
Which *Fadus*, *Hebescus*, and *Rhetus* flew,
With *Abaris* ; in sleep the rest did fall ;
But *Rhetus* waking, and observing all :
Behind a mighty Jar he slunk for fear ;
The sharp edg'd Iron found and reach'd him there :
Full as he rose he plung'd it in his side ;
The cruel Sword return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound a blended stream of wine and blood
Pours out ; the purple Soul comes floating in the
flood.

Now where *Messapus* quarter'd they arrive ;
The fires were fainting there, and just alive ;
The warlike Horses ty'd in order fed ;
Nisus the discipline observ'd, and sed,
Our eagerness of blood may both betray :
Behold the doubtful glimmering of the day,

Foe to these nightly thefts : No more my, friend,
Here let our glutt'd execution End ;
A Lane through slaughter'd Bodies we have made;
The bold *Euryalus*, though loath, obey'd :
Rich Arms and Arras which they scatter'd find,
And Plate, a precious load they leave behind.
Yet fond of Gaudy spoils, the Boy wou'd stay
To make the proud Caparisons his prey,
Which deck'd a Neigh'bring steed.—
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The Girdle studded o're with Nails of Gold,
Which *Rhamnes* wore: This present long ago
On *Remulus* did *Cædicus* bestow,
And absent joyn'd in hospitable Tyes.
He dying to his Heir bequeath'd the prize :
Till by the conquering *Rutuli* oppress'd
He fell, and they the glorious gift possess'd,

These gaudy spoils *Eurialus* now bears ;
And vainly on his brawny Shoulders wears :
Messapus Helm, he found amongst the dead,
Garnish'd with plumes, and fitted to his head.
They leave the Camp and take the safest road ;
Mean time a Squadron of their foes abroad,
Three hundred Horse with Bucklers arm'd, they
spy'd,
Whom *Volscens* by the Kings command did guide :
To *Turnus* these were from the City sent,
And to perform their Message sought his Tent.
Approaching near their utmost lines they draw ;
When bending tow' rds the left, their Captain saw
The faithful pair ; for through the doubtful shade
His glitt'ring Helm *Euryalus* betray'd ;
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought (cry'd *Volscens* from the crowd)
These Men go there, then rais'd his voice aloud:

Stand

Stand, stand! why thus in Arms? And whether bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?
Silent they make away; and hast their flight
To Neighb'ring Woods; and trust themselves to
night.

The speedy horsemen spur their Steeds to get
'Twixt them and home; and every path beset,
And all the windings of the well known Wood;
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it stood,
With fern all horrid, and perplexing thorn,
Where tracks of Bears had scarce a passage worn.
The darkness of the shades; his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way:
But *Nisus* hit the turns with happier hast,
Who now, unknowing, had the danger past,
And *Alban* Lakes from *Alba's* name so call'd;
Where King *Latinus* then his Oxen Stall'd.

Till turning at the length he stood his ground,
And vainly cast his longing eyes around
For his lost friend !
Ah! wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind.
Where shall I hope th' unhappy Youth to find !
Or what way take! again he ventures back,
And treads the Mazes of his former track,
Thro the wild wood : at last he hears the Noise
Oftrampling Horses, and the riders voice.
The Sound approach'd, and suddainly he view'd
His Foes inclosing, and his friend pursu'd,
Forelaid, and taken, while he strove in vain
The Covert of the Neighb'ring Wood to gain.
What shou'd he next attempt, what arms employ
With fruitless force to free the Captive Boy ?
Or tempt unequal numbers with the Sword ;
And die by him whom living he ador'd ?

Resolv'd on death his dreadful Spear he shook,
And casting to the Moon a mournful look,
Fair Queen, said he, who dost in woods delight,
Grace of the Stars, and Goddess of the Night;
Be present, and direct my Dart aright.
If e're my pious Father for my sake,
Did on thy Altars grateful offerings make,
Or I increas'd them with successful toils;
And hung thy Sacred Roof with savage Spoils,
Through the brown shadows guide my flying Spear
To reach this Troop: Then poyzing from his ear
The quiv'ring Weapon with full force he threw;
Through the divided shades the deadly Javelin
flew;

On *Sulmo's* back it splits; the double dart,
Drove deeper onward, and transfixt his heart.
He staggers round, his eye-balls rowl in death;
And with short Sobbs, he gasps away his breath.

All

All stand amaz'd ; a second Javelin flies
From his stretch'd arm, and hisses through the Skies:
The Lance through *Tagus* Temples forc'd its way;
And in his brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce *Volsens* foams with rage; and gazing round,
Descry'd no Author of the Fatal wound,
Nor where to fix revenge: But thou he cries,
Shalt pay for both ; and at the Pris'ner flies,
With his drawn Sword: Then, struck with deep
despair ,
That fatal fight the Lover cou'd not bear ;
But from his Covert rusht in open view ;
And sent his voice before him as he flew ;
Me, me, employ your Sword on me alone :
The crime confes'd ; the fact was all my own.
He neither cou'd nor durst, the guiltless Youth,
Ye Moon and Stars bear witness to the Truth ;

His

His only fault, if that be to offend,
Was too much loving his unhappy friend.
Too late alas, he speaks ;
The Sword, which unrelenting fury guides
Driv'n with full force had pierc'd his tender sides ;
Down fell the beauteous Youth, the gaping wound
Gush'd out a Crimson stream and stain'd the ground:
His nodding neck reclines on his white breast,
Like a fair Flow'r, in furrow'd Fields oppress'd,
By the keen Share : or Poppy on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Disdain, despair, and deadly vengeance vow'd,
Drove *Nisus* headlong on the Hostile Crowd ;
Volsens he seeks, at him alone he bends ;
Born back, and push'd by his surrounding friends,
He still press'd on ; and kept him still in sight ;
Then whirld aloft his Sword with all his might ;

Th' unerring Weapon flew ; and wing'd with
death,

Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and stop'd his breath.

Dying he flew : and stagg'ring on the plain,

Sought for the Body of his Lover slain :

Then quietly on his dear Breast he fell ;

Content in death to be reveng'd so well,

O happy pair ! for if my verse can give

Eternity ; your fame shall ever live :

Fix'd as the Capitols Foundations lies,

And spread where e're the *Roman* Eagle flies.

The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, translated out of the 10th. Book of *Virgils Æneids*.

Connection of the *Episode*, with the foregoing Story.

Mezentius was King of Etruria, or Tuscany; from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus banish'd he applies himself to King *Turnus*, in whose Court he, and his Son *Lausus* take Sanctuary. *Turnus* for the Love of *Lavinia* making War with *Æneas*, *Mezentius* engages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted *Æneas* out of hatred to him. *Mezentius* is every where describ'd by *Virgil* as an Atheist; his Son *Lausus* is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Vertue: And the death of those two is the subject of this Noble Episode.

What

THus equal deaths are dealt, and equal chances;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns
advance :

Victors and vanquish'd in the various field ;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yeild :
The Gods from Heav'n, survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of humane life.
Above the rest two Goddeses appear
Concern'd for each : Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Atè* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain :
Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks, he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o'r the flood :
When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves ;
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves.

Or like a Mountain Ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth ; in clouds he hides his head.
Thus arm'd, he took the field : —

The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from a far ;
With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.
Collected in himself, and like a Rock
Poiz'd on his base ; *Mezentius* stood the shock
Of his great Foe : then measuring with his eyes
The space his spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries :
My own right hand and Sword assist my stroke ;
(Those only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lausus* be in triumph worn.
He said ; and straight with all his force he threw
The massie Spear ; which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial Shield ; that stop'd the course :
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force,

Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
Till, tir'd with toyls, fair *Italy* he chose ;
And in *Evander's* Palace, sought repose :
Now falling by anothers wound, his eyes
He casts to Heaven ; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin sent ;
The Shield gave way, thro' trebble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linnen trebbly rowld,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler
fold:
All these it past with unresisted course,
Transpeirc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson floud :
The *Trojan* glad with sight of hostile bloud,

His Fauchion drew, to cloſſer fight addreſt,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſt.
His Fathers danger *Laufus* veiw'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which peirc'd his thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The liſted ſword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſheild ;

All fir'd with Noble Emulation, strive ;
 And with a storm of darts, to distance drive
 The *Trojan* chief, who held at bay, from far ,
 On his Vulcanian Orb sustain'd the War.

As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind ,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind
 For shelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in Hollow Caverns lie,
 But that o'reblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to Travel, and renew their toils :

Aeneas thus o'rewhelm'd ; on every side
 The Storm of darts undaunted did abide ;
 And thus to *Lausus* loud, with friendly threat-
 ning cri'd.

Why wilt thou rush to certain death ? and rage
 In rash attempts beyond thy tender age ?
 Betray'd by pious Love ? nor thus forborn
 The Youth desists, but with insulting scorn :

Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whose patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.

For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full descending with a fearful sway,
Thro' Sheild & Cuirasse forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosome lay.

The springing streams thro' the thin Armour strove,
And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother
wove :

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.

But when, with bloud and paleness all bespread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought.
Then stretch'd his hand to raise him up, and said;
Poor hapless youth, what praises can be paid

To love so great ; to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure preface of more !
Accept what e're *Æneas* can afford :
Untouch'd thy Arms ; untaken be thy Sword ;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolatè ; and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy Parents I bestow,
To please thy Ghost ; at least if shadows know
Or have a tast of humane things below.
There to thy fellow Ghosts, with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* hand I fell.
With this he bids his distant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their fear ;
Himself assists to raise him from the ground,
His Locks deform'd with Blood, that well'd from
out his wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by *Tybers* yellow floud,

Opprest with anguish, panting, and o're spent,
His fainting Limbs against a tree he leant :
A bough his brazen Helmet did sustain,
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain :
Of Youth a chosen Troop around him stand,
His head hung down, and rested on his hand;
His grizly Beard his pensive bosom fought,
And all on *Lausus*, ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a message sent :
To warn him from the Field ; alas in vain
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain
On their broad shields ; still gush'd the gaping
wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries ; far off divin'd
The dire event with a forebodeing mind.

With dust he sprinkled first his Hoary head,
 Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he spread;
 Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he sed.
 What joys, alas, cou'd this frail being give!
 That I have been so covetous to live,
 To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
 His life a ranfome for preserving mine!
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost,
 How much too dear has that redemption cost.
 'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel,
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My guilt thy growing vertues did defame;
 My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.
 Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
 For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild
 I ow'd my people these; and from their hate
 With less injustice cou'd have born my fate.

And

And yet live, and yet support the fight
 Of hateful men, and of more hated Light !
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
 His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his wound.
 Yet with a mind resolv'd, and unapal'd
 With pains or perils, for his Courser call'd.
 Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himself did
 drefs
 With daily care ; and mounted with success,
 His Ayd in Arms ; his Ornament in peace.
 Soothing his Courage with a gentle stroke,
 The Horse seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.
 O *Rhæbus* we have liv'd too long for me ;
 (If long and Life were terms that cou'd agree.)
 This day, thou either shalt bring back the head,
 And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead ;
 This day, thou either shalt revenge my woe
 For Murther'd *Lausus* on his cruell Foe,

Or if inexorable Fate deny
 Our Conquest, with thy Conquer'd Master die.
 For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no Foreign reins, or *Trojan* load endure.
 He said; and straight th' officious Courser kneels
 To take his wonted weight : His hands he fills
 With pointed Javelins ; on his head he lac'd
 His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With crested Horsehair, nodding from afar,
 Then spurr'd his thundering Steed, amidst the War.
 Love, anguish, wrath, and grief to madness
 wrought,
 Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
 Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress;
 Rowl'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
 Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name ;
 The loud repeated voice to glad *Æneas* came.

Great *Jove* said he ; and the far shooting God,
Inspire thy mind, to make thy challenge good.
He said no more ; but hasten'd to appear,
And threatn'd with his long protended spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus ; thy vaunts are vain,
'My *Lausus* lyes extended on the plain ;
He's lost ; thy conquest is already won :
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor fate I fear, but all the Gods defie !
Forbear thy threats ; my business is to die :
But first receive this parting Legacie.
He said ; and straight a whirling dart he sent ;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious Ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round , and thrice *Æneas*
wheel'd :

Turn'd as he turn'd, the Golden Orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay ; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone ;
To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o're labour'd in unequal fight,
At last resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horse:
Betwixt the Temples pass'd th' unerring spear,
And piercing stood transfixt from ear to ear.
Seiz'd with the suddain pain, surpriz'd with fright,
The Courser bounds aloft and stands upright:
He beats his Hoofs a while in aire ; then prest
With anguish, Floundering falls the gen'rous
beast
And his cast rider, with his weight oppress.
From either Host the mingled shouts and cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutilians* rend the Skies.

Æneas hast'ning wav'd his fatal Sword,
High o're his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty strain?
Strugling, and wildly staring on the Skies,
With scarce recover'd breath, he thus replies:
Why these insulting threats, this waste of breath,
To Souls undaunted, and secure of Death.
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die;
Nor came I hear with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lausus* fell, I was already slain:
Nor ask I life,
My dying Son contracted no such band:
Nor wou'd I take it from his Mud'ers hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue,
(If pity to a conquer'd foe be due)

Refuse not that: But let my body have
The last retreat of humane kind; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd peopple's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate;
This refuge for my poor remains provide;
And lay my much lov'd *Lausus* by my side;
He said; and to the Sword his throat apply'd.
The Crimson stream distain'd his Arms around;
And the disdainful Soul came rushing through
the wound.

The

THE
S P E E C H
O F
VENUS
T O
VULCAN:

*Wherein she perswades him to make Arms
for her Son Æneas, then engag'd in a
War against the Latines, and King Tur-
nus : Translated out of the Eighth Book
of Virgils Æneids.*

Now Night with Sable wings the World
o're spread ;

But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with dread

Of

Of *Latian* arms, before the tempest breaks,
Her Husbands timely succour thus bespeaks,
Couch'd in his golden Bed : —
(And, that her pleasing Speech his mind may move,
Inspires it with diviner charms of Love :)
While adverse Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I begg'd no aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did thy succour, nor thy art implore ;
Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,
To urge the labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priams* House, and more,
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore :
But now, by *Joves* command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble suit I ask thy needful art,
O still propitious Pow'r, O Sovereign of my heart,

A Mother stands a suppliant for a Son:
By silver footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the rosie Morn
Mov'd thee with Armes her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are these my tears, less pow'rful on thy mind?
Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
With fire and sword *My* people to destroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.
She said; and straight her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving Husband threw;
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire,
His bones and marrow suddain warmth inspire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rowling thunder flies,
Or streaks of lightning flash along the skyes.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful wiles,
And, conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.

Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms :) (charms,

Why seek you reasons for a Cause so just,

Or your own beauty or my love distrust?

Long since had you requir'd my helpful hand,

You might the Artist, and his Art command

To arm your *Trojans* : nor did *Jove* or Fate,

Confine their Empire to so short a date :

And if you now desire new Wars to wage,

My care, my skill, my labour I ingage,

Whatever melting Metals can conspire,

Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,

I freely promise ; all your doubts remove,

And think no task is difficult to love.

He said ; and eager to enjoy her charms,

He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his arms ;

Till all infus'd in joy he lay possesst

Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the First Book.

Delight of Humane kind, and Gods above;
 Parent of *Rome* ; Propitious Queen of
 Love;

Whose vital pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
 And breeds what e'r is born beneath the rowling
 For every kind, by thy prolificque might, (Skies:

Springs, and beholds the Regions of the light:

Thee, Goddess thee, the clouds and tempests fear,

And at thy pleasing presence disappear:

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,

For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy
 breast;

(light is blest.
 And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer

For

For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
When teeming Budds, and chearful greens appear,
And Western gales unlock the lazy year,
The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial fire confess:
Then salvage Beasts bound o're their slighted food,
Strook with thy darts, and tempt the raging flood:
All Nature is thy Gift ; Earth, Air, and Sea :
Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O're barren Mountains, o're the flow'ry Plain,
The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main
Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless reign.
Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly seeds
of Love :

Since then the race of every living thing,
Obeys thy pow'r; since nothing new can spring
Without thy warmth, without thy influence bear
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,
Be thou my ayd : My tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy Province Nature, I survey,
And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy won-
d'rous pow'r display.

To *Memmius*, under thy sweet influence born,
Whom thou with all thy gifts and graces dost adorn,
The rather, then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing Verses worthy him and thee.
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous discord
cease,
And lull the listning world in universal peace.

To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's care:
Who oft retires from fighting fields, to prove
The pleasing pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy breast, supinely lies, (eyes:
While with thy heavenly form he feeds his famish'd
Sucks in with open lips, thy balmy breath, (death.
By turns restor'd to life, and plung'd in pleasing
There while thy curling limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the links of Love,
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning eloquence our peace implore,
And quiet to the weary World restore.

LUCRETIUS

The beginning of the Second Book.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore ^{(roar:}
 The rowling Ship ; and hear the Tempest
 Not that anothers pain is our delight ;
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
 The moving Legions mingled in the War :
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,
 To Vertues heights, with wisdom well supply'd, }
 And all the *Magazins* of Learning fortifi'd : }
 From thence to look below on humane kind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind :
 To see vain fools ambitiously contend
 For Wit and Pow'r ; their lost endeavours bend
T'out-

T'outshine each other, waste their time and health,
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.

O wretched man! in what a mist of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisie strife,
He spends his little Span: And overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than nature needs:

For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd delight;
Which minds unmix'd with cares, and fears, obtain;

A Soul serene, a body void of pain.

So little this corporeal frame requires;

So bounded are our natural desires,

That wanting all, and setting pain aside,

With bare privation, sense is satisfi'd.

If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,

To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;

If the proud Palace shines not with the state

Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,

If

If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted roofs rebound,
Yet on the grass beneath a poplar shade
By the cool stream, our careless limbs are lay'd,
With cheaper pleasures innocently blest,
When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is drest.
Nor will the raging Feavours fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State :
But the poor Patient will as soon be found,
On the hard mattrass, or the Mother ground.
Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortunes wealthy store,
Tis plain, these useless toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring mind:
Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight
Cou'd, with their sound, and terrible array (way;
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of death a-

But

But since the supposition vain appears,
Since clinging cares, and trains of inbred fears,
Are not with sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,
Not aw'd by arms, but in the presence bold,
Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why shou'd not we these pageantries despise;
Whose worth but in our want of reason lies?
For life is all in wandring errours led;
And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, so riper years
Ev'n in broad day light are possess'd with fears:
And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
As those which in the breasts of Children reign.
These bugbears of the mind, this inward Hell,
No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
But nature and right reason, must display
Their beames abroad, and bring the darksome soul (to day.

Tran.

TRANSLATION
OF THE
Latter Part of the Third Book
OF
LUCRETIOUS;
Against the Fear of Death.

What has this Bugbear death to frighten
Man,

If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?

For, as before our Birth we felt no pain

When Punique arms infested Land and Mayn,

When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd

For the debated Empire of the World,

Which aw'd with dreadful expectation, lay,

Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who shou'd sway :

So,

So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoyn'd,
The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not Be.
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
VVe shou'd not move, we only shou'd be tost.
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
The Soul cou'd feel in her divided state,
VWhat's that to us, for we are only we
VWhile Souls and bodies in one frame agree?
Nay, tho' our Atoms shou'd revolve by chance,
And matter leape into the former dances;
Tho' time our Life and motion cou'd restore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
VWhat gain to us wou'd all this bustle bring,
The new made man wou'd be another thing;
VWhen once an interrupting pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.

We

We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrew,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen :
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring motions from the fence
are fled.
For who so e're shall in misfortunes live
Must Be, when those misfortunes shall arrive ;

And

And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe.
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in death to fear?
 When once that pause of life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his lot,
 That after death his mouldring limbs shall rot,
 Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
 Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass.
 A secret Sting remains within his mind,
 The fool is to his own cast offs kind;
 He boasts no sense can after death remain,
 Yet makes himself a part of life again:
 As if some other He could feel the pain.
 If, while he live, this thought molest his head,
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead,

He waits his days in idle grief, nor can
Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man :
But thinks himself can still himself survive ;
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his grief to vent,
And o're his senseless Carcass to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beasts then why not so to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of honey to be soak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd ;
Or on an airy Mountains top to lie
Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency,
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd
With Monumental Marble on thy breast ?
But to be snatch'd from all thy household joys
From thy Chast Wife, and thy dear prattling boys,
Whose

Whose little arms about thy Legs are cast,
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mothers hast,
 Inspiring secret pleasure thro' thy Breast,
 All these shall be no more: thy Friends oppress'd,
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free:
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,
 One woful day sweeps children, friends, and wife,
 And all the brittle blessings of my life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too,
 Which well consider'd were a quick relief,
 To all thy vain imaginary grief.
 For thou shalt sleep and never wake again,
 And quitting life, shall quit thy living pain.
 But we thy friends shall all those sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind,
 No time shall dry our tears, nor drive thee from
 our mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
Is a sound slumber, and a long good night.
Yet thus the fools, that would be thought the Wise,
Disturb their mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the fresh Garlands on their foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
Short are the joys that humane Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worst
Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
Or any fond desire as vain as these.
For ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease,
Supinely lies, as in the peaceful grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that sound sleep eternal it were death,
Yet the first Atoms then, the seeds of breath

Are

Are moving near to sense, we do but shake
And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is less than nothing, if a less cou'd be.
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.
And last, suppose Great Nature's Voice shou'd call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,
What dost thou mean, ungrateful wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
For if thy life were pleasant heretofore,
If all the bounteous blessings I cou'd give
Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Seive,

Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous
feast

(thy rest?)
Cram'd to the throat with life, and rise and take

Eut if my blessings thou hast thrown away,

If indigested joys pass'd thro' and wou'd not stay,

VWhy dost thou wish for more to squander still?

If Life be grown a load, a real ill,

And I wou'd all thy cares and labours end,

Lay down thy burden fool, and know thy friend.

To please thee I have empti'd all my store,

I can invent, and can supply no more;

But run the round again, the round I ran before.

Suppose thou art not broken yet with years,

Yet still the self same Scene of things appears,

And wou'd be ever, coud'st thou ever live;

For life is still but Life, there's nothing new to give.

VWhat can we plead against so just a Bill?

VVe stand convicted, and our cause goes ill.

But if a wretch, a man oppress'd by fate,
 Shou'd beg of Nature to prolong his date,
 She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
 Be still thou Martyr fool, thou covetous of pain.
 But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
 VVhat thou (She cryes) who hast outliv'd content!
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my store?
 But this is still th' effect of wishing more!
 Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
 Loathing the present, liking absent things;
 From hence it comes thy vain desires at strife
 VVithin themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
 And ghastly death appear'd before thy sight (light.
 Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul, & fences with de-
 Now leave those joys unsuiting to thy age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
 No sure; for 'tis her business to provide,
 Against

Against this ever changing Frames decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One Being worn, another Being makes ;
Chang'd but not lost ; for Nature gives and takes :
New Matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Natures
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot ; ^{(doom.}
And from each others ruin are begot ;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee ;
'Tis giv'n to all for use ; to none for Property.
Consider former Ages past and gone,
Whose Circles ended long e're thine begun,
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou hast ?
Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
What horror seest thou in that quiet state,
What Bugbear dreams to fright thee after Fate ?
No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful eye,
Or dreads th'impending Rock to crush him from on ^{(high:}
But fear of Chance on earth disturbs our easie hours:
Or vain imagin'd wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious Mass for their eternal meal.
Not tho' his monstrous bulk had cover'd o're
Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
Not tho' the Globe of earth had been the Gyants
Nor in eternal torments cou'd he lie; ^{(floor.}
Nor cou'd his Corps sufficient food supply.
But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,
Or Tyrant Passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts is robb'd of rest.

The *Sisyphus* is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy Crowd to make him great,
And sweats & toils in vain, to mount the sovereign
For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail, (Seat,
Ever to strive and never to prevail,
VVhat is it, but in reasons true account
To heave the Stone against the rising Mount ;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils & grows impetuous down, and smoaks along
Then still to treat thy ever craving mind (the plain.
With ev'ry blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though years and seasons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
But still the VVolf within thee barks for more ;

This

This is the Fables moral, which they tell
Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;
To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e're can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due :
Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,
And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
Th' avenging horror of a Conscious mind,
Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And sees no end of Punishment and woe :
But looks for more, at the last gasp of breath :
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a death.

Mean

Mean time, when thoughts of death disturb thy
head ;

Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead ;

Ancus thy better far, was born to die,

And thou, dost thou bewail mortality ?

So many Monarchs with their mighty State,

Who rul'd the World, were overrul'd by fate.

That haughty King, who Lorded o're the Main,

And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves
restrain,

(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,

While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)

Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame ;

Nor spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal
name.

The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread,

Scipio the Thunder Bolt of War is dead,

And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.

The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
And Wits who made Eternity their boast;
Where now is *Homer* who possess'd the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's
gone.

Democritus perceiving age invade,
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a chearful face;
Made hast to welcom death, and met him half the ^{(race.}
That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far
As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by Lazy sleep possess'd;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in
thy breast.

Eternal

Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thy ſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wander'ſt in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
O, if the fooliſh race of man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breaſt,
Sure they wou'd change their courſe; nor live as
now,
Uncertain what to wiſh or what to vow.
Uneaſie both in Countrey and in Town,
They ſearch a place to lay their burden down.
One reſtleſs in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there;
And finds there's no relief in open Air.

Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore ;
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're works his weary will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill ;
The shaking Fit returns and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease ;
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease ;
Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble spare ;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care :
Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause ;
And study Nature well, and Natures Laws :
For in this moment lies not the debate ;
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State ;
That never changing state which all must keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.

Why

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife.
A Life which all our care can never save;
One fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Besides we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne're strike out; but beat the former ground;
And the same Maukish joyes in the same track are
found.

For still we think an absent blessing best;
Which cloyes, and is no blessing when possesst;
A new arising wish expells it from the Breast.
The Feav'rish thirst of Life increases still;
We call for more and more and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to morrow we shall try,
VVhat dregs of life in the last draught may lie.
Nor, by the longest life we can attain;
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.

VVhen

VWhen once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
VWho dyes to day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

LUCRE-

LUCRETIUS

The Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love;

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS therefore, he who feels the Fiery dart
 Of strong desire transfix his amorous heart,
 Whether some beauteous Boys alluring face,
 Or Lovelier Maid with unresisted Grace,
 From her each part the winged arrow sends,
 From whence he first was struck, he thither tends;
 Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
 And eager to inject the sprightly seed.
 For fierce desire does all his mind employ,
 And ardent Love assures approaching joy.

Such is the nature of that pleasing smart,
Whose burning drops distil upon the heart,
The Feaver of the Soul shot from the fair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding care.
If absent, her Idea still appears ;
And her sweet name is chiming in your ears :
But strive those pleasing fantomes to remove,
And shun th' Aerial images of Love ;
That feed the flame : When one molests thy mind
Discharge thy loyns on all the leaky kind ;
For that's a wiser way than to restrain
Within thy swelling nerves, that hoard of pain.
For every hour some deadlier symptom shows,
And by delay the gath'ring venom grows,
When kindly applications are not us'd ;
The Viper Love must on the wound be bruise'd :
On that one object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of thought some other way :

The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
Nor wants he all the bliss, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the pleasure, and avoids the pain;
For purer joys in purer health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wandering joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,
With hands or eyes, what first he wou'd possess:
But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantique pains:
With biting kisses hurts the twining fair,
Which shews his joyes imperfect, unsincere:
For stung with inward rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the smart on that which gave
the wound.

But love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling pleasure mollifies the pain.
For ardent hope still flatters anxious grief,
And sends him to his Foe to seek relief :
Which yet the nature of the thing denies ;
For Love, and Love alone of all our joyes
By full possession does but fan the fire,
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire.
Nature for meat, and drink provides a space ;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place ;
Hence thirst and hunger may be satisf'd,
But this repletion is to Love deny'd :
Form, feature, colour, whatsoe're delight
Provokes the Lovers endless appetite,
These fill no space, nor can we thence remove
With lips, or hands, or all our instruments of love :
In our deluded grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial shapes, that fleet before the mind.

As he who in a dream with drougt is curst,
And finds no real drink to quench his thirst,
Ruins to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep,
And vainly swills and labours in his sleep;
So Love with fantomes cheats our longing eyes,
Which hourly seeing never satisfies;
Our hands pull nothing from the parts they strain,
But wander o're the lovely limbs in vain:
Nor when the Youthful pair more closely joyn,
When hands in hands they lock, and thighs in thighs
Just in the raging foam of full desire, (they twine
When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they squeeze, their humid tongues
they dart,
As each wou'd force their way to t'others heart:
In vain; they only cruze about the coast,
For bodies cannot pierce, nor be in bodies lost:
As sure they strive to be, when both engage,
In that tumultuous momentany rage,

So

So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
 Till Man dissolves in that excess of joy.
 Then, when the gather'd bag has burst its way,
 And ebbing tydes the slacken'd nervs betray,
 A pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
 Till with recruited rage new Spirits boil;
 And then the same vain violence returns,
 With flames renew'd th' erected furnace burns.
 Agen they in each other wou'd be lost,
 But still by adamantine bars are cross;
 All wayes they try, succeffeless all they prove,
 Tocure the secret fore of lingring love.
 Besides —

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
 And to a Womans will enslave their life;
 Th' Estate runs out, and mortgages are made,
 All Offices of friendship are decay'd;
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd.

Assyrian Oyntment from their temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles sparkle at their shoes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their hands,
With all the luxury of foreign lands :
And the blew Coat that with imbroid'ry shines,
Is drunk with sweat of their o're labour'd loyns.
Their frugal Fathers gains they mis-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry female toy.
French fashions, costly treats are their delight ;
The Park by day, and Plays and Balls by night.
In vain :——

For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.
First guilty Conscience does the mirrour bring,
Then sharp remorse shoots out her angry sting,
And anxious thoughts within themselves at strife,
Upbraid the long mispent, luxurious life.

Perhaps the fickle fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful word, that pains his mind;
And leavs a ranckling jealousy behind.

Perhaps he watches close her amorous eyes,
And in the act of ogling does surprise;
And thinks he sees upon her cheeks the while,
The dimpled tracks of some foregoing smile;
His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits
boyl.

This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs disastrous passions prove!
Innumerable Ills; disdain, despair,
With all the meager Family of Care:
Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Disease, and late repent;
Because to shun th' allurements is not hard,
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:

But

But wond'rous difficult, when once beset,
To struggle thro' the streights, and break th' invol-
ving Net.

Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,
If, like a fool, thou dost not hug thy chain ;

If not to ruin obstinately blind,

And, willfully endeavouring not to find, }

Her plain defects of Body and of mind. }

For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,

T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.

And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see

They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity :

Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,

But veil with some extenuating name :

The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,

And love can make a Slattern of a Slut :

If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,

If freckled she's a party-colour'd Dove.

If little, then she's life and soul all o're:
An *Amazon*, the large two handed Whore.
She stammers, oh what grace in lisping lies,
If she sayes nothing, to be sure she's wife.
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp witted she must be, and full of fire.
The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
Th' o're grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,
A bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.
Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,
And hanging blobber lips, but pout for kisses.
The task were endless all the rest to trace:
Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her face,
And shape, yet others equal beauty share;
And time was you cou'd live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Then homelier women full as well can do.

Besides she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent:
But laugh behind, and bite their lips to hold;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waites:
Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
And printing kisses on th' obdurate door:
Who if admitted in that nick of time,
If some unfav'ry Whiff, betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
Or makes some faint excuses to be gone:
And calls himself a doating fool to serve,
Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.
Which well they understand like cunning Queans;
And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes.
From him they have allur'd, and wou'd retain,
But to a peircing eye, 'tis all in vain;

For common sense brings all their cheats to view,
 And the false light discovers by the true:
 Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find
 A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
 Nor alwayes do they feign the sweets of Love,
 When round the panting Youth their pliant limbs
 they move;
 And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss,
 They often share, and more than share the bliss:
 From every part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
 They feel the trickling joyes, and run with vigour
 to the Goal.
 Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-
 Because the throbbing Nature in their veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly pains:
 The lusty leap th' expecting Female stands,
 By mutual heat compell'd to mutual Bands.

They

Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
 Nor shouting boys, nor blows their union can divide
 At either end they strive the linck to loose;
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the noose.
 Which never wou'd those wretched Lovers do,
 But that the common heats of Love they know;
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common
 too.

And when the Womans more prevailing juice
 Sucks in the mans, the mixture will produce
 The Mothers likeness; when the man prevails,
 His own resemblance in the seed he Seals.
 But when we see the new begotten race
 Reflect the features of each Parents face,
 Then of the Fathers and the Mothers blood,
 The justly temper'd seed is understood:
 When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
 From every limb the due proportion sent,

When

When neither party foils, when neither foild,
 This gives the blended features of the Child.
 Sometimes the Boy, the Grandfires image bears;
 Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares;
 Because the genial Atomes of the seed
 Lie long conceal'd e're they exert the breed:
 And after sundry Ages past, produce
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice.
 Hence Families such different figures take,
 And represent their Ancestors in face and Hair,
 and make.
 Because of the same Seed, the voice, and hair,
 And shape, and face, and other members are,
 And the same antique mould the likeness does
 prepare.
 Thus oft the Fathers likeness does prevail
 In Females, and the Mothers in the Male.

For

For since the seed is of a double kind.
From that where we the most resemblance find,
We may conclude the strongest tincture sent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above,
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame;
As many think, who stain with Victims Blood
The mournful Altars, and with incense load:
To bless the show'ry seed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magique numbers try:
For barrenness of Sexes will proceed.
Either from too Condens'd, or watry seed;
The watry juice too soon dissolves away,
And in the parts projected will not stay;

The too Condens'd, unsould, unwieldly mass
Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place:
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their success,
Some men, with fruitful seed some Women bless;
And from some men some Women fruitful are;
Just as their constitutions joyn or jarr:
And many, seeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolisique men,
Have fill'd a Family with prating boyes:
And many not supply'd at home with joys,
Have found a friend abroad, to ease their smart,
And to perform the Suplefs Husbands part.
So much it does import, that seed with seed
Shou'd of the kindly mixture make the breed:
And thick with thin, and thin with thick shou'd joyn,
So to produce and propagate the Line.

Of

Of such concernment too is Drink and food,
T'incrassate, or attenuate the blood.

Of like importance is the posture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do :
For as the Females of the four foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind;
So the good Wives, with loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their hands the fruitful stroke
may try :

For in that posture will they best conceive:
Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave ;
For active motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled
liquors' flow.

Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd
ground.

But

But common Harlots in conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid's* dart,
That many a homely Woman takes the heart;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,
Such are the links of Love, and such a Love will
For what remains, long habitude, and use, (last.)
Will kindness in domestick Bands produce :
For Custom will a strong impression leave ;
Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away.

From *LUCRETIVS*

Book the Fifth.

Tum perrò puer, &c.

THus like a Sayer by the Tempest hurl'd:
A score, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the
World :

Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpless of all that humane wants require :
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
From the first moment of his hapless Birth.
Straight with forebodeing cries he fills the Room;
(Too true presages of his future doom.)
But Flocks, and Herds, and every Savage Beast
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.

They

They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their food,
With broken words ; nor Winter blasts they fear
Nor change their habits with the changing year :
Nor, for their safety, Citadels prepare ;
Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War :
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish hands supplies their common
wants.

Theocrit. Idyllium the 18th.

THE
EPITHALAMIUM
 OF
HELEN and MENELAUS.

TWELVE *Spartan* Virgins, noble, young, and fair,
 With Violet wreaths adorn'd their flow-
 ing hair;

And to the pompous Palace did resort,
 Where *Menelaus* kept his Royal Court.

There hand in hand a comely Quire they led;
 To sing a blessing to his Nuptial Bed,
 Which curious Needles wrought, and painted
 flowers bespred.

Joves beauteous Daughter now his Bride must be,
And *Jove* himself was less a God than he :
For this their artful hands instruct the Lute to sound,
Their feet assist their hands and justly beat the
ground.

This was their song : Why happy Bridegroom, why
E're yet the Stars are kindl'd in the Skie,
E're twilight shades, or Evening dewes are shed,
Why dost thou steal so soon away to Bed ?
Has *Somnus* brush'd thy Eye-lids with his Rod,
Or do thy Legs refuse to bear their Load,
With flowing bowles of a more generous God ?
If gentle slumber on thy Temples creep,
(But naughty Man thou dost not mean to sleep)
Betake thee to thy Bed thou drowzy Drone,
Sleep by thy self and leave thy Bride alone :
Go leave her with her Maiden Mates to play
At sports more harmles, till the break of day :

Give

Give us this Evening ; thou hast Morn and Night,
And all the year before thee, for delight.
O happy Youth ! to thee among the crowd
Of Rival Princes, *Cupid* sneez'd aloud ;
And every lucky *Omen* sent before,
To meet thee landing on the *Spartan* shore.
Of all our *Heroes* thou canst boast alone,
That *Jove*, when e're he Thunders, calls thee Son:
Betwixt two Sheets thou shalt enjoy her bare ;
With whom no *Grecian* Virgin can compare :
So soft, so sweet, so balmy, and so fair.
A boy, like thee, would make a Kingly line:
But oh, a Girl, like her, must be divine.
Her equals, we, in years, but not in face,
Twelve score *Virago's* of the *Spartan* Race,
While naked to *Eurota's* banks we bend,
And there in manly exercise contend,

When she appears, are all eclips'd and lost ;
 And hide the beauties that we made our boast.
 So, when the Night, and Winter disappear,
 The Purple morning rising with the year
 Salutes the spring, as her Celestial eyes
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies :
 So beauteous *Helen* shines among the rest,
 Tall, slender, straight, with all the Graces blest :
 As Pines the Mountains, or as fields the Corn,
 Or as *Theſſalian* Steeds the race adorn :
 So Rosie colour'd *Helen* is the pride
 Of *Lacedemon*, and of *Greece* beside.
 Like her no Nymph can willing Ozyers bend
 In basket-works, which painted streaks commend :
 With *Pallas* in the Loom she may contend.
 But none, ah none can animate the Lyre,
 And the mute strings with Vocal Soul inspire,

Whether the Learn'd *Minerva* be her Theam,
Or chaste *Diana* bathing in the Stream;
None can record their Heavenly praise so well
As *Helen*, in whose eyes ten thousand *Cupids* dwell.
O fair, O Graceful! yet with Maids inroll'd,
But whom to morrows Sun a Matron shall behold;
Yet e're to morrows Sun shall show his head,
The dewy paths of meadows we will tread, }
For Crowns and Chaplets to adorn thy head. }
VWhere all shall weep, and wish for thy return,
As bleating Lambs their absent mother mourn.
Our Noblest Maids shall to thy name bequeath
The boughs of *Lotos*, form'd in to a wreath.
This Monument thy Maiden beauties due,
High on a Plane tree shall be hung to view:
On the smooth rind the Passenger shall see
Thy Name ingrav'd; and worship *Helens* Tree:

Balm, from a Silver box distill'd around, (ground;
Shall all bedew the roots and scent the sacred
The balm, 'tis true, can aged Plants prolong,
But *Helens* name will keep it ever young.

Hail Bride, hail Bridegroom, son in Law to *Jove* !
With fruitful joys, *Latona* bleſs your Love ;

Let *Venus* furnish you with full deſires,

Add vigour to your wills and fuel to your fires :

Almighty *Jove* augment your wealthy ſtore,

Give much to you, and to his Grandſons more.

From generous Loyns a generous race will ſpring,

Each Girl, like her, a Queen ; each Boy, like you, a

King.

Now ſleep if ſleep you can ; but while you reſt,

Sleep cloſe, with folded arms, and breſt to breſt.

Riſe in the morn ; but oh before you riſe,

Forget not to perform your morning Sacrifice,

We

We will be with you e're the crowing Cock
Salutes the light, and struts before his feather'd

Flock:

Hymen, oh *Hymen*, to thy Triumphs run,
And view the mighty spoils thou hast in Battle
won.

Idyllium

Idyllium the 23d.

THE

Despairing LOVER.

With inauspicious love, a wretched Swain
Persu'd the fairest Nymph of all the Plain;
Fairest indeed, but prouder far than fair,
She plung'd him hopeless in a deep despair :
Her heavenly form too haughtily she priz'd,
His person hated, and his Gifts despis'd :
Nor knew the force of *Cupid's* cruel darts,
Nor fear'd his awful pow'r on humane hearts;
But either from her hopeless Lover fled,
Or with disdainful glances shot him dead.
No kiss, no look, to cheer the drooping Boy :
No word she spoke, she scorn'd ev'n to deny.

But

But as a hunted Panther casts about

Her glaring eyes, and pricks her list'ning ears ^(scout)

So she, to shun his Töyls, her cares imploy'd,

And fiercely in her savage freedom joy'd.

Her mouth she writh'd, her forehead taught to ^{(frown,}

He eyes to sparkle fires to love unknown :

Her fallow Cheeks her envious mind did show,

And every feature spoke aloud the curstness of
a Shrew.

Yet cou'd not he his obvious Fate escape,

His love still drest her in a pleasing shape:

And every fullen frown, and bitter scorn

But fann'd the fuel that too fast did burn.

Long time, unequal to his mighty pain,

He strove to curb it, but he strove in vain:

At last his woes broke out, and begg'd relief

With tears, the dumb petitioners of grief.

With

With Tears so tender, as adorn'd his Love ;
And any heart, but only hers wou'd move :
Trembling before her bolted doors he stood ;
And there pour'd out th' unprofitable flood :
Staring his eyes, and haggard was his look ;
Then kissing first the threshold, thus he spoke.

Ah Nymph more cruel than of humane Race,
Thy Tygres heart belies thy Angel Face :
Too well thou show'st thy Pedigree from Stone ;
Thy Grandames was the first by *Pyrrha* thrown :
Unworthy thou to be so long desir'd ;
But so my Love, and so my fate requir'd.
I beg not now (for 'tis in vain) to live ;
But take this gift, the last that I can give.
This friendly Cord shall soon decide the strife,
Betwixt my ling'ring Love and loathsome life ;
This moment puts an end to all my pain ;
I shall no more despair, nor thou disdain.

Fare-

Farewell ungrateful and unkind, I go
Condemn'd by thee to those sad shades below.
I go th' extreamest remedy to prove,
To drink Oblivion, and to drench my Love.
There happily to lose my long desires :
But ah, what draught so deep to quench my fires !
Farewel ye never opening Gates, ye Stones
And Threshold guilty of my Midnight Moans :
What I have suffer'd here ye know too well ;
What I shall do the Gods and I can tell.
The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
The Violet sweet, but quickly past the prime ;
White Lillies hang their heads and soon decay,
And whiter Snow in minutes melts away :
Such is your blooming youth, and withering so ;
The time will come, it will, when you shall know
The rage of Love ; your haughty heart shall burn
In flames like mine, and meet a like return.

Obdurate

Obdurate as you are, oh, hear at least
My dying prayers, and grant my last request!
When first you ope your doors, and passing by
The sad ill Omend Object meets your Eye,
Think it not lost, a moment if you stay ;
The breathless wretch, so made by you, survey :
Some cruel pleasure will from thence arise,
To view the mighty ravage of your Eyes.
I wish, (but oh my wish is vain I fear,)
The kind Oblation of a falling Tear:
Then loose the knot, and take me from the place,
And spread your Mantle o're my grizly Face ;
Upon my livid Lips bestow a kiss:
O envy not the dead, they feel not bliss!
Nor fear your kisses can restore my breath ;
Even you are not more pitiless than death.
Then for my Corps a homely Grave provide,
Which Love and me from publick Scorn may hide.

Thrice

Thrice call upon my Name, thrice beat your breast
And hayl me thrice to everlasting rest :

Last let my Tomb this sad inscription bear ,
A wretch whom Love has kill'd lies buried here: }
Oh, Passengers *Amintas* Eyes beware.

Thus having said, and furious with his Love;
He heav'd with more than humane force, 'to move
A weighty Stone, (the labour of a Team,)
And rais'd from thence he reach'd the Neighbour-
ring Beam :

Around its bulk a sliding knot he throws;

And fitted to his Neck the fatal noose :

Then spurning backward took a swing, till death

Crept up, and stopt the passage of his Breath.

The bounce burst ope the door ; the Scornful Fair

Relentless lookt, and saw him beat his quivering feet

Nor wept his fate, nor cast a pitying eye, (in Air,

Nor took him down, but brusht regardless by :

And

And as she past, her chance or fate was such,
Her Garments toucht the dead, polluted by the
touch.

Next to the dance, thence to the Bath did move;
The bath was sacred to the God of Love :
Whose injur'd Image, with a wrathful Eye,
Stood threatning from a Pedestal on high:
Nodding a while; and watchful of his blow ,
He fell; and falling crusht th' ungrateful Nymph
below :

Her gushing Blood the Pavement all besmear'd;
And this her last expiring Voice was heard ;
Lovers farwell, revenge has reacht my scorn ;
Thus warn'd , be wise, and love for love return.

I

DAPH-

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll. 27.*

Daphnis.

THe Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But **I** by free consent can boast a Bliss,
A fairer *Helen*, and a sweeter kiss.

Chloris Kisses are empty joyes and soon are o're.

Daph. A Kiss betwixt the lips is something more.

Chlo. I wipe my mouth, and where's your kissing
then?

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen.

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at
home;

I am a Maid, and in my Beauties bloom;

Daph. Tis

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;
But wisely use it e're you pass your prime.

Chlo. Blown Roses hold their sweetness to the last,
And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive shades are
near;

I fain wou'd whisper something in your ear.

Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret mischief you may
mean;

I doubt you'l play the Wag and kiss agen.

Daph. At least beneath you' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you'r dispos'd to hear.

Chlo. Play by your self, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang toge-
ther.

Daph. Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend:

Chlo. I shall have chaste *Diana* still to friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart ;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my heart.

Nay, fie what mean you in this open place ;

Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your face.

Let go for shame ; you make me mad for
spight ;

My mouth's my own ; and if you kiss I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling Female tricks :

What wou'd you 'scape the fate of all your
Sex ?

Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead till death,

And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

• *Daph.* Nay mum for that ; but let me lay thee down ;

Better with me, than with some nauseous
Clown.

Chlo. I'de have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have bin wo'd by many a wealthy Hind ;
But never found a Husband to my mind.

Daph. But

Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here;

Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear,

Daph. A scar Crow, set to frighten fools away;
Marriage has joys; and you shall have a say.

Chlo. Sour sawce is often mix'd with our delight,
You kick by day more than you kiss by
night.

Daph. Sham stories all; but say the worst you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.

Chlo. But Child-birth is they say, a deadly pain;
It costs at least a Month to knit again,

Daph. *Diana* cures the wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.

Chlo. But I shall spoil my Beauty if I bear.

Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

Chlo. But there's a Civil question us'd of late?

Where lies my jointure, where your own
Estate?

Daph. My

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures take,

With settlement as good as Law can make.

Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,

But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears horns you'll say)

Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away.

Chlo. I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,
A house, and handsome Lodging for a guest.

Daph. A house well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a flock bed I can shear my Sheep.

Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd so well.

Chlo. But

Chlo. But after all, in troth I am to blame
To be so loving, e're I know your Name.

A pleasant founding name's a pretty thing :

Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty name to sing ;

They call me *Daphnis* : *Lycidas* my Syre,

Both sound as well as Woman can desire.

Nomæa bore me ; Farmers in degree,

He a good Husband, a good Houfwife ſhe.

Chlo. Your kindred is not much amifs, 'tis true,

Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.

Daph. I know your Father, and his Family ;

And without boaſting am as good as he

Menelaus ; and no Maſter goes before.

Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees ; not one word
more ;

But if you love me let me ſee your Living,

Your Houſe and Home ; for ſeeing is be-
lieving.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from noon;)

Chlo. Browze on my goats; for I'll be with you soon.

Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,) (bare?
To touch my breasts, and leave my bosome

Daph. These pretty bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing blood forsake thy face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place :
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soyling,
What do you think new Cloaths, were made
for spoyling?

Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy back:

Chlo. My Head Geer'es off; what filthy work
you make!

Daph. To

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these offerings by ;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:

Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove:

Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me ;

And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,

And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

Chlo Y' are liberal now ; but when your turn is

sped,

You'll wish me choak'd with every crust of

Bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have

told ;

Wou'd I cou'd coyn my very heart to Gold.

Chlo. Forgive thy handmaid (Huntress of the

wood,)

I see there's no resisting flesh and blood !

Daph. The

Daph. The noble deed is done ; my Herds I'll call ;

Cupid, be thine a Calf ; & *Venus*, thine a Bull.

Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky hour,

But hence return, without my Virgin flour.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best ;

If thou canst hold, I bid for twins at least.

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence
With mutual joys, and gratifi'd their sense ;
The God of Love was there a bidden Guest ;
And present at his own Mysterious Feast.
His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed ;
While folded in each others arms they lay,
He blew the flames, and furnish'd out the play ,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy sweat
away.

First rose the Maid and with a glowing Face,
Her down cast eyes beheld her print upon the grass;
Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste :
The Bridgroom started from his Trance at last,
And pipeing homeward jocoundly he past.

Horas

Horat. Ode 3. Lib. 1.

*Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon,
on his intended Voyage to
I R E L A N D:*

S O may th'auspicious Queen of Love,
And the twin Stars, (the Seed of Jove,)
And he, who rules the rageing wind
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying soft *Etesian* Gales,
As thou to whom the Muse commends,
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed Pledge restore:
And land him safely on the shore:

And

And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at Sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of Iron arm'd his side!
Or his at least, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny Floud:
Nor fear'd the winds contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What form of death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight,
Cou'd veiw the Surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep?
Cou'd thro' the ranks of ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!

In vain did Natures wise command,
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main :
Th' eternal Fences over leap ;
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toyl, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold *Prometheus* did aspire,
And stole from heaven the seed of Fire :
A train of Ills, a ghastly crew,
The Robbers blazing track pursue ;
Fierce Famine, with her Meagre face,
And Feavours of the fiery Race,
In swarms th' offending Wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground :

And

And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake, and snatch'd the Prey.
Nay scarce the Gods, or heav'nly Climes
Are safe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove's* Imperial Crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down.

HORACE

Horace Lib. 1. Ode 9.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountains hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;
Again behold the Winters weight
Oppress the lab'ring Woods below :
And streams with Icy letters bound,
Benum'd and cramp't to solid ground.

II.

With well heap'd Logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial heat with fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And sprightly Wit and Love inspires :
For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

Let

III.

Let him alone with what he made,
 To tofs and turn the World below ;
 At his command the storms invade ;
 The winds by his Commiffion blow ;
 Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceafe,
 And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To morrow and her works defie,
 Lay hold upon the prefent hour,
 And fnatch the pleasures paffing by,
 To put them out of Fortunes pow'r :
 Nor love, nor love's delights difdain,
 What e're thou get'ft to day is gain.

K

Some

V.

Secure those golden early joyes,
That Youth unfowr'd with sorrow bears,
E're with'ring time the taste destroyes,
With sickness and unweildy years!
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possesst;
The best is but in season best.

VI.

The pointed hour of promis'd blis,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd coynefs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joyes the Gods for Youth ordain.

Horat.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3.

Paraphras'd in *Pindarique* Verse ;

A N D

*Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable
Lawrence Earl of Rochester.*

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,

Make haste to meet the generous wine,

Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :

The rose wreath is ready made ;

And artful hands prepare

The fragrant *Syrian* Oyl, that shall perfume thy hair.

K 2

When

II.

When the Wine sparkles from a far,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be Great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the Great :
Make haste and come :
Come and forsake thy cloying store ;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome* ;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise men scorn, and fools adore :
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
(of the poor.
Some-

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty :
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,
Without the stately spacious Room,
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from a far ;
And with his sultry breath infects the Sky ;
The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock, (fry.
Beneath the covert of a Rock ;

And

And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh :
The *Sylvans* to their shades retire,
Those very shades and streams, new shades and
streams require ;
And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the rage-
(ing fire.

I V.

Thou, what befits the new Lord May'r,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallique* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know :
But God has, wisely, hid from humane sight
The dark decrees of future fate ;
And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State ;
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour ;
 And put it out of Fortunes pow'r :
 The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extream.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle Bed ;
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it, with impetuous force :
 And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
 Sheep and their Folds together drown :
 Both House and Homestead into Seas are borne,
 And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
 And woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd ho-
 (nours mourr,

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to day his own:
He, who secure within, can say
To morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate are mine:
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her slave oppress,
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless,
Still various and unconstant still;
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a Lottery of life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind ;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:

The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm ;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is 't to me,
Who never fail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black ;
If the Mast split and threaten wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain ;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.

While

For me secure from Fortunes blows,
(Secure of what I cannot lose,)
In my small Pinnacle I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar ;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my safety seek
Within some little winding Creek ;
And see the storm a shore.

From

FROM
H O R A C E,

Epod. 2d.

HOW happy in his low degree
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet country life!
Discharg'd of business, void of strife,
And from the gripeing Scrivener free.
(Thus e're the Seeds of Vice were sown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who Plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their small paternal field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets summon him to War
Nor drums disturb his morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful care,
Nor fears the dangers of the deep.

The

The clamours of contentious Law,

And Court and state he wisely shuns,

Nor brib'd with hopes nor dar'd with awe

To servile Salutations runs :

But either to the clasping Vine

Does the supporting Poplar Wed,

Or with his pruning hook disjoyn

Unbearing Branches from their Head,

And grafts more happy in their stead :

Or climbing to a hilly Steep

He views his Herds in Vales afar

Or Sheers his overburden'd Sheep,

Or mead for cooling drink prepares,

Of Virgin honey in the Jars.

Or in the now declining year

When bounteous *Autumn* rears his head,

He joyes to pull the ripen'd Pear,

And clustring Grapes with purple spread.

The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
 Or on the matted grass he lies;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
 The stream that o're the pebbles flies
 With gentle slumber crowns his Eyes.
The Wind that Whistles through the sprays
 Maintains the consort of the Song ;
And hidden Birds with native layes
 The golden sleep prolong.
But when the blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the year,
Into the naked Woods he goes
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed Spear.

Or

Or spreads his subtile Nets from sight
With twinckling glasses to betray
The Larkes that in the Meshes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
Amidst his harmlesse easie joys
No anxious care invades his health,
Nor Love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of Wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,
To ease the business of his Life,
Divides with him his household care,
Such as the Sabine *Matrons* were,
Such as the swift *Apulians* Bride,
Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without noise will oversee,
His Children and his Family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;

If she in pens his Flocks will fold,
 And then produce her Dairy store,
 With Wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor;
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
 My sober appetite wou'd wish,
 Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
 That rowling Tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly dish.
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
 Which *Phaſſs*, or *Ionia* yields,
 More pleasing morsels wou'd afford
 Than the fat Olives of my fields ;
 Than Shards or Mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
 Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
 To the just Guardian of my ground,

Amidst these feasts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the Plains ;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak,
Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke.
To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his cheerful hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome Food and Couuntry Mirth.
This *Morecraft* said within himself;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Mony in :
But the prevailing love of pelf,
Soon split him on the former shelf,
And put it out again.

Part of *Virgils* 4th. *Georgick*.

Aristeus, having lost his Bees, goes by his Mother's direction to Proteus to know why the Gods had sent this Plague ; Proteus tells him they sent it to revenge the injury he had done Orpheus, in being the cause of his Brides death, and so goes on with the Story of his Passion.

NOW scorching *Sirius* burnt the thirsty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked shores ;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring supply'd his froud,
And mid-day Rays boyld up the streams to mud :
When *Proteus* coming to his usual Cave,
The Sea Calf following spouts the brackish wave :
Spread o're the sand the scatter'd Monsters lay,
He (like a Shepherd at the close of day,

When Heifers seek their stalls, and round a Rock
 The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
 Sits midd'lt the Beach, and counts the scaly flock.
 Scarce was he laid, scarce sleep had seal'd his eyes,
 When *Aristeus*, eager to surprise,
 Invades and binds him : Strait he starts and roars,
 And with shrill noises fills the ecchoing shores :
 He flies to his old Arts and strives to 'scape,
 By frequent change, and varying of his shape :
 All monstrous forms put on, he would appear
 A Flame, a Floud, a Lion, or a Bear :
 When nought avail'd he turn'd himself again ;
 And thus spoke with the accent of a Man :
 By whose advice hast thou so rashly prest,
 Bold Youth, on me ? And what dost thou request ?

(ply'd
 You know, Great God, you know, the Swain re-
 For who can cheat you ? who his wants can hide ?

But

But strive to change no more : I humbly come,
And by the Gods commands, to know my doom :
For what I'm punish'd, when these plagues arose,
And by what means I may retrieve my loss :
This said, the angry God with fury shook,
His eyes shot flame, and horror chang'd his look,
He gnash'd his teeth, and thus at last he spoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods pursue,
Thou suffer'st what to thy great crimes is due ;
At wretched *Orpheus* suit these plagues commence,
Tho' (fate being kind) too small for thy offences :
To Heavens strict Justice he his wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down vengeance for his perish'd Bride :
She, while she fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedless fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Nere saw the Snake glide o're the grassie ground,
But e're she knew the foe, she felt the wound :

Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In groans the soften'd *Rhodope* replies ;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* streams lament,
Forget their fury, and in grief consent :
While he to doleful tunes his strings does move,
And strove to solace his uneasie Love :
Thee, Thee, Dear Bride, on Desert shores alone
He mourn'd at rising, and at setting Sun :
His restless Love did natural fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He saw the Grove, where gloomy horrors spread,
The Ghosts and gästly Tyrant of the dead ;
With those rough Powers, that there severely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor men complain :

He strook his Harp, and strait a numerous throng
Of Airy people fled to hear the Song,

Thither vast troops of wretched Lovers came,
And shriekt at the remembrance of their flame;
With heavy grief and gloomy thoughts oppress'd,
Meagre each shape, and wounds in every breast;
(How deep, ah me! and wide must mine appear,
If so much Beauty can be so severe!)

With these, mixt troops of Fathers, ^{Wives,} Husbands,
As thick as swarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening close, or when a Tempest drives:
With Ghosts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whose dying eyes their Mothers clos'd:
Which now the dull unnavigable flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid, weeds, and mud
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels spread, confine:

The wondrous numbers soft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of Death;

Snakes round the *Furies* heads did upward rear,
And seem'd to listen to the pleasing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder streams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel stood still, all tortures ceast,
And Hell amaz'd knew an usual rest.

All dangers past beyond the reach of fear,
Restor'd *Euridice* breath'd the upper air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his complaint
Hell added this condition to the grant.)
When fury soon the heedless Lover seiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell could be pleas'd)
Fornear the confines of *Ætherial* Air,
Unmindful and unable to forbear,
He stopt, look'd back, (what cannot love perswade?)

To take one view of the unhappy Maid:

To

Here all his Pains were lost, one greedy look
 Defeats his hopes, and Hells conditions broke,
 Thrice *Stix* refounded, thrice *Averne* shook:
 A fatal Messenger from *Pluto* flew,
 And snatch'd the forfeit from a second view:

3

Backward she fell ; ah me ! too greedy Youth,
 (She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both !
 Death summons me again, cold fates surprise,
 And Icy sleep spreads o're my nodding eyes :
 Wrapt up in night I feel the *Stygian* shore,
 And stretch my arms to thee in vain, ah thine no
 (more !

This scarc'd pronounc'd, like smoke dispers'd in
 So vanish'd the twice-lost unhappy Fair : (air
 And left him catching at the flying shade ;
 He stood distracted , much he would have said,

In vain ; for *Charon* wou'd not waſt him o're,
Once he had paſſ'd, and now muſt hope no more
What ſhould he do ? where ſhould he ſeek repoſe ?
Where flie the trouble of his ſecond loſs ?
In what ſoft numbers ſhould the wretch complain ?
And beg his dear *Euridice* again ?
She now grew cold in *Charon's* boat beneath,
And ſadly fail'd to the known ſeats of Death :
But while nine circling months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd :
By freezing *Strymon's* unfrequented ſtream,
Euridice, his loſt *Euridice*, his theme ;
And while he ſang this ſad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move :
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviſht young,
Which ſome hard hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſie prey ;

Reſtleſs

Restless they sit, renew their mournful strains,
And with sad Passion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
He fled the heinous thoughts of second Love :
In vain the *Thracians* woe'd, wit, wealth, esteem,
Those great Enticers, lost their force on him :
Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows ;
Thro' fields still white with frost, or beat with hail,
Constant to grief, and eager to bewail :
Euclid the Gods vain gift employs
His thoughts, and makes him deaf to other joys.

The slighted *Thracians* heat this scorn increast,
They breath'd revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* feast,
(For what so soon as wine makes fury burn ?
And what can wound a Maid so deep as scorn ?)

Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his limbs, and drank his reeking gore :
His head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along
Eurydice fell from his dying tongue.
His parting Soul, when flying thro' the wound,
Cry'd ah *Euridice*, the floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the banks resound.

The Sixth

E L E G Y

Of the First Book of

T I B U L L U S.

O Et I by Wine have try'd to lull my cares,
But vexing grief turn'd all my wine to
Tears;

Each sprightly bottle did but still supply

Another Fountain for my weeping Eye :

I chang'd my Love, but midst the kind embrace

I think on her, and my attempt decays :

The Maid deluded from my feeble Arms (Charms :
Straight starts, and shriek's and much complains of

I know, says she, strong charms thy force restrain,
You us'd to prove your self a greater Man ;
Go dull unactive Load, thy strength restore,
Then come prepar'd, and mock my hopes no more.
Ah me ! no Charms but her bewitching face,
Damps all my thoughts, and deadens my embrace :
Yet now a wealthy Fool and Bawd conspire,
A griping Bawd, to blast my just desire ;
And what can the poor Man securely hold
Against the force of Treachery and gold !
I faint, I die, yet e're I mount above,
I'll call down vengeance for my injur'd love ;
Let hatred blast her, and the publick scorn,
Who drew the fair One first to be forsworn.
Unpity'd, hated, let her range the Streets,
Worry'd by Dogs, and curst by all she meets :
At night let groaning Spectres round her wait,
And break her rest complaining of their Fate :

rain,
ore.
ce:
All this will come, I shall be pleas'd to see
The speedy punishment of Treachery :
No slow delay shall coming fate prolong ;
For *Venus* soon resents a Lovers wrong :
But take heed Fair one, be no longer aw'd,
But fly the cunning precepts of the Bawd ;
The Rich mans bribes, her greedy hope devours,
She pleads for her own profit, not for yours :
For tho the wealthy may present you more,
He cannot pay the service of the poor.
The poor is ready, he will ne're disdain
The meanest servile Office of thy Train ;
He'l bear thy Chair, of the preferment proud,
Of force a passage for you thro' the Crowd.
What ever friendships strictest ty's can crave,
Or utmost duty challenge from a Slave :
In vain, I sing, nor will my words command,
This Gate ne're opens to an empty hand.

But

But, happy Sir, who dost thy conquest boast
And triumph in the spoils that I have lost,
Take heed, I warn Thee, my approaches fear ;
What you must suffer learn by what I bear :

OVID's *Dream.*

TWas Night and lazy sleep my Eyes confin'd,
But left an open passage to my mind :
These wondrous visions made a frightful train
In too surprizing figures to be vain :
At a large Mountains foot, a Grove arose,
The shades lay thick and Birds beneath the boughs;
A Green spread wide the wandring Eye detains,
Water'd with springs that murmur'd thro' the
Plains :
Beneath the shade, methoughts, I careless lay,
To cool the former fury of the day ;

Yet tho I found the outward warmth retreat,
 I still was fire, and felt an inward heat.
 When lo a Cow, that left the meaner Herd
 For better Pastures, to my eyes appear'd ;
 More white than falling snow to mortal view,
 Or Milk just frothing from the burdened Ewe:
 For common sight can make but small pretence
 Compar'd to fancy unconfin'd by sense:
 A Bull, the happy Consort of the Cow,
 Lay by her side, lookt pleas'd, and seem'd to low.
 But whilst he lay, and gently chew'd the Cud,
 Feeding again upon his former Food,
 Sleep weakning all his strength, he bent his head,
 And lay extended on the grassy bed:
 And as he slept a Pye fled nimbly down,
 Chatter'd a while, drew near, then bolder grown
 Peckt at the Cow ; then chatter'd once again,
 The Cow appear'd uneasie at the Pain ;

Till

Till chattering on, he seem'd to please the Beast,
Then fled, but left a stain upon her breast.

The Cow look'd round upon her sleeping Mate,
As loath to leave him, and yet urg'd by fate;
Thrice look'd, thrice low'd, but yet at last she fled
To other Bulls, and wantonly she fed:

Forgot the Pastures of the former Plain,
And never look'd upon her Mate again.

Heav'n! What's foreshew'd me by this strange por-
If 'tis not a meer fancy what is meant?

Tell sacred Augur, you are us'd to see
Events in Causes, and read Fates decree.

At this the Augur shook his reverend head,
And pondering all the circumstances, said:

The heat which you did to the shades remove
To cool but could not, was the Heat of Love:

The Cow, thy Mistress; white before betray'd;
White is the decent colour for a Maid:

The Bull thy self, tho' scorn'd and hated now,
The happy equal Consort of the Cow :
The Pye that peckt, the Bawd, whose treacherous
art
Prevail'd upon thy Mistress easie heart,
And drew her to be false ; what weak designs,
And small Temptations, win when Nature joyns !
The stain upon her Breast declares her sin ,
And shows the Scarlet faults that lurk within:
My Blood grew cold at this surprizing fright,
I wak't, and all around stood deepest night.

M

A

A

PROLOGUE

Intended for the

DUKE and no *DUKE*.

A Pox! Who'd be a Poet in our days?
When every Coxcomb crowns his Head
with Bays,

And stands a saucy Candidate for Praise.

The surly Scriblers sturdy Vice ingage,

And draw their blunted *Satyr* on the Age.

Vainly they strive and weakly for renown.

So Spaniards first make War then lose the Town:

They fellow fools to their Tribunal call,

There's no spare Fop now left amongst you all.

They've

They've robb'd our Poet of you quite to day,
 You were the standing Prologue to each Play.
 The want of you may chance to spoil his treat,
 A well dress'd Fop was the best dish of Meat :
 But 'tis not civil you to entertain
 With the chaw'd Fragments of your selves again.
 To court the Ladies is in vain, I fear,
 They're all bespoke by some small Sonniteer.
 You cannot spie a Dam'sel in this throng
 But's an elected *Phyllis* for a Song.
 For our good natur'd Fools, of late incline,
 In senseless Sonnets much to sigh and whine ;
 Thinking their Wit, and Passion to rehearse,
 The Maudlin Blockheads love to weep in Verse.
 But still the Poet is the Lovers Foe,
 And makes the Nation merry with his Woe.
 Who wou'd not laugh, tho' he is vex'd, to see
 Nokes put to act the great *Marc-Antony*.

Heaven send us help in these Poetick times,
And free us from the Pestilence of Rhimes;
There's not a word of sense remains, God knows,
When Songs are stripp'd of Rhime to Naked Prose.
Our Poet's at a loss to find a way
To recommend to you his Farce or Play,
He will not use the Painters surest Art
To win to day the Male and Female heart.
Course painting will delight your wanton eye
If in it naked Nature you descrie.

Adam and *Eve* must not their Fig leaves wear,
But they, good old Folks, too must both stand
bare.

He that will please our most Religious Age
Must bring a naked Muse upon the Stage;
Leudness of Wit has been the single Test
And fulsome Baudy's your beloved Jest.

Our Poet fears that this will prove too chaste,
For you will see her stripp'd but to the Waste;
But if the modest Dam'sel you refuse,
Next Venture, Posture *Mall* shall be his Muse.

The

The Fourteenth Ode

Of the Second Book of

HORACE.

I.

AH! Friend, the passing years how fast they
Nor can the strictest Piety (fly?)

Defer incroaching Age,

Or Deaths resistless Rage,

If you each day

A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,

The smoaking Host cou'd not subdue

The Tyrant to be kind to you.

From *Geryons* Head he snatch'd the Triple Crown.

Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbld down.

The

The Prince, and Pefant of this World must be
Thus wafte'd to Eternity.

II

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeftuous Sea.

In vain they take fuch care
To fhield their bodies from Autumnal Air.
Difmal *Cocytus* they muft ferry o're,
Whofe languid ftream moves dully by the fhore.

And in their paffage we fhall fee
Of tortur'd Ghofts the various Mifery.

III.

Thy ftately Houfe, thy pleafing Wife
And Children, (blessings dear as Life,)

Must

Must all be left nor shalt thou have
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree ;
Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow thee,
The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold
Grave.

But the imprison'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir shall straight set free.
Releas'd from Lock, and Key, the sparkling
Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.

THE
First *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS,
Translated into *English*.

THYRSIS.

G*Oat-Herd*, the Musick of yon whistling Pine,
Tho' sweet, yet is not half so sweet as thine,
Thou, when the sound of thy shrill Pipe is heard
Art next to our great Master *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unquestion'd Due:
If He a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to You.
And Kids you know, until the swelling Teat
Yeilds Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

A a

Goat-

Goat-Herd.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
 Than that fair lovely Stream which down along
 From yonder Hillock's gently rising Side
 Pours the smooth Current of its easie Tide.
 If a white Ew the *Muses* Off'ring be,
 A Spotless Lamb shall be thy second Fee:
 If there's a Lamb; the Ew's reserv'd for thee.

Thyrsis.

And wilt thou, *Goat-herd*, on yon rising ground,
 With Streams refresh'd, & spreading Myrtles crown'd,
 Say, wilt thou one sweet charming Song rehearse?
 I'll feed thy Flock, and listen to thy Verse.

Goat-Herd.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground:
 'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the sound.
 Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to rest:
 And 'tis an angry God when at the best,

But

But, *Thyrsis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
 And understand the Rural Numbers well.
 Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
 By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
 Where an old Seat stands rear'd upon the Green :
 Hard by *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* are seen.
 There if thou sing one of thy Noblest Lays,
 And thy loud voice in such sweet Accents raise,
 As when you baffled *Chromis*, and won the Bays;
 Thrice shalt thou milk my Goat ; come, prythee do :
 Two Pails she fills, although she suckles Two :
 Besides a brave large Goblet shall be thine ;
 New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine.
 Sweet wholsom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
 And two neat handles grace the well wrought sides.
 About the brim a creeping *Ivy* twines,
 Thro' whose brown leaves the brighter *Crocus* shines.

Within, a *Woman's* lovely Image stands :
(A noble Piece! not wrought by Mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes :
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By Her two blooming Youths by Turns complain,
Each striving who shall the blest Conquest gain :
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
And now on That a careless Smile bestows :
Whilst they their big swol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And silently accuse the Cruel Fair.
Next on a Cliff a Fisher-man you'll view,
Who eagerly does his Lov'd Sport pursue.
His gather'd Net just hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Cast on his half bended Knee.
You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, so fitted for the Throw.

His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears :
 Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
 Not far from hence a seeming *Vineyard* grows,
 The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows,
 Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs.
 And a *Young Lad* on a Tree's neighbo'ring Root
 Sits idly by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
 By him, two *Foxes* unregarded Steal :
 Each craftily designs a diff'rent Meal.
 One tow'rd's the *Vineyard* casts a longing Eye ;
 Looks to, and fro ; and then creeps softly by :
 Whil'st t'other couch'd in a close Ambuscade
 To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
 Resolv's not first to quit the *destin'd* Prey,
 Till he has sent the *Younker* Supperless away.
 Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
 He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flyes.

With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Survey's it, and applaud's his own Designs :
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.

The Cup besides a *Wood-bine* does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreath's it's leafy Train
Admir'd and Envy'd by each gazing Swain!

I know, you'l say your self, 'tis strangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!

I bought it, when I crost th' *Ætolian Seas*,
The price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk
Unus'd it lyes, unsully'd, neat and trim : [Cheese ;
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim,
With This I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains,
Nor envy I thy Skill : No——envious Death
Too soon (alas!) will stop that charming Breath :
Come on then, Sing, *Dear Shepherd*, while you may.

Thyrsis.

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:

The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.

Where were the Nymphs? Where in that fatal day,

When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?

Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?

(For sure ye were not by *Anapus* side,

Nor *Ætna's* Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:

They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.

Lyons themselves, did uncouth Sorrows bear,

Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.

Close by his Feet the Bulls, and Heifers lay;

The Calves forgot their Feeding and their Play:

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift *Hermes* first came down to his Relief:

Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this foolish Grief?

What Nymph, what Goddess steals thy heart away?

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Next him the *Shepherds*, and the *Goat-herds* came:

All ask'd the Reason of so strange a Flame.

Priapus came too———

He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,

Why all this Grief? ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?

While the false Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,

Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,

Where e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Ah! foolish and impatient of the Smart,

With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!

An* *Herdsmen* thou wert thought; a *Goat-herd* sure

thou art. * Εἴσας μὲν ἔλεγον· νῦν δ' ἀπὸ λαοῦ ἀνδρείου εἶσας.

The Goat-herd when from some old craggy Rock

He views the sportful Pastimes of His Flock,

And sees 'em how they frisk, and how they play,

Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

And you too, when you see the Nymphs advance

Their nimble Feet in a well order'd Dance,

And hear 'em how they talk ; and see 'em how they

smile ;

Are griev'd that you must stand neglected all the

while.

All this, without an Answer, heard the Swain ;

Still he went on, and nourish'd still the Pain.

He found his Love increase, and Life decay :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head :

Forc'd an insulting Smile, and thus she said.

You

You thought, fond Swain, that you could love
subdue :

But Love, it seems, at last has conquer'd you.
Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his sway :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
She spake—And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.

Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beside !

Ah! cruel Goddess! spare thy Taunts at last ;
Nor urge a Death, that's drawing on so fast.

Too well I know, my fatal hour is come,
My * Sun declining to its Western Home.

Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
Hence *Cyprian Queen*, to *Ida's* Tops repair.

Anchises, lov'd *Anchises* waits you there.

There spreading Oaks will cover you around :

Here humble Shrubs scarce peep above the Ground ;

* Ἡ δὲ γὰρ φράσσει πᾶνθ' ἥλιον αἶμα δίδυκεν.

And busy Bees are humming all the Day.
The noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play : }
Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Adonis too! — The Boy is lovely fair!
He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;
And boldly chafes ev'ry Beast of Prey :

Begin, Sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
The Panthers, Lyons, and the Wolves adieu!
Who now shall travers the thick Woods with you? }
No more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue! }

Hail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail! [Vale!
Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber's* flowry
Farewel! — The Gods forbid my longer Stay :

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay:
Pan, Pan, where'er your wandring Footsteps move;
Whether on *Lyce's* airy Tops you rove,
Or sporting in the vast *Mænalian* Grove: }

Haste,

Haste, quickly haste; leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helick's* Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!

And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey:

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well joyn'd, and fit;
An useles Pipe to me! and I to it!

For Love and Fate have summon'd me away:

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roses blush on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dyes, what can be strange, or new?
Hounds now shall fly, and trembling Fawns pursue;
Schriech-Owls shall sing, and Thrushes yield the day:

Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* spake, and more he would have sung:
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

t nodes Fair *Venus* strove to raise her drooping Son ;
 in vain she strove : for his last Thread was spun.
 Black Stygian Waves surround the darling Boy
 Lay. Of every Nymph, and every Muse's Joy.
 ; Lifeless he lyes, and still as harden'd Clay,
 Who was so Young, so Lovely, and so gay :
 Leave off, Fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay. }

y. The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuse:
 I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muse.
 All hail, ye Muses, that inspire my Tongue!
 A better day shall have a better Song.

Goat-herd.

> May dropping Combs on those sweet Lips distill,
 ; And thy lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.
 : For much, much sweeter is thy Tuneful Voice,
 Than, when on Sunny days with chearful noise, }
 The Vocal Insects of the Spring rejoice.

Here,

Here, take the promis'd Cup-How bright the look !
How fine the Smell ! sure from some fragrant Brook,
The bath of smiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took !
Here * *Cissy*, hitherward, — Come, milk her now :
My Kids, forbear to leap : for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* *Kivasda*, the Name of the Goat.

THE

The R E A P E R S.
 T H E
 Tenth I D Y L L I U M
 O F
 T H E O C R I T U S.

Englified by Mr. *WILIAM BOWLES*,
 of *King's College in Cambridge.*

Milo. Battus.

A Re you grown lazy, or does some Disease,
 Oh *Battus*, bind your hands, and sinews seize,
 That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
 Still you're behind, and lagg at every Turn ?
 What in the Heat, and Evening will you do,
 Who early in the Morning loiter so?

Battus.

Battus.

Milo, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'st never yet an absent Friend bemoan ?

Milo.

Who but such Fools as thou, the absent Mind ?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

Battus.

Did Love ne'er yet thy Senses waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep ?

Milo.

The Gods preserve me from that restless Care,
Oh *Reapers* all, the gilded Bait beware !

Battus.

But I nine days the Passion Love have felt,
With inward fires consume, and slowly melt.
See ! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

Milo.

Battus.

She who pip'd lately at *Hippocooris* Feast,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Guest.

Milo.

The God's for some old Sins have sent this Evil,
And shame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil,

Battus.

Beware; insulting *Cupid* has a Dart;
And it may one day reach thy stubborn Heart.

Milo.

Come, you're a Poet; sing some am'rous Song,
'Twill ease your toil, and make the day less long:

Battus.

Oh Muse! assist my Song, and make it flow,
For you fresh Charms on all you sing bestow.

Bombyce (Oh my dearest) do not frown,
They call thee Tawny, but I call thee Brown.

Yet blush not, Dear : Black is the *Violet*,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit.

Yet both are sweet , and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,
And, *Battus*, sweet *Bombyce* follows you.

Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Cræsus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple should our Statues stand,
Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy hand,
I in a Dancer's Posture, gay, new shod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is most soft and sweet,

But who can praise enough thy humour and thy fil-

Milo.

[ver feet?

Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What Verse is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How just the Rhyme's how equally they meet,
The numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!

Yet

Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,

'Twas by immortal *Lyriæses* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres*! blest the Field,

May the full Ears a plenteous Harvest yield.

Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind;

See how they're blown, and scatter'd by the Wind,

Haste! lest some jeering Passenger should say,

Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.

Reapers observe, and to the Southwest turn

Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and swell the Corn.

Threshers at Noon, and in the burning heat,

(Then the light Chaff flies out) should toil and sweat;

But Reapers should with the sweet Wood-Lark rise,

And sleep when *Phebus* mounts the Southern Skies.

Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!

They suck in Drink for Air, and proudly swell.

Oh niggard Bayliff ! we could dine on Beans,
And spare your windy Cabbage, and your Pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve ;
But thy sad Ditty , and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus* , I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her bed she lyes.

A I T H Σ.
 O R T H E
 Twelfth *IDYLLIUM*
 O F
 T H E O C R I T U S.

Scarce three whole days, my lovely Youth, ^{[past} had
 Since thou and I met here, and parted last.
 And yet, so sluggishly the Minutes flew,
 I thought it Ages till we met anew.
 Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
 Already envious Time began to shed
 A snowy White around my drooping Head.
 As to Spring's Bravery rugged Winter yields,
 The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields;

As by the faithful Shepherd new-yea'n'd Lambs
Are much less valu'd than their fleecy Damms ;
As to wild Plumbs the Damson is preferr'd ;
As nimble Does out-strip the duller Herd ;
As Maids seem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Then those who *Hymen's* Joys have often try'd ;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excells the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove :
So much dost thou all other Youths excell ,
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half so well !
Sweeter thy Face ! more ravishing thy Charms !
No Guest so welcom to my longing Arms !
When first I view'd those much lov'd Eyes of thine,
At distance and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th'expected Boy
With all the transports of unruly Joy.

Not with such eager haste, such fond Desires,
 The Traveller, when scorched by *Syrian* Fires,
 To some well-spreading Beache's shade retires. }
 O! that some God would equal Flames impart!
 And spread a mutual warmth thro' either Heart!
 Till men should quote our names for loving well;
 And age to age the pleasing Story tell. [tongue)
 Two men there were (cry's some well meaning
 Whose friendship equal on Love's Ballance hung:
 (*Esplanus* one, *Antes* t'other name,
 Both surely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
 Of honest ancient make and heav'nly mould,
 Such as in good King *Saturn's* dayes of old }
 Flourish'd, and stamp'd the Age's name with Gold.
 Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a day, }
 While we amidst th' *Elysian* Valleys stray,
 Some welcom Ghost may this glad Message say,

Your Loves, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
Ev'n now with lasting Praise are daily sung ;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.

But Pray'rs are vain ! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
Whate'er I ask, can grant or can deny.

In the mean time thee my due Songs shall praise,
Thee the glad matter of my tuneful lays : [raise.
Nor shall the well meant Verse a tell-tale Blister
Nay shou'd you chide, I'll catch the pleasing sound,
Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the wound.

Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa's* Shoar

Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Success attend :

You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours, and becoming Reverence pay,
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day.

Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport :

And he, whose pointed Kifs is sweetest found,
Returns with Laurels, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away !
Happy, I grant : but O far happier they,
Who, from the Seats of their much envy'd Bliss,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kifs!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To those which in the faithful Stone reside :
Whose touch apply'd, the Artist can explore
The baser Mettal from the shining Ore.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ:
 OR THE
 Nineteenth *IDYLLIUM*
 OF
 THE OCRTUS.

C*U*pid, the flyest Rogue alive,
 One day was plundering of a Hive:
 But as with too too eager Haste
 He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy;
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.
 The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
 Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground;
 He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain !
The rubbing still increas'd the pain.
Straight to his Mothers Lap he hies,
With swelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
Cry's she——What does my *Cupid* ail ?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.

S. A little Bird they call a Bee,
With yellow Wings ; see , Mother, see
How it has gor'd, and wounded me !
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the World juſt ſuch another ?
Juſt ſuch another angry thing,
Like in bulk and like in Sting.
For when you aim a poiſ'nous Dart,
Againſt ſome poor unwary Heart,
How little is the Archer found !
And yet how wide, how deep the Wound !

THE
Complaint of ARIADNA.
 OUT OF
 CATULLUS.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis, describes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of Theseus and Ariadna, and on that occasion makes a long Digression, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.

THere on th' extreamest Beach, and farthest
 Deserted *Ariadna* seem'd to stand, [Sand
 New wak'd, and raving with her Love she flew
 To the dire Shoar, from whence she might pursue
 With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
 The winged Bark o'er the tempestuous Main;

For

For bury'd in fallacious Sleep she lay
 While thro' the Waves false *Thesens* cut his way,
 Regardless of her Fate who sav'd his Youth;
 Winds bore away his Promise and his Truth.
 Like some wild *Bachanal* unmov'd she stood,
 And with fix'd Eyes survey'd the raging Floud.
 There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
 Nor less the tempests that distract her Soul;
 Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
 Rage in her Soul exprest, and wild Despair:
 Her rising Breasts with Indignation swell,
 And her loose Robes disdainfully repell.
 The shining Ornaments that drest her Head,
 When with the glorious Ravisher she fled,
 Now at their Mistress Feet neglected lay,
 Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
 But she nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
 Her snowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet,

On

On *Theſens* her loſt Senſes all attend,
And all the Paſſions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Senſe contend in vain,
She ſunk at laſt beneath the mighty pain :
With various ills beſet, and ſtupid grown,
She loſt the Pow'r thoſe ills ev'n to bemoan :
But when the firſt Affault, and fierce Surprize
Were paſt, and Grief had found a paſſage at her Eyes,
With cruel hands her ſnowy Breſt ſhe wounds,
Theſens, in vain, through all the Shoar reſounds.
Now urg'd by Love ſhe plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again :
Thrice ſhe repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
Thrice Fear and Cold her ſhivering Limbs invade.
Fainting at laſt ſhe hung her beauteous Head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, ſhe ſaid,
 Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou waſt all to me)

And

And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid;
 Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
 Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
 Betray'd to Mischiefs of which Death's the least,
 And plung'd in ills too great to be exprest.
 Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
 With Vengeance thy devoted Ship pursue,
 Overtake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breast,
 And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infect.
 But tho' no Pity thy stern Breast could move,
 Nor angry Gods, nor ill requited Love,
 Yet sence of Honour sure should touch thy Heart,
 And shame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
 With other Hopes my easy Faith you fed,
 A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed,
 But all those Joyes with thee alas! are fled.
 Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
 They only with more Form and Pomp and deceive:

To

To compass their lewd ends the wretches swear,
Of Oaths profuse, nor Gods nor Temples spare;
But when enjoy'd——

Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.

But, O ye Women, warn'd by me, be wise,
Turn their false Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lyes,
Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear when you betray,
Defeat the Gamesters at their own foul Play.

Oh banisht faith! but now from certain Death
I snatcht the Wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd breath,
His Life with my own Brothers blood I bought,
And Love by such a cruel Service fought,
By *Me* preserv'd yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild Beasts expose an easie Prey!

Nor thou of Royal race, nor Humane stock [Rock;
Wast born, but nurs'd by Bears, and issu'd from a
Too plain thou dost thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'st, and Hate for Love.

Yet he securely fails! and I in vain
Recall the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they stand; yet cou'd they see and hear,
More Humane would than Cruel Man appear.

But I———

Must the sad Pleasure of Compassion want,
And dy unheard, and lose my last complaint:
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Had'st thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
Dissembl'd Sweetness in thy Look does shine,
But ah! th'inhumane Monsters lurk within.

What now remains? or whom shall I implore
In a wild Isle, on a deserted Shoar?

Shall I return, and beg my Father's aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled?
But, *Theseus*, *Ariadna's*, Constant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and Constant as the Wind.

See! wretched Maid, vast Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the resounding Shoar,
Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,
No Ship appears to bless thy Longing Sight.
The dismal Isle no Humane Footstep bears,
But a sad Silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the strife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e'er I dye, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curse him first, and then contented fall.
Ascend ye Furies then, ascend, and hear
My last Complaints, and grant my dying Prayer,
Which Grief and Rage for ill rewarded Love,
And the deep sense of his Injustice move:
Oh suffer not my latest Words to flye
Like common Air, and unregarded dye!

With

With Vengeance his dire Treachery pursue,
 For Vengeance, Goddesses, attends on you,
 Terrour with you, Despair and Death appear,
 And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
 May his proud Ship by furious Billows tost
 On Rocks, or some wild Shoar like this be lost ;
 There may he fall, or late returning see,
 (If so the Gods, and so the Fates decree)
 A mournful House, polluted by the Dead,
 And Furies ever wait on his * Incestuous Bed.
 Jove heard, and did the just Request approve,
 And nodding shook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
 Lights above.

* He carried away her Sister *Phœdra*.

THE
Twentieth *IDYLLIUM*
OF
THEOCRITUS.

PRoud *Ennica*, when I advanc'd to Kifs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips such as these, and such a Mouth prophane?
No: To prevent your rustick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with such as you:
But your soft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fist,
All charming, and all suing to be kist,
Your matted Hair, and your smooth Chin invite,
Conspire to make you Lovely to the sight.

Oh how you look, how prettily you play, [say!
How soft your Words, and what fine things you
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gon,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vanish, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He smells of the rank Goats from which he came!

This said, with Indignation thrice she spit,
Survey'd me with Disdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce Rage, and conscious Beauty seen
In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.

She pray'd, as if she some Contagion fear'd,
Cast a disdainful Smile, and disappear'd.

My boyling Blood sprang with my Rage, and spread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red;
So Roses blush, when night her kindly dew has shed.

I rage, I curse the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Person, and my comely Beard.

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
 Has any God cast my old Form anew?
 How am I chang'd? for once a matchless Grace
 Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
 Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'er grow,
 And my long Hair in untaught Curles did flow,
 My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
 My sparkling Eyes shot forth a radiant Light;
 In sweetest Words did my soft Language flow,
 As Honey sweet, and soft as falling Snow;
 When with loud Notes I the shrill Pipe inspir'd,
 The list'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
 Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
 They praise my Beauty, and my flames approve.
 Such tho' I am, yet me, because a Swain,
 (How nice these Town-bred Women are, how
 Gay *Emilia* rejected with Disdain. [vain!])

And she, it seems, has never heard, or read
 How *Bacchus*, now a God, a flock once fed.
Venus her self did the Profession grace,
 By Love transform'd into a Countrey Lads,
 The *Phrygian* fields and woods her flames can tell,
 And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.

How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon descend
 From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* friend,
 And absent from the Sky whole Nights with him
 did spend?

To shining in her Orb prefer her Love,
 Stoop and desert her glorious Seat above?
 And was not he a Shepherd? sure he was,
 Yet did not she disdain his low Embrace.
 The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
 Their Majesty laid by, could Shepherds love:
 The *Phrygian* Groves, and conscious *Ida* know
 What She for *Atys*, he for *Ganymed* could do.

But prouder *Eunica* disdains alone
 What Gods, and greatest Goddeesses have done;
 Fairer it seems by much, and greater she,
 Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
 Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
 Worthy your Love, in Countrey, or in Town,
 But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

TO
 L E S B I A.
 OUT OF
 C A T U L L U S.

L Et's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
 The little time that Nature lends improve;
 In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the day,
 Nor care a farthing what old Dotards say;

The Suns may rise again that once are set,
 Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat,
 But when our Day's once turn'd have lost their Light,
 We must sleep on one long Eternal Night:
 A thousand Kisses, Dear, a hundred more,
 Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor:
 Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
 Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm:
 And when repeated thousands numerous grow
 We'll kiss out all again, that none may know
 How many you have lent, and what I owe:
 While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
 And kiss a long Eternity away.

TO LESBIA.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her
True, this she swears by all the Powers above, [Bed:
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing faith Defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

TO LESBIA.

A Petition to be freed from LOVE.

IF Pleasure follows when we think upon
The good and pious Deeds that we have done :
That we ne'er broke our Oaths, ne'er strove to cheat,
Nor Heav'n abus'd to credit a Deceit ;

Catullus, thou art safe, and sure to prove
Long happy years from this uneasy Love :
What could be done, or what devoutly said
You said and did, the utmost Duty paid,
But all was lost on the ungrateful Maid.

Then why wilt thou continu'd Pains endure ?
And when thou may'st enjoy, defer the Cure ?
Assert thy Freedom, and thy self restore,
Though Heaven denys, yet be a Wretch no more:

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess ;
'Tis hard, but you may do it if you please.
In this thy Safety doth consist alone,
Or possible , or not , it must be done.
Great Gods, if Pity doth belong to you,
If you can save the man whom Fates pursue;
Look down, if he a Pious Life hath liv'd
From Love let good *Catullus* be repriev'd :
Which like cold numness hath my thoughts confin'd,
And banish'd Mirth and Humour from my Mind :
I do not beg She should be Kind at last,
Or, what Her Nature will not bear, be Chast.
But grant me Freedom, and my Health restore,
Gods, thus reward my Goodness, and I ask no more.

OVID's ELEGIES.

Lib. 2. Eleg. 12

Triumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
I'm Victor now, my dear *Corinna's* mine.
As she was hard to get, a careful Spy,
Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preserv'd her troublesome Chastity.
Now I deserve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Blood.
'Was not a petty Town with Gates and Barrs,
Those little Trophies of our meaner Wars;
So 'twas a *Whore*, a lovely Whore I took,
Won her by a Song, and by a Look.
When ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Brides got? how small a share of Fame?
At none pretends a Part in that I won,
The Vict'ry's mine, the Glory all my own.

I in

I in this Conquest was the General,
The Soldier, Ensign, Horse, and Foot, and all;
Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no share,
Come Triumph gotten by my single Care.
I fought, as most have done, for Miss, and Love,
For *Helen Europe*, and all *Asia*, strove:
The *Centaur*s rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And spilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
The *Trojans* tho' they once had lost their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And stoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.
For one fair Cow I've seen two Bulls ingage,
Whilst she stands by, and looks, and heats their Rage
E'en I (for *Cupid* says he'll have it so.)
As most Men are, must be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloody Conquerour shall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindness, Wars be Love.

LIB. II. ELEGY XVI.

He invites his Mistress into the Countrey.

I 'Me now at——where my Eyes can view
 Their old Delights, but what I want in you :
 Here purling Streams cut thro' my pleasing Bowers,
 Adorn my Banks, and raise my drooping Flowers;
 Here Trees with bending Fruit in order stand,
 Invite my Eye, and tempt my greedy Hand;
 But half the Pleasure of Enjoyment's gone,
 Since I must pluck them single and alone :
 Why could not Nature's Kindness first contrive
 That faithful Lovers should like Spirits live,
 Mixt in one point, and yet divided ly
 Enjoying an united Liberty ?
 But since we must thro' distant Regions go,
 Why was not the same way design'd for two ?

One

One single Care determin'd still for both,
And the kind Virgin joyn'd the loving Youth?
Then should I think it pleasant way to go
O'er *Alpine* Frost, and trace the Hills of Snow;
Then should I dare to view the horrid Moors,
And walk the Desarts of the *Lybian* Shoars;
Hear *Scylla* bark, and see *Charybdis* rave,
Suck in, and vomit out the threatening Wave:
Fearless thro' all I'de steer my feeble Barge,
Secure and safe with the Celestial Charge:
But now though here my grateful Fields afford
Choice Fruits to cheer their melancholly Lord;
Though here obedient Streams the Gardner leads,
In narrow Channels thro' my flowry Beds.
Tho' Poplars rise, and spread a shady Grove,
Where I might lye, my little Life improve,
And spend my Minutes 'twixt a Muse and Love.

Yet these contribute little to my Ease,
 For without you they lose the Power to please :
 I seem to walk o'er Fields of naked Sand,
 Or tread an antick Maze in *Fairy-Land*.
 Where frightful Spectres and pale Shades appear,
 And hollow Groans invade my troubled Ear :
 Where ev'ry Breeze, that thro' my Arbour flies,
 First sadly murmurs, and then turns to Sighs :
 The Vines love Elms, what Elms from Vines remove ?
 Then why should I be parted from my Love ?
 And yet by me you once devoutly swore,
 By your own Eyes, those Stars that I adore ;
 That all my Bus'ness you would make your own,
 And never suffer me to be alone ;
 But faithless Woman naturally deceives,
 Their frequent Oaths are like the falling Leaves,
 Which when a Storm has from the Branches tore,
 Are tost by every Blast, and seen no more :

Yet

D d

Ye

Yet if you will be true, your Vows retrieve,
 Be kind, and I can easily forgive ;
 Prepare your Coach, to me direct your Course,
 Drive fiercely on , and lash the lazy Horse ;
 And while you ride I will prolong the Day,
 And try the power of Verse to smoooth your Way:
 Sink down ye Mountains, sink ye lofty Hills,
 Ye Valleys be obedient to her Wheels,
 Ye Streams be dry, ye hindring Woods remove,
 'Tis *Love* that drives, and all must yield to *Love*.

LIB. III. ELEGY IX.

NOW *Ceres* Feast is come, the Trees are blown
 And my *Corinna* now must lye alone.
 And why, Good *Ceres*, must thy Feast destroy,
 Man's chief Delight, and why disturb his Joy ?

The World esteems you Bountiful and Good
 You led us from the Field, and from the Wood,
 And gave us fruitful Corn, and wholsom food.
 Till then poor wretched Man on Acorns fed ;
 Oaks gave Him Meat, and flowry fields a Bed.
 First *Ceres* made our Wheat and Barley grow,
 And taught us how to Plow and how to Mow :
 Who then can think that she designs to prove
 Our Piety, by Coldness in our Love ?
 Or make poor Lovers sigh, Lament, and groan,
 Or charge her Votaries to lye alone ?
 For *Ceres* , tho' she loves the fruitful fields,
 Yet sometimes feels the force of Love, and yields :
 This *Crete* can witness, (*Crete* not alwayes lyes,)
Crete that nurs'd *Jove*, and heard his infant Cryes,
 There He was suckled that now rules the Skyes.
 That *Jove* his Education there receiv'd,
 Will raise her faue, and make her be believ'd :

Nay she her self will never strive to hide
Her Love, 'tis too well known to be deny'd :
She saw young *Jasus* in the *Cretan* Grove
Pursue the Deer, she saw, and fell in Love.
She then perceiv'd, when first she felt the fire,
On this side Modesty, on that Desire ;
Desire prevail'd, and then the field grew dry,
The Farmer lost his Crop, and knew not why ;
When he had toyl'd, manur'd his Grounds, & plow'd,
Harrow'd his Fields, and broke his Clods, and sow'd,
No Corn appear'd, none to reward his Pain,
His Labour and his Wishes were in vain.
For *Ceres* wandred in the Woods and Groves,
And often heard, and often told her Loves :
Then *Crete* alone a fruitful Summer knew,
Where e'er the Goddess came, a Harvest grew.
Ida was grey with Corn, the furious Bore
Grew fat with Wheat, and wondred at the Store :

The *Cretans* wish'd that such all years would prove,
They wish'd that *Ceres* would be long in Love.
Well then, since then 'twas hard for you to ly
All night alone, why at your Feast must I?
Why must I mourn when you rejoyce to know
Your Daughter safe, and Queen of all below?
'Tis Holy day, and calls for Wine and Love,
Come let's the heighth of Mirth and Humour prove, }
These Gifts will please our Master Pow'rs above.

OF
NATURES CHANGES.
FROM
LUCRETIOUS.
LIB. V.

By a Person of Quality.

S Ince *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Natures Parts appear ;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought,
Why of the World may not the like be thought ?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the Whole is true :

And

And therefore when you see, spring up and fall,
 Natures great Parts, conclude the like of all:
 Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
 In time they both began, in time shall end.
 But *Memmius*, not t' assume what some deny;
 The Proof, on plain Experience shall rely:
 I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone;
 Rise in new Shapes, continue long in none.

Then first of *Earth*; conclude that all must fail,
 Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
 Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
 And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
 The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
 Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air
 Some parts dissolve, and flow away in Rain,
 And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
 A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes;
 Which new Existence gives, to other Shapes:

Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth* :
Then since from this, all Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth*'s Supply, with Waters to abound ;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round. }
Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail ;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds assail :
Vast Shoals of Atoms, thence away they bear,
And raising them aloft , transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in subterranean Channels run :
In *Earth* it first, excessive Saltnefs spends ;
Then to our Springs, and River heads ascends :

These

These in the fruitful Valleys turn and Wind,
And still to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air* ; which in its vast extent,
In Changes infinite , each hour, is spent :
For *Air*'s wide Ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluvioms, should it not restore
The perish'd Shapes, *Time*'s Ruines to repair,
Long since, had all things, been dissolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loss, its Being it receives ;
To these again its changing Substance leaves :
So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows ;
And one Part perishing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Instead of vanish'd Light , new Light displays.
The Brightness of the flying Minute past,
Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does hast. [near,
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw
And banish'd Sun-shine, strait does disappear,

The

The Earth's o'er shadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Vision would cease, (so soon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.

In our inferiour and sulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chasing shades of Night,
Continu'd fuel feeds the trembling flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the same
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it strange
That they are not secure from final Change.

When what so late did smile, this instant dyes,
And new born Light still shines to mortal Eyes.

Thus we observe hard Rocks in time decay'd ;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And stately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.

Do Gods their Images from Age secure ?
Or force their Temples alwayes to endure ?

Thus

Thus when you see old Rocks from Mountains fall,
 By this conclude their sure Original ;
 For were they from Eternity so plac'd,
 No Chance could ruine them, no Time could wast.
 Next raise your eyes to Earth surrounding *Sphears*,
 From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
 To which at last their vanish'd Parts ascend ;
 These as they're form'd to Dissolution tend :
 For all things must in such proportion cease,
 As they to othet Beings give Increase.

But then if no Beginning do's appear,
 Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were ;
 Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
 Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
 Why did not far more ancient Poets sing
 What Revolutions elder times did bring?
 Such Men, such Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
 As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?

No

No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this seems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science else, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did steer:
No such harmonious Musick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages past
Was brought to Light, retarded for the last.
And these Discoveries ordain'd by Fate
To forraign Climes, I with the first translate.

But still if no Beginning you believe,
And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive,
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Humane Race devour:
Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increase,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time must cease.

For

For when such dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then escap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cause increas'd, and 't will not fail,
As did the less, o'er all things to prevail.

What shews we cannot endless Life enjoy,
But sence of Ills which others did destroy?

If you the Worlds Duration, would extend
To all Eternity, you must defend,

Its solid Substance is so firmly bound,

No Penetration can it ever wound:

(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confess'd are so,

But not the Compound which from these did grow)

Or that 'tis Immaterial you must prove,

And what no forcing Agent can remove:

Or else you must all ambient Space deny

To which it may dissolv'd, and ruin'd fly:

(Thus, Universal claims Eternal's place

Because it ne'er can pass t' External space)

But

But neither is this various Globe so fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatening Pow'r of Penetration free;
And Pow'r's unknown, from boundless ambient space,
This present state of Nature may deface:
With dreadful Huricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made;
Or by some other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
Nor wants there space beyond the Spheres of Heaven
To which the ruin'd parts may then be driv'n:
When e'er these Elements their Mansions leave,
That vast Abyss lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always so protected.
That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal Ages should defy?

Then since the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foresee their Strife so long depending,
At last in general Subversion ending.

Rivers and Seas consum'd, fierce Fires may burn
Till all their Ashes meet in Earth's great Urn.

Even now they strive the Victory to gain;
But still the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
And swell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the rest, and sole in Triumph ride.

This to prevent, the swift exhausting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainst liquid Force are joyn'd.
Thus equal in appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
At last the Fire, 'tis said, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.

Long

Long since when *Phaeton*, led by vain Desire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aspire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.

With head-strong force the winged Horses flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n, the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not dismounted, by swift Lightning's stroke,
And so at once the flaming Progress broke?

Thus *Phaeton* slain was falling to the ground,
And furious Horses dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reassum'd the Chair;
Restor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this hour in annual course proceeds.

Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking men, like wandering dreams they sound:

But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from East to West advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if some stronger Agent not restrains,
The fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will n'ere be quench'd till all in Ruines lye.
The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
In Ages past, to such proportion swell,
That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd :
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd ;
But that some greater Being, soon arose,
From inf'nite Space, t'o'ercome th'invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd
[shows,
And falling Floods, proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

HORACE,

ODE 7th, BOOK 4th.

By an unknown HAND.

W^{Inter's dissolv'd, behold a Worlds new face!}
 How grafs the ground, how leaves their branches ^{[grace.}
 That Earth which wou'd not to the plough-share ^{[yeild,}
 Is softer now and easie to be till'd.
 And frozen streams thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
 With whispring murmurs in their channels run :
 The naked Nymphs and Graces dance a round,
 And ore the flowry meadows nimbly bound.
 The Months that run on times immortal wheels,
 The seasons treading on each others heels.

The winged hours that swiftly pass away,
 And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
 Tell us, that all things must with them decay.
 The year rolls round us in a constant ring,
 And sultry Summer waists the milder Spring:
 Whose hot Meridian quickly overpast,
 Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haste
 Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddainly is crost,
 Cold Winter nips his Vintage, with a frost.
 The Moon renews its Orb to shine more bright;
 But when Deaths hand puts out our mortal light,
 With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
 With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we shall be,
 And the brave Souls of vanish'd *Heroes* see.
 Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,
 Will suffer thee to live another day?
 Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care,
 To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.

When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
 And from the Judge thy fatal sentence hear,
 Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all,
 That thou canst plead can the past doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
 Her chast *Hippolitus* from *Lethe's* Lake.
Perithous bound in fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his adamantine chain.

H O R A C E,

The 2d BOOK, ODE the 10th.

Rectius vives Licini, &c

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
 But how to do it very few can tell ;
 He sure doth best who a true mean can keep,
 Nor boldly fails too far into the deep,

Nor

Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
 And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
 Who to that happy *medium* can attain,
 "Who neither seeks for nor dispises gain,
 "Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
 He shuns th' unwholsom Ills of Poverty ;
 And is secure from envy which attends
 A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
 Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose,
 To the rude blasts of every Wind that blows.
 And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
 Are near their ruine as they're near the Sky ;
 And when they fall, what was their pride before,
 Serves only then t' increase their fall the more,
 Who wisely governs and directs his mind,
 Never dispairs, though fortune be unkind ;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently and hopes again.

And if at last a kinder fate conspires,
To heap upon him more than he desires;
He then suspects the kindness he enjoy's,
Takes it with thanks, but with such care employ's,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
He finds Mans life, by an Eternal skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's fears;
And 'tis by an unerring rule decreed,
That this shall that alternately succeed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise,
And bear its ills without the least surprise.
The more you are oppress'd bear up the more,
Weather the Tempest till its rage be o're.
But if too prosperous and too strong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,

Lessen it, and let it take but so much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the course design'd ;
"For 'tis the greatest part of humane skill,
"To use good fortune and to bear our ill.

H O R A C E,

18th Epistle, the 1st BOOK

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEAR Friend, for surely I may call him so,
[know ;
Who doth so well the Law's of Friendship
I'm sure you mean the kindness you profess,
And to be loved by you's a happiness ;
Not like him who with Eloquence and pains,
The specious title of a Friend obtains ;

And the next day to please some Man of sence,
Break's jests at his deluded Friends expence ;
As Jilts who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
There is an other failing of the mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind,
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which some have got of using all Men ill ;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of freedom and a virtuous innocence ;
Who 'cause they cannot fawn, betray nor cheat,
Think they may push and juttle all they meet,
And blame what e're they see, complain, and brawl,
And think their virtues make amends for all.
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their virtuous nastiness a grace ;
When as true virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a vice,

Others

Others there are who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own;
Applauding whatsoe're they hear or see,
By a too nauseous civility;
And if a Man of Title or Estate,
Doth some strange story, true or false, relate;
Obsequiously they cringe and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Masters say,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.

Some Men there are so full of their own Sence,
They take the least dispute for an offence.
And if some wiser Friend their heat restrains,
And says the subject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, what I have said is true,
And I'll defend it against him and you;
And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll dye,
Rather than not maintain he say's a lye.

Now

Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know if, when a Client's prest,
S—— or W—— plead's his Cause the best:
Or if to *Windsor* he most minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains*;
Who spends his Wealth in Pleasure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought necessitous and poor :
Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family ;
And rails at vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himself perhaps hath many more :
Or tells him wisely, Cousin have a care
And your Expences with your Rents compare ;
Since you inherit but a small Estate,
Your pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.

I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Cousin, my wealth supports my vanity.
But they, who 've Wit and not Estate enough,
Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t' affect equality,
Forget you 've such a foolish Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to punish those,
Who, though below him, he believed his foes;
And more effectually to vent his rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
Set up for roaring Bully's of the Town;
Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
Till at the last their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their fortune changed their appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their Folly's to reclaim,

They

They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their pleasures at a cheaper rate ;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken lives.

Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden secrets of anothers mind,
For when you 've torn one secret from his Breast,
You run great risque of loosing all the rest ;
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,
Let not your drinking, anger, pride or lust,
Ever invite you to betray the trust.

First never praise your own designs, and then
Ne're lessen the designs of other Men ;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To sett a Partridge, or to chase a Hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the day.

So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no pleasure's but his own;
Was forced to give his Brothers friendship o're,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self same end,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the plain,
Quit your untimely labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal pleasure on the prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable sport,
Loved in the Country, and esteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility:
Who see you love the pleasures they admire,
Will equally approve what you desire;

Such

Such condescension will more Friendship gain,
Than the best rules, which your wise Books contain.
Talk not of others lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blamie,
But all mankind, who will expect the same.
Shun all inquisitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
And Words like th' moving Air of which they're ^{[fram'd,}
When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd.
Where you've access to a rich powerful Man,
Govern your mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your foolish lust betray'd,
To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid:
Least with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family allyed;

He gives you either, with which bounty blest,
You must quit all pretensions to the rest;
Or least incens'd at your attempt, and grieved,
You should abuse the kindness you received;
He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
Till you at last choose rather to retire,
Than tempt his anger any more, and so
Loose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.

Next have a care, what Men you recommend,
To th' service or esteem of your rich Friend;
Least for his service or esteem unfit,
They load you with the faults, which they commit.
But as the wisest Men with all their skill
May be deceived, and place their Friendship ill:
So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
To defend those whom their own crimes accuse.
But if through envy of malicious Men,
They be accused, you must protect them then,
And

And plead their Cause your self, for when you see
Him you commend, attack'd with infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbours House is set on fire,
You must his safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden fires though in the Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.

They who do n't know the dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich powerful Friend;
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they but make a Leg amongst the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent care
Do all its honours, and its ills compare,
Fear to engage, least with their time and pain,
They loose more pleasure, than they hoped to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under Sail,
You make your best advantage of the Gale;

Least

Least the Wind changes, and some stormy rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again.

You must endeavour to dispose your mind
To please all humours of a different kind;
Whose temper's serious, and their humour sad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whose humour's free,
Abhor a sad and serious gravity;

They who are slow and heavy can't admit,
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the busie active Men,
And are detested by the same again.

They who's free humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day;
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuse,
Though his untimely virtue to excuse;
He swears that one such merry drinking Feast,
Would make him sick for a whole Week at least.

Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modest Men are thought obscure and low;
And they, who an affected silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, sower and deep.
Amongst all other things do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the conversation of the Wise,
In what true happiness and pleasure lyes;
Which are the safest rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all fortunes please,
Least through the craving hopes of gaining more,
And fear of losing what you gain'd before:
Your poor unsatisfied misguided mind,
To needy wishes, and false joys confin'd;
Puts its free boundless searching thoughts in chains,
And where it sought its pleasure find's it pains;
If virtuous thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be given by nature, or obtain'd by Art.

What lessens cares, the minds uneasie pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again;
Which doth the truest happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate;
Or a safe private quiet, which betrays
It self to ease, and cheats away the days.

When I am at ———— where my kind fate
Hath placed my little moderate Estate,
Where natur's care hath equally employ'd,
Its inward Treasures, and its outward Pride;
What thoughts d'ye think those easie Joy's inspire?
What do you think I covet and desire?
'Tis, that I may but undisturb'd possess,
The littl' I have, and if Heaven pleases, less;
That I to Nature and my self may give,
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Book's in which I some new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my mind;

Some Horſes, which may help me to partake
The lawful pleaſures which the ſeaſons make;
An eaſie plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
The frugal pains of a Domeſtick care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love ſuch an idle life, and me;
Then Heav'n, give me but life and health, I'll find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

H O R A C E,

Saty. 2. Lib. 1.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was at firſt, a piece of Figtree wood,
And long an honeſt Joyner, pondring ſtood,

Whether

Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Jointstool;
Each knob he weigh'd, on every inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God:
As a *Priapus* hence I grew adord,
The fear of every Thief, and every bird.

The Raskals from their pilfring tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my fist.
The Reeds stuck in my cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my sight.

When any of the rabble did decease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in peace.
Unnoisom here the snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common grave for all the rout.
Loose *Nomentanus* left his riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor in these pit-holes might they put a bone,
Cou'd lye beneath a dunghil of it's own.

But now the ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly fight.

While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poyf'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrifie,
But every Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their shrieks & groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and humane Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling ground.

A paleness, casting horror round the place,
Sat dead, and terrible on eithers Face.

Their impious trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
A coleblack Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the pit they pour'd the reeking gore :
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And answers to their wilde demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling fool :
A chidden Image ready still to skip,
When'ere the woollen one but snapt his whip.
On *Hecate* allou'd this beldam calls,
Tisiphone aslou'd the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the ground,
And Hell-hounds compas'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs to shun the horrid sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May every Crow, and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they flye :
And never miss a dabbe tho n'ere so high,
May villain *Julius*, and his raskal crew,
Use me with jnst such Ceremony too.

But how much time and patience wou'd it cost,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, & Teeth of Snakes.
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Figtree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd like fifty bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the noise they scudd away to Town,
While *Sagana's* false hair comes dropping down:

Canidia tumbles o're, for want of breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

OVID. *Amorum.*

Lib. 2. El. 4.

That he loves Women of all sorts and sizes.

ALL blots I cannot from my manners wipe,
Nor say I walk uprightly when I slip.
Press'd with my faults I to confession fall,
In pain, and mad till I lay open all.
I sin, and I repent ; rub off the score,
And then, like wild ; I dip agen for more.
I cannot rule my self, like Pinnacle tost
In Storms, the Rudder gone, and Compass lost.

No

No certain shape or features stint my mind,
I still for love a thousand reasons find.
Here one commends my verse, in equity
If I please her, she surely pleases me :
But if malicious witty things she said,
I think how she wou'd repartee in bed.
If artless she, my Heart on Nature doats ;
If learn'd, I long to be conferring notes.
If no great sense or parts the Damsel show,
Still I conclude she wants it not below.
Do looks demure the inward spark conceal ?
She deals by *Great* that can dissemble well.
Or is she Free and forward to engage,
I hate fatigue, I am not for a siege.
The meek and mild my sure affections keep,
Yet love a shrew, because she is no Sheep.
Does she look pale ? I fancy whence it came ;
Is she a Rose ? As sure am I a flame,

That living Snow my passion strangely warms,
 And straight I wish her melting in mine Arms.
 The tall appears Heroick to the Eye,
 Yet n'er so small she were enough for me.
 If little, then I think how quick she moves,
 If large, who wou'd not roul in what he loves?
 Lean Skeleton my fancy never snubs;
 But is she plump? 'Tis then my pretty subs.
 And doubtless one may find convenient sport,
 With either fat or lean, or long or short.
 I like the mincing gate; and yet if wide
 She steps, O then I love her for her stride.
 That waddle was a grace in Montefpan,
 These drowfie Eyes are perfect C———
 With yellow curles *Aurora* pleas'd her fop,
 And *Leda* (*Jove* well saw) was black a — top :
 The black or yellow to my mind agree,
 My love will sute with every History.

Widow,

The

Widow, or Wife, I'm for a pad that's way'd;
 If Virgin, Oh! who wou'd not love a Maid?
 If she be young, I take her in the nick;
 If she has age, she helps it with a trick.
 If nothing charms me in her wit or face,
 She has her fiddle in some other place.
 Come every fort and size, the great or small,
 My love will find a tally for 'um all.

ELEGY (II.) Lib. 5. De Trist.

*Ovid complains of his three years
 Banishment.*

Condemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
 Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native soil,
 Thrice has the frozen Ister stood, and thrice
 The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o're with ice.

Ten tedious years of Seige the *Trojans* bore,
But count my sorrow I have suffer'd more :
For me alone old *Chronus* stops his glass,
For years like ages slowly seem to pass :
Long days diminish not my nightly care,
Both Night and Day their equal portion share.
The course of nature sure is chang'd with me,
And all is endless, as my misery.
Do time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that spin my thred, a sleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the place!
The people round about us threaten War,
Who live by spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are :
No living thing can here protection have,
Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That swiftly snatch unseen the Limbs away.

Dart

Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Must arm himself as if he went to War.
The Shepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muse,
One Foe the Shepherd and his Sheep pursues.
The Castle which the safest place shou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongst a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they please they thrust me out:
My hatred to these Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beasts whose skins they wear.
Ev'n those who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themselves up in Rugs and *Persian* Frize;

They

They easily each other understand,
But I alas am forc'd to speak by hand!
Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
Who neither what is right or reason know
I a Barbarian am ; hard fate to see
When I speak Latine how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falsely add to my disgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Besides the cruel Sword 'gainst Natures Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a cause.
The Market-place by lawless Arms possess'd,
Has slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to stop my breath,
And shorten my misfortunes by my death.
How hard my sentence is to live among
A cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly throng ;

But

But to leave you, my Friends, a harder doom,
Though banish'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come!

To be forbid the City, I confess,
That were but just, my crime deserves no less.

A place so distant from my native Air,
Is more than I deserve, or long can bear.

Why do I mourn? The fate I here attend
Is a less grief than *Cæsar* to offend!

AN
ODE.

*Sung before the KING on
New-Years-Day.*

A Rise Great Monarch, see the joyful day,
Drest in the glories of the East,
Presumes to interrupt your Sacred rest.

Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New born Year.

II.

Blest be that Sun who in times fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embassie design'd,

Gg

To

To Head the Golden Troops of days to come,
Nor lag'd ingloriously behind,
Ignobly in the last years Throng to rise and set.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a day.

Chorus.

*Oh may the happy days encrease,
With spoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
Till time and age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity.
May Charles x'ere quit his sacred Throne,
Himself succeed himself alone.
And to lengthen out his time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That so each World a Charles may know,
Father above and Son below.*

III.

Heark the Jocund Sphears renew
 Their cheerful and melodious Song,
 While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
 The rich and painted throng
 Of happy days in their fair order march along.
 Move on, ye prosperous hours, move on,
 Finish your Courſe ſo well begun ;
 Let no ill omen dare prophane
 Your beautious and harmonious train,
 Or Jealouſies or fooliſh fears diſturb you as you run.

IV.

See mighty *Charles*, how all the minutes preſs,
 Each longing which ſhall firſt appear,
 Since in this renowned year,
 Not one but feels a ſecret happineſs,
 As big with new events and ſome unheard ſucceſs:

See how our troubles vanish, see
 How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
 Propitious Winds bear all our griefs away,
 And Peace clears up the Troubled day.
 Not a wrinkle, not a Scar
 Of faction or dishonest War,
 But Poms and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

Upon the late Ingenious Translation
of PERE SIMON'S Cri-
tical History, By H. D. Lsq;

OF all Heavens Judgments that was sure the
 When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curst: ^{[worst,}
 Man, to whose race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
 Natures lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
 Whose

Whose pow'rful voice the subject World obey'd,
And God's were pleas'd with the discourse he made,
He who before did ev'ry form excel,
Beneath the most ignoble Creature fell:

Ev'ry vile beast thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the fence invites, declare his love:

Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the race;
And one short Language serves for ev'ry place:

But, such a price did that presumption cost,
That half our lives in trifling words are lost.

Nor can their utmost force and power, express
The Soul's Ideas in their Native dress.

Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the mind,
To the small spot, where it is born's confin'd.

But He, brave Youth, the toylsom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd pen mysterious Truth reveals.

So did, of old, the cloven Tongues descend;

And Heav'n's Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

And 'twas but just that all th'astonish'd throng
Shou'd understand the *Galileans* Tongue.
Gods sacred Law was for all *Israel* made ;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe display'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine commands :
But scarce they were so much in pieces broke
When *Moses* wrath the people did provoke,
As has the sacred cowl been torn and rent,
T'explain what the Alwise Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come ;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the Joyful doom.
From the worst slavery at last we'ar free'd,
And shall no more, with stripes from error, bleed ;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task subdu'd ;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bless'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in aw ;

And

And bleſſ'd be He that taught us to invoke
 God's awful Name, as God to *Moses* ſpoke.
 Nor do's he merit leſs, who cou'd ſo well
 From foreign Language his great dictates tell:
 In our cold clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
 No virtual power mov'd the prolyſtick ſeed,
 Till his kind genial heat preserv'd it warm;
 And to perfection wrought the noble form.
 Never did yet arive ſo vaſt a ſtore
 Of ſolid Learning on the *Britiſh* ſhore:
 T' export it thence has been the greateſt Trade;
 But He, at laſt, a full return has made.
 Raiſe up, ye tuneful Bards, your voices raiſe,
 And crown his Head with never dying praiſe:
 And all ye *Nimrods* mighty Sons rejoice,
 While ev'ry Workman knows the builders voice.
 In *Shinars* plain, the lofty Tow'r may riſe,
 Till its vaſt Head ſuſtain the bending ſkies:

In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great design;
So dark a veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at Best, ended where they first began:
But now at last we'ar brought so near her Throne,
At the next step the glorious Crown's our own:

Horti ARLINGTONIANI.

AD

Clarissimum Dominum, *Henricum,*
Comitem *Arlingtoniæ,* &c.

M*agnificos propter saltus, & avita Jacobi*
Mœnia, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aula,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt coctilibus succincta palatia muris :
Quæ posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,
Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutat.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulgusq; Procuresq; : caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat ;
Fœlicemq; vocat Dominum, cui tempora vitæ
Labuntur variis aule inconcussa procellis.

Et

*Et quamvis procul hand absint, tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aulæ,
Circumfusa quies, & pax incognita Magnis;
Hic placidè regnant; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositiq; tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namq; ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutinæ sudant sub roribus herbæ,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Damae,
Atq; piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthera pennis.*

*Vos O Pierides molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui duleis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, pharetrâq; Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant*

*Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.*

*Areaq; in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum
Letificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:*

*Nempe hæc per spatia flores transmittit iniqua
Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.*

Non illic violæ, neq; candida lilia desunt :

Parva loquor : quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,

Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis

Latior Hesperii educit germen in arvis.

Qualia sæpe inter moriens floreta Cupido

Conjugis æterno jacuit devinctus amore ;

Te solam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche

Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis !

*Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Pomæ,
Quæ quoniam calido nascuntur plurima cælo
Et brumas indocta pati nimbosq; ruentes,*

Nec

*Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus :
Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab æthere tectis
Spirantesq; premunt animas, ne poma caduca
Vel glacies lædat, teneras vel frigora myrtos :
Inq; novos soles audent se credere, molles
Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.*

*Nec Te præteream, tenebris quæ dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
Ah nimis infœlix per fila sequentia virgo !
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;
Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper
Deficiente die accendit ; sed longius ipsam
Hic secum placidè cupiunt consumere noctem :
Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, tenerosq; invitat amores.*

*Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto
Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat
Floribus*

Floribus, ac letas dat prætereuntibus umbras.

Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex

Augustus, Proceresque caput supereminet omnes;

Atque pedem properans graditur, vestigia volvens

Grandia, nec seræ meminit decedere nocti.

Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,

Et sincera quies operum, rerumque nitescit

Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.

Nec non hic solus placidi super ardua montis,

Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente serenâ

Munera Dædaleæ naturæ; animusque recedit

In loca sacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.

Despicere unde queas miseros, passimque videre

Mortales, vitæ subeuntes mille pericla;

Continuò inter se niti præstante labore,

Divitiis inhiare & habenas sumere rerum;

Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum

Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.

Dum

*Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,
Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus :*

Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes

Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras quæis fibula dives

Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes :

Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalìa rivo

Lucida, magnificam neque lumen niçat ad aulam.

Inter Purpureos, Regi gratiffime Patres,

O Diuum, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis

Præsidium ! O magnos jamdudum exute labores !

Sæpius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,

Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius annos ;

Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis Oti !

Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,

Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,

Vel struere insidias Canis. Tibi libera transis

Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad aulam.

O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,

Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
 Nec miserè insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes!
 At secura quies, animæ divina voluptas,
 Mitiaque emeritam solantur fata senectam.
 Unica Regali connubio filia stirpi,
 Anglia quas habuit pulchris præata puellis.
 Quæ pascis meliora Deos? quæ pondere vasto
 Corruit ista domus, flammæ secura minacis
 Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis!
 Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
 Nube Venus; circum divini colla Mariti
 Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,
 Sic Divum alloquitur: Nostros delectat ocellos
 Pulchra domus, sævis olim consumpta favillis:
 En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Heres
 Herois divina, & me dignissima cura!
 Pallas & hoc poscit; (proprio favet illa Ministro,)

Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.

Vincitur

*Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine lato
Stare diu, longosque domum superesse per annos.*

A New
SONG.

STylia the fair, in the bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth, as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guess'd
By the towzing & tumbling & touching her Breast;
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their fighting, & kissing so close
By their praying and whining
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing
And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah she cry'd, ah for a languishing Maid
 In a Country of Christians to die without aid
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
 To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing, & kissing so close!

By their praying and whining
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing
 And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swayn did appear,
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near,

H h

Then

Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their fighting & kissing so close;

By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And fighting and kissing,
And fighting and kissing so close.

SONG

SONG.

GO tell *Amynta* gentle Swain,
 I wou'd not die nor dare complain,
 Thy tuneful Voice with numbers joyn,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine;
 To Souls oppress'd and dumb with grief,
 The Gods ordain this kind releif;
 That Musick shou'd in sounds convey,
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give;
 But love on pitty cannot live.

Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past redress;
But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

On the Death of
Mr. Oldham.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak,
Unmindful of himself, *Menalcas* lean'd;
He sought not now in heat the shade of Trees,
But shun'd the flowing Rivers pleasing Bank.
His Pipe, and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass,
Nor

Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting state young *Corydon*
(His friend and dear Companion of his hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

Corydon.

Thee have I sought in every shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private place
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent ?
What cursed chance has turn'd thy chearful mind,
And why wilt thou have woes unknown to me ?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend,
Tell me thy grief, and let me bear a part.

H h 3

Menalcas

Menalcas.

Young *Astrophell* is dead, Dear *Astrophell*,
 He that cou'd tune so well his charming Pipe,
 To hear whose Lays, Nymphs left their cristal Spring,
 The Fawns, and Dryades forsook the Woods,
 And hearing, all were ravish'd — swiftest streams
 With-held their course to hear the Heavenly sound,
 And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on,
 The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
 Oft the fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,
 Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
 Left the pursuit rather than loose the sound
 Of his alluring Pipe. The harmless Lamb
 Forgot his Nature, and forsook his Fear,
 Stood by the Wolf, and listned to the sound.
 He cou'd command a general peace, & nature wou'd
 This Youth, this Youth is dead, The same disease

[obey.

That

That carry'd sweet *Orinda* from the World,
Seiz'd upon *Astrophell* — Oh let these Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Sighs.

Corydon.

Weep on *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind, General the loss
And General be the Grief. Except by Fame
I knew him not, but surely this is he.

Spencer and Johnson.
Who Sung Learn'd *Colin's*, and great *Ægon's* Praise,
Dead e're he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.

Rocheſter.
Did he not mourn lamented *Byon's* Death,
In Verſes equal to what *Byon* wrote?

Menalcas.

Yes this was he (oh that I say he was)
 He that cou'd sing the Shepherds deeds so well,
 Whether to praise the good he turn'd his Pen,
 Or lash'd th'egregious follies of the bad,
 In both he did excell
 His happy Genius bid him take the Pen,
 And dictat'd more fast than he cou'd write:
 Sometimes becoming negligence adorn'd
 His Verse, and nature shew'd they were her own,
 Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd useful be,
 But sweat'd not to be correctly dull.

Corydon.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer thread,
 Adding experience to that wondrous fraught
 Of Youthful vigour, how wou'd he have wrote !

Mr. Dryden.

Equal to mighty *Pan's* Immortal Verse,
He that now rules with undisputed sway,
Guide of our Pens, Crown'd with eternal Bays.

Menalcas.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares ;
I mourn His Death, the loss of such a Friend,
But for himself he dy'd in the best hour,
And carry'd with him every Mans applause.
Youth meets not with detractions blotting hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envies canker'd mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have seen the World
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face,
Malice had watch'd the droppings of his Pen,
And Ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Verse,
And censur'd what they did not understand.

Such

Such was not my Dear *Astrophell*: He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him, what's Death,
But an eternal sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting darkness, and exempt
From hope and fear, and every idle passion.

Corydon.

See thy complaints have mov'd the pittying Skies,
They mourn the death of *Astrophell* in Tears.
Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round they gaze,
And wonder at thy mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled mind with easing sleep,
To morrows chearful Light may give thee comfort.

On the

Kings-House

Now Building at

WINCHESTER.

AS soon as mild *Augustus* cou'd assuage
A bloody civil Wars licencious Rage,
He made the Blessing that He gave increase,
By teaching *Rome* the softer Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had first their Wounds heal'd with a Pious care,

Nor

Nor ceas'd his Labour, till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In glory all the subject World beside.

Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Isle,
With Building did his regal cares beguile.

London almost consum'd, but to a Name,
He rescues from the Fierce devouring Flame;
Its Hostile Rage the burning Town enjoy'd,
For he restor'd as fast as that destroy'd :

'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
Of *Windſor* Castle (his belov'd Retreat
From this vast City troublesomely great,)
'Twas *Denham* * only with success cou'd write,
The Nations Glory and the Kings Delight.

On *Winchester* my Muse her Song bestows,
She that small Tribute to her Country owes.

* In his *Coopers Hill*.

To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
 The youngest Labour of his fertile mind.
 Here ancient Kings the *Brittish* Scepter sway'd,
 And all Kings since have always been obey'd.
 Rebellion here cou'd ne're erect a Throne,
 For *Charles* that Blessing was reserv'd alone.
 Let not the stately Fabrick you decree,
 An Immature, abortive Pallace be,
 But may it grow the Mistress of your Heart,
 And the full Heir of *WRens* stupendous Art.
 The happy spot on which its Sovereign dwells,
 With a just pride above the Citty swells,
 That like a Loyal Subject chose to ly
 Beneath his Feet with humble modesty.
 Fast by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
 And pays due homage to the best of Kings.
 Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
 He's scituated Head of Church, and State.

The

The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious toil of former Piety)
Has vanquish'd envious times devouring rage,
And, like Religion, stronger grows by Age.
It stems the Torrent of the flowing years,
Yet gay as Youth the Sacred Pile appears.
Of its great Rise we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The Monumental Marbles us assure,
It gave the *Danish* Monarks Sepulture.
Here Death himself inthrones the Crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muse, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of applauses joyn,
Of your great *Wiccam*,
Wiccam whose Name can mighty thoughts infuse,
But naught can ease the travail of my Muse,
Press'd with her Load, her feeble strength decays,
And she's deliver'd of abortive praise.

Here he for Youth erects a Nursery *
 The great Coheirefs of his Piety ;
 [trace,
 Where they through various Tongues coy knowledg
 This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
 From which they ftart, and all along the way
 They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray, }
 And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
 Oh ! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
 And turn Apoftates to their Education.
 When with thefe objects *Charles* has fill'd his fight,
 Still fresh provoke his feeing Appetite.
 A healthy Country opening to his view,
 The cheerful Pleafures of his Eyes renew.
 [speed,
 On neighbouring Plains the Courfers wing'd with
 Contend for Plate the glorious Victors Meed.
 Over the Courfe they rather fly than run,
 In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.

The Coll. near Wincheftcr and new Coll. in Oxon.

Then

Then fresh delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Courfers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal haſt purſue,
And ſeize the Quarry in their Maſters view.

[found,
Till like my Muſe, tir'd with the Game they've
They ſtoop for eaſe, and pitch upon the Ground.

F I N I S.

THE
E P I S O D E

Of the Death of

C A M I L L A

Translated out of the Eleventh Book

of *Virgils Æneids*;

By Mr. S T A F F O R D.

O N Death and wounds *Camilla* looks with
joy,

Freed from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.

Now, thick as hail, her fatal darts she flings;

The two edg'd Axe now on their Helmets rings.

Her shoulders bore *Diana's* arms and bow :
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a foe,
Her shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the rash; who durst pursue the fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her side.
These above all *Camilla's* breast did share;
For Faith in peace, and gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* bands,
When first they dy'd with blood *Thermodoons* sands.
Such Troops *Hippolita* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female shouts alarm'd the trembling fields,
And glaring beams shot bright, from Maiden shields.

Who gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain?
What gasping numbers strew'd upon the Plain?

Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found ;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his mouth and wound ;
VVith gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his gore.

Then hapless *Pagafus*, and *Lyrus* bleed :
The latter reining up his fainting Steed ;
The first as to his aid he stretch'd his hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the sand.
Her Arm *Amastus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.
Of all her Quiver not a shaft was lost,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghost.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battle, an *Apulian* courser bore.
His brawny back wrapt in a Bullocks skin,
Upon his head a VVolf did fiercely grin,

Above the rest his mighty Shoulders show,
And he looks down upon the Troops below :
Him (and 'twas easie, while his fellows fled)
She struck along, and thus she triumph'd while he
bled.

Some Coward Game thou didst believe to chace,
But, Hunter, see a Woman stops thy race.
Yet to requireing Ghosts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla's* Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her lance,
(While Breast to breast the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his armours joynts it rung
While on his Arm his useles Target hung.

Then from *Orsilochns*, in Circle run^s,
And follows the pursuer, while she thuns.

For still with craft a narrow ring she wheels,
And brings herself up to the Chafers heels.
Her Axe regardless of his Prayers and groans,
She crashest thro' his Armour, and his bones.
Redoubled stroakes the vanquish'd Foe sustains,
His reeking face bespatter'd with his brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the place:
Who stopping short, star'd wildly in her face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* fraud imparts,
While fate allow'd that fraud, he was of subtlest
Arts;
Who, when he saw he cou'd not shun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin, by his flight.
And crys aloud, what courage can you shew,
By cunning horsemanship, to cheat a foe?
Forego your horse and strive not to betray,
But dare to combat a more equal way.

'Tis thus we see who merits glory best.
So brav'd, fierce indignation fires her breast,
Dismounted from her horse, in open field,
Now, first she draws her sword, and lifts her Shield.
He, thinking that his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his speed,
His golden rowel's hidden in his sides:
When thus his useless fraud the Maid derides :
Poor Wretch, that swell'd with a deluding pride,
In vain thy Countries little Arts are try'd.
No more the Coward shall behold his Sire,
Then plies her feet, quick as the nimble fire,
And up before his horses head she strains ;
When, seizing, with a furious hand, his reins,
She wreaks her fury on his spouting veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
And in a Cloud with ease o'retakes a Dove.

His pounces so the grappled foe assail ;
And Blood and feathers mingle in a hail.

ild. Now *Jove*, to whom mankind is still in fight,
With more than usual care beholds the fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires
The furious deeds to which his blood he fires.
He spurs through slaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his voice lifts every arm that droops.
He shouts his name in every Souldiers cars :
Reviling thus the spirits, which he cheares.

Ye sham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this terrour, and your Soul's so base ?
When tender *Virgins* triumph in the field,
Let every brawny arm, let fall his shield,
And break the Coward sword he dare not wield. }

Not thus you flie the daring she by night ;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken throats invite.
This is your choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it
Thus having said, ——— (calls.
He Spurs, with headlong rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his life to lose.
And meeting *Venulus* his arms he clasps ;
The armour dints beneath the furious grasps.
High from his Horse the sprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Coursers neck the prize he bears.
The *Trojans* shout, the *Latines* turn their eyes ;
While swift as lightning airy *Tarckon* flies.
Who breaks his lance, and veiws his armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly wound ;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the horse,
And to defend his throat opposes force to force.

As when an Eagle high his course does take,
 And in his gripeing talions, bears a Snake,
 A thousand folds the Serpent casts and high (skie,
 Setting his speckled Scales, goes whistling thro' the
 The fearless Bird, but deeper goars his prey,
 And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy way,
 So from the midst of all his enemies,
 Triumphant *Tarckon* snatch'd and bore his prize.
 The Troops, that shrunk, with emulation, press
 To reach his danger now, to reach at his success.

Then *Aruns* doom'd, in spight of all his art,
 Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his dart.
 And, sily watching for his time, would try
 To joyn his safety with his treachery.
 Where e're her rage the bold *Camilla* sends,
 There creeping *Aruns* silently attends.

When,

When tir'd with conquering, she retires from fight,
He steals about his horse, and keeps her in his sight.
In all her rounds from him she cannot part,
Who shakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart

Chlorens, the Priest of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whose hanches case,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and brass.
He clad in forreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* arrows from a *Lycian* bow.
Gold was that bow, and Gold his Helmet too :
Gay were his upper Robes, which losely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o're with something rare,
And as he fought he glister'd every where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or else to shine her self in *Trojan* Gold :

Him

Him the fierce Maid pursues thro' all her Foes ;

Regardless of the life she did expose :

Him eyes alone, to other dangers blind,

And Manly force employs, to please a Virgins ^{(mind.}

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his ambush, throws;
And thus to Heav'n he sends his coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greatest Deity !

Patron of blest *Soractis*, and of me;

(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of pine

We heap in Piles, which to thy glory shine.

And when we trample on the fire, our soles ,

By thee preserv'd, condemn the glowing coals ;))

My mighty Patron make me wipe away

The shame of this dishonorable day.

Nor spoils nor triumph from the deed I claim

But trust my future actions with my fame.

This

This rageing Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home,

Apollo heard, to half his pray'r inclin'd:
The rest he mingles with the fleeting wind.
He gives *Camilla's* ruin to his pray'r:
To see his Country, that was lost in Air.
As singing o're the field, the Javelin flies,
Upon the *Queen* the army turn their eyes.
But she, intent upon her golden prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hissing way,
Till in her side it takes its deadly rest:
And drinks the Virgin purple of her breast.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her aid,
And in their arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,
And feels a Terror mingled with his joys.

He trusts no more his safety to his Spear ;
Ev'n her expiring courage gives him fear.

So runs a Wolf smear'd with some Shepherds
blood,
And strives to gain the shelter of a Wood,
Before the Darts his panting sides assail,
And claps between his Leggs his shivering Tail,
Conscious of the Audacions bloody deed,
As *Arms* seeks his Troops stretch'd on his speed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his friends.

She strives to draw the Dart but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the wound the Weapon clung ;
Then fainting rouses in death her closing eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful beauty flies.

To *Acca* thus she breaths her last of breath :

Acca that shar'd with her in all, but death :

Ah Friend ! you once have seen me draw the bow,

But fate and darkness hover round me now.

Make haste to *Turnus*, bid him bring with speed

His fresh Reserves, and to my charge succeed;

Cover the City, and repel the foe.

Thus having said, her hands the reins forego ;

Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies ;

In a cold sweat, and by degrees she dyes :

Her drooping neck declines upon her breast ;

Her swimming head with slumber is oppress'd ;

The lingring soul th' unwelcom doom receives,

And murm'ring with disdain, the beauteous Body
leaves.

F I N I S,

